Subject: "Forgive and Forget."

Text: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—Hebrews viii.,

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forgetmenot. We all like to be remem-bered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemonics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos five hundred

years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in processions, have through this art had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an almost invaluable possession. By all means cultivate I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten to fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some

eighty pages in fine print.

My old friend, through great age, lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true he said, "I do not remember now, but it was just like me. Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever Let me see," said he to me, 'have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an r ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever

knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of for-setting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of His own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only received off the book but God actually lets. crossed off the book, but God actually lets

it pass out of memory.
"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to Him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. Their sins and their iniquities will I re-

member no more. This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need in our finite way to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print they keep them in their scrapbook, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or books and oure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles or thrust in pigeon-holes, and they frequently regale themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flings, these sarcasms, these falsehoods, these

I have known gentlemen who carried them in their pocketbooks, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of the coat pocket over the heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientists catch wasps, and hornets, and poisonous insects and transfix them in curiosity bureaus for study, and that is well. But these of whom I speak catch the wasps, and the hor nets, and the poisonous insects, and play with them and put them on themselves on their friends, and see how far the noxious insects can jump and show how deep they Have no such scrapbook. nothing in your possession that is disagree-able. Tear up the falsehoods, and the slan-cers, and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan of procedure. You see all around you, in the church and out of the church, dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their rep utation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or imbittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything.

If they see two people whispering they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing they think it is about themselves. Where there is one sweet pipin their orchard there are fifty crab They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carrie. rpetually in mind the mean things that

On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and summery. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness; and their generosities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle-tattle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable, if they would have consented to be miserable.

But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor, and have realized that itions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline, by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The cretof it all is, they have by the help of

the eternal God learned how to forget,
Another practical thought—when our
faults are repented of let them go out of faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemenors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am incapacitated to pay, and you give me acquittal from that to pay, and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt, All is right now. Start again," And the next day I come in and say: 'You know about that big debt I owed you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so had about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a little impatience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion."

The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt. I can never get over the fact that I owed you that money.

over the fact that I owed you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me that debt." This time you clear loss your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt.

Do you doubt my veracity, or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was canceled?

Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No, you drag the load on with you and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurences which he has not only forgiven but forgotten. Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of his mercy. He does not

give a receipt for part payment, or so much received on account, but receipt in full, God having for Christ's sake decreed, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

As far as possible, let the disagreeables of life drop. We have enough things in the present and there will be enough in the future to distur, as without running a secial train into the great gone-by to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Some ten years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago and from Chicago to New York hundreds and thousands of freight cars switchel on the side tracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable

material, decaying and wasting.

After the strike was over did the railroad companies bring all that perished material down to the markets? No, they threw it off where it was destroyed, and loaded up with something elss. Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than use oly determination. We do not please God the cultivation of the miserable. He uld rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your chil-dren laugh than to see them cry, and your Heavenly Father has no fondness for hys-

Not only forget your pardoned transgresions, but allow others to forget them. The hiel stock on hand of many people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scoundrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven defleits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk, or to what bad places you went, or how many free rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Lumpit, brother; give to us in bulk.

If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them, but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare, do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue. it do not make displays of the mud of that orrible pit or splash it over other people, ometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service cause I had done none of those things which seemed to be in the estimation many necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word, or ever got drunk, or went to compromising places, or was guilty of assault or battery, or ever uttered a slanderous word, or ever did any one a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough; and I said to myself, "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experiences:" but afterward I saw consolation n the thought that no one gained any rdination by the laying on of the hands of dissoluteness and infamy. And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it, if we have never plunged ato outward abominations.

It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people, the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelistic meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they ce committed, so much so that I felt like outting my hand on my pocketbook or calling the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or cutthroatery, your sins have been forgiven and your l purified, forget the waywardness of the past and allow others to forget it.

But what I most want in the light of this text to impress upon my hearers and readers is that we have a sin-forgetting God. Suppose that on the last day—called the last day because the sun will never again rise upon our earth, the earth itself being flung into fiery demolition—supposing that on that last day a group of infernal spirits should somew get near enough the gate of heaven and challenge our entrance, and say: canst thou, the just Lord, let those souls into the realm of supernal gladness? Why, they said a great many things they never ought to have said, and they did a great many things they ought never to have done.

nners are they; sinners all." And suppose God should deign to answer He might say: "Yes, but did not My only Son die for their ransom? Did He not pay son die for their ransom? Did He not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was re-tained in His arteries, not one nerve of His that was not wrung in the torture. He took in His own body and soul all the sufferings in his own body and soul all the sufferings that those sinners deserve. They pleaded that sacrifice. They took the full pardon that I promised to all who, through My Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of My mind that they were offenders. I lorgot all about it. Yes, I forgot all about it. 'Their sins and their iniquities do I remember no more.'" A sin-forgetting God! That is clear beyond and far above a sin-That is clear beyond and far above a supardoning God.

pardoning God.

How often we hear it said: "I can forgive, but I cannot forget." That is equal to saying. "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." Human forgiveness is often a dimsy affair. It does not go deep down. It does not reach far up. It does not fix things up. The contestants may shake hands or passing each testants may shake hands, or passing each other on the highway they may speak the "Good morning" or "Good night," but the old cordiality never returns. The relations always remain strained.

There is something in the demeanor ever after that seems to say, "I would not do you harm; indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may no hard words pass be-tween them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offenses go into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all aleng. Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two

years, lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to parket. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doil and he promised. He could after the sale of the cattle purchase household necessities, and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal

road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback a thunder storm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road, and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a stratagem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain, until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and sure enough found a little one fagged out and

might be, and for that he started, and sure enough found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead.

He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin he saw it all lighted up and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her

husband through the darkness. But, no.
The house was full of excitement and the
neighbors were gathered and stood around
the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the bianket the child he had found in the fields, and lot it was his own child and the lost one of the it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found.

How suggestive of the fact that once we

were lost in the open fields or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and He found us dying in the tempest and wrapped us in the mantle of His love and fetched us home, gladness and congratula-tion bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to Him. Through their own blind-ness or the fault of some rough preachinz that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is tyrant, an oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an omnipotent Herod Antipas. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation the infinities

I counted in my Bible 304 times the word mercy," single or compounded with other yords. I counted in my Bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better ar thoughts throw off the worse than use-s freight of a corrupt and destroyed past, and the English languages have been taxed and load up with gratitude and faith and till they cannot pay any more tribute to the holy determination. We do not please God love and mercy and kindness and grace and charity and tenderness and friendship and benevolence and sympathy and bounteousness and fatherliness and motherliness and patience and pardon of our God.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian so dier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress tecause he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops: "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampagent.

The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still farther into the night and had found it and he rulled into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the Com-mander of all the hosts of heaven turned from His giorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven and said: "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the pro-genitor, and let all who will accompany

And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any farther than the clouds, but their most illus-trious Leader came all the way down, and by the time His errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all heaven will take up the cantata an i sing:
"The lost sheep is found." So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where ones was kept the knowledge of your

The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone, or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgive-ness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sine so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And none of that will surprise you if you

will climb to the too of a bluff back of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the oxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright, aslant, and on the trembling crosspieces of the split lumber hung the quivering of Him whose life was thrust out metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it fainted and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination. The neighing of the war horses-for some of the soldiers were in the saddle-was one sound; the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound; the weeping of friends and coadju-tors was a fourth sound; the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And

they all commingled into one sadness.

Over a place in Russia where wolves were ursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was de-voured, and thereby the other lives were save i, are inscribed the words: "Greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.

Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diptheric patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self sacrif But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious Martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'

## Cats as Swimmers.

Many cats are fond of, rather than averse to, water, and take to that element freely. Some years ago, when residing on the banks of the Thames (writes a correspondent of Land and Water), I had a cat which used regularly to swim across the river to an eyot which was infested with rats, the distance being forty yards. I often used to carry her across the broadest part of the stream, opposite my house, at least 100 yards, in a punt, and land her on the opposite bank, when, regardless of weather or flood, she would boldly follow the punt home. She always swam very low in the water, with tail erect, and used to shake herself like a dog upon coming ashore. She was well known in my neighborhood, and many people used to come and see the performance. Although a dread of water is instinctive in cats, if brought up on a riverside they lose all fear of wet and, once the aversion is overcome, love to dabble about and swim.

Biting the Nails. The habit is comparaively easy to break off if one goes at it in the right way. A middle aged woman, after having bitten her nails almost her entire lifetime, broke herself of the habit by beginning on one finger. This she persistently left alone and carcfully cultivated the finger nail, giving a certain amount of attention to it every day. When this finger nail had grown to the usual length she took up another, and so on, until all her nails except one were in perfect shape. It took months of the most persistent effort to break up the last remaining scrap of this tenacious effort .- New York Press.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Canes are now made of paper pulp. Red hot irons touched to the flesh, a Berlin physician argues, will cure hys-

A newly patented device makes the load of a car vary the leverage of the

An atlas of the sky is now under way. It is a stupendous undertaking and will

require years to complete. Professor Smith, of Rochester, N. Y.,

thinks that the latest arrived comet has been 8,000,000 years in getting here. Boiler scale is used as a material for cement floors in the Santa Fe shops at Topeka, Kan. With good ramming and

puddling it makes a good floor. According to the Hatch Experimental Station of Massachusetts, electricity applied to the roots of plants gives more satisfactory results than when applied

The latest kind of lock for nuts on railroads, machinery or other places is formed of an elastic non-metallic washer, to be placed on the threaded end of

It is confidently expected that long distance telephones will be in working order between the Columbian Exhibition grounds, Chicago, and New York and Boston.

" Mr. Kite, in his system of ventilation, employs a jet of water at service pressure issuing from an orifice in the form of a Greek cross, for inducing the air current. These jets may be upward, downward or horizontal.

The necessary equipment for six miles of electric tramway is now on its way from this country to Siam. Six generators, two complete steam plants, twenty car equipments and extra parts to last for six months make up the order. The road is to be installed in Bangkok, and will be the first electric tramway in Siam.

Electricity has now been applied to stone carving-the blow being struck by means of Carstarphen's electrical reciprocating tool. With this machine the stonecutter or the sculptor can devote his entire attention to the lines his instrument is to follow, while doing the work more rapidly than by his own mus-

A magnificent specimen of the hamadryad, or king-cobra, twelve and a half feet long, has been shot in a tree a few miles from Castle Rock, India, on the Southern Mahratta Railway, and the skin has been sent to the Bombay Natural History Society. The existence of this formidable Burma snake in India has not been known very long.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a boulder in the Ozarks which will attract a jack-knife dropped nine feet away, and that slong the line of the fifth principal meridan, in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington, the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by deposits of loadstone.

A new case of mimicry, observed by Siard, is reported. One is a saw-fly and the other is a fly. When both insects are quiet, they resemble each other perfectly in color and patterns, and the saw-fly is protected by its unpleasant smell from the beaks of birds, it is probable that the fly is mistaken for it by birds on account of the bad taste of the insect it resembles.

The largest machine now in use for sawing stone can deal with blocks three feet one anch high by eight feet three inches long and six feet six inches wide. The saw of this machine is seven feet three inches in diameter and is a steel plate mounted on a screw spindle, along which it can be shifted by means of large nuts so as to vary its position for a cut in any desired place. The rim of the saw is studded with diamond.

Ed A. Babcock, of North Stonington, Conn., while crossing his rocky farm met an odd and brilliant-looking snake of a species that was supposed to be extinct in Connecticut, and after a lively chase captured it. It is a little fellow not balf grown and is black, except that a broad golden band encircles its neck. It belongs to the golden-band racer species, which grows to be ten or fifteen feet long and are swift and ferocious.

## A Modern Roc's Egg.

A great rarity is now exhibited at the gardens of the British Zoological Society in London.

A fossil egg of the aepyornis, of which very few specimens are in existence, and fetch from \$500 each. The egg is nearly a foot long, and is only rivalled in size and rarity by that of the great auk, which also brings a fancy

A few of these eggs have been found in Madagascar. The bird that laid them is only imperfectly known from fragments of its huge skeleton, but is supposed to be the origin of the famous roc by which Sindbad, the sailor, escaped from his captivity in the valley of diamonds. The latter, however, as 18 usual in legends and myths, is very much exaggerated as to size .- New York Journal.

## A Miracle Performed by Scared Geese.

A friend of ours, whose veracity we should never think of impeaching, related to us a most extraordinary experience of his while wildfowl shooting in the Big Bend country. In that seeluded spot, flanked and buttressed in by towering hills, is a natural cul-de-sac of the Pit River, probably an acre in extent, and much resorted to by wild ducks and geese. Visiting this early one unusually cold morning recently he was surprised beyond measure to see the lake covered with ice and a flock of wild geese frozen fast to its surface. | Imagine his astonishment on drawing near when the entire dock with a mighty clamor rose before him and sailed away, bearing the pond with them and leaving only a hole in the ground to mark the spot .- Atla (Cal.) Advance.

There are 257 religious sects or denominations in Great Britain. This enumeration counts all the Plymouth Brethren, of whom there are five distinct bodies, as one sect.

The absence of tourists in Germany is a great source of complaint from the hotel keepers.

#### Twenty-five Years' Advance.

Among the scores of large tailoring establishments in New York, none is so well and favorably known as Nicoll the Tailor, at 771 Broadway and 145 and 147 Bowery. It was a quarter century ago that Nicoll the Tailor first embarked in his venture in New York. Since that time his business has taken gigantic strides, warranted by fair dealing, moderate prices and dependable workmanship. Instead of one store, he now has two immense establishments in New York, and branches in Pittsburg, Hartford, Washington and Boston. Summer suits are not all ordered yet; in fact, most people are just beginning to decide that the weather is now sufficiently warm to call for a change in wearing apparel. Any doubts as to the proper thing to select may be solved by a visit to the above mentioned popular tailor. Our country friends are respectfully requested to call and see the largest stock of summer goods ever shown, Scotch Cheviots, Mohairs, Tweeds, Flannels, Serges, Cassimeres, etc., in all the known shades, and some new ones. If you find it inconvenient to call, drop us a postal card, and we will mail you a full set of samples, with easy rules for self measurement. Suits to order from \$20. Trousers to order from \$5. Custom clothing only.

The assessed value of real estate in Newport, R. I., is \$27,311,400.

#### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease; that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O.

This century has produced no woman who

This century has produced no woman who has done so much to educate her sex to a thorough and proper knowledge of themselves as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

Wm. Sprague Smith, Providence, R. I., writes: "I find Bradycrotine always cures seadache." All druggists, fifty cents. BEECHAM'S PILLS quickly cure sick head-che, weak stomach, impaired digestion, con-tipation, disordered liver, etc.

A lady returned from a foreign tour claims that her health was sustained by the use of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Can be counted on to cure Catarrh - Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's nothing new. For 25 years it has been doing that very thing. It gives prompt and complete relief - but you want more than that. And you get it, with this Remedy-there's a cure that is perfect and permanent. The worst chronic cases, no matter of how long standing, yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. "Cold in the Head" needs but a few applications. Catarrhal Headache, and all the troubles that come from Catarrh, are at once relieved and cured.

You can count on something else, too - \$500 in cash.

You can count on it, but it's more than doubtful whether you

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy, in good faith, offer that amount for an incurable case of Catarrh. Don't think that you have one, though.

They'll pay you, if they can't cure you. That's certain.

But they can cure you. That's just about as certain, too. Can you ask more?

# German Syrup

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."-Take no substitute.

# MANY LIKE THESE



NEURALCIA. Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: "Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

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