REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Mother of All."

TEXT: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah lxvi., 13

The Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of gen-tle dew in one summer that will not cause as much remark as one hallstorm of half an hour, so there are those who are more struck

hour, so there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that an-nounce the indignation of God than by those that announce His affection. There may come to a household twenty or fifty letters of affection during the year, and they will not make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ, and so there are people who are more attentive to faose passages which announce the judgment of God than to ose which announce His mercy and His

God is a lion, John says in the book of Revelation. God is a breaker, Micah announces in his prophecy. God is a rock. God is a king. But hear also that God is love. A father and his child are walking out in the fields on a summer's day and there comes up a thunderstorm, and there is a flash of lightning that startles the child, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's eye." There comes a peal of thunder, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's voice." But the clouds go off the sky, and the storm is gone, and light floods the heavens and ods the landscape, and the father forgets say, "That is God's smile."

to say, "That is God's smile."

The text of this morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prostrate in sin and trouble. It lights up with tenderness. It breathes upon us the hush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'

I remark, in the first place, that God has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A B C. Men are not skillful in the primary department, but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for andredth time the difference between F and G and between I and J. Sometimes it is by blocks; sometimes by the worsted work; sometimes by the slate; sometimes by the book. She thus teaches the child and has no awkwardness of condescension in so doing. So God, our Mother, stoops down to

our infantile minds.

Though we are told a thing a thousand times and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years and thirty years and some of us sixty years one word of one syllable, and we do not know it yet—faith, faith. When we come to that word we stumble, we halt, we lose our place, we pronounce it wrong.

Still God's patience is not exhausted. God. our Mother, puts us in the school of prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine perity, and the letters are in sunshine, and we cannot spell them. God puts us into the school of adversity, and the letters are black and we cannot spell them. If God were merely a king He would punish us; if He were simply a father He would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are born with and helped all the way through.

A mother teaches her child chiefly by pic If she wants to set forth to her child the hideousness & a quarrelsome spirit, in-stead of giving a lecture upon that subject she turns over a leaf and shows the child two boys in a wrangle, and says, "Does not that look horrible?" If she wants to teach her child the awfulness of war she turns over the picture book and shows the war charger, the headless trunks of butchered men, the wild, bloodshot eye of battle roll-ing under lids of flame, and she says, "That

is war!" The child understands it. In a great many books the best parts are the pictures. The style may be insipid, the type poor, but a picture always attracts a teaches us almost everything by pictures. Is the divine goodness to be set forth? How does God, our Mother, teach us? By an autumnal picture. The barns are full. The wheat stacks are rounded. The cattle are chewing the cud lazily in the sun. The orchards are dropping the ripe p.ppins into the lap of the farmer. The natural world that has been busy all summer seems now

that has been busy all summer seems now to be resting in great abundance.

We look at the picture and say, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness." Our family comes around the breakfast table. It has been a very cold night, but the children are all bright because the sales and the sales. ht because they slept under thick coverlets, and they are now in the warm blast of the open register, and their appetites makes luxuries out of the plainest fare, and we look at the picture and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

God wishes to set forth the fact that in the judgment the good will be divided from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture; by a parable—a fishing scene. A group of hardy men, long bearded, geared for standing to the waist in water; sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sun gilt; boat battered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net thunwing about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the worthiess mossbunkers and the useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the worshankers and throws them. takes out the mossbunkers and throws them into the water and gathers the good fish into the pail. So, says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad He will cast away, and the good He will keep. Another will be at the says and the good He will keep.

God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is done by a picture. A heap of wounds on the road to Jericho. A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. Two ministers come along. They look at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan. He says "Whoa!" to the beast he is riding and dismounts. He examines the wounds; he take out some wine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil and puts that in to make the wounds stop smarting, and then he tears off a piece of his own garment for a bandage. Then he helps the wounded man upon the beast and walks by the side, holding him on until they come to a tavern. He ing him on until they come to a tavern. He says to the landlord, "Here is money to pay the man's board for two days; take care of

the man's board for two days; take care of him; if it costs anything more charge it to me, and will pay it." Picture—"The Good Sarparitan, or Who is Your Neighbor?" Does God, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish thing it is to go away from the right, and how glad divine mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done? By a picture. A good father. Large farm with fat sheep and oxes. Fine houses with exquisite wardrobe. Discontented boy. Goes away. Sharpers fleecs him. Feeds hogs. Gets homesick. Starts back. Sees an old man running. It is father! The hand, torn of the husks, gets a ring. The foot, inflamed and bleeding, gets a sandal. The bare shoulder, showing through the tatters, gets a robe. The stomach, gnawing itself with hunger, gets a full platter smoking with meat. The father cannot eat for looking at the returned adventurer. Tears running down the face until they come to a smile—the night dew meiting into the morning.

No work on the farm that day, for when a bad boy reports and comes back promising to do better. God knows that is enough for one day, "And they began to be merry." Picture—"Prodigal Son Returned From the Wilderness." So God, our Mother, teaches us everything by pictures. The sinner is a lost sheep. Jesus is the bridegroom. The useless man a barren fig tree. The Gospel is a great supper. Satan, a sower of tares. Truth, a mustard seed. That which we could not have understood in the abstract statement God, our Mother, presents to us in this Bible album of pictures, God en-

graved. Is not the divine maternity ever divine sympathy. "As one whom his mother

I remark again that God has a mother's favoritism. A father sometimes shows a sort of favoritism. Here is a boy-strong well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The high forehead and quick intellect. The father sava, "I will take that boy into my firm yet," or, "I will give him the very best possible education." There are instances where, for the culture of the one boy, all the others have been robbed. A sad favor-itism, but that is not the mother's favorite.

will tell you her favorite. There is a child who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child has caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he coughs in the night she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in re-gard to him. The first thing on coming in

is to ask in regard to him.

Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite and say: "Mother, you et him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So heought to be, for if there is any one in the world that needs sympathy more than another it is an invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's journey—carrying an aching head, a weak side, an irritated lun. So the mother ought to make him a favorite, God, our Mother, has favorites, "Whom the Lord loveth He favorites, "Whom the Lord loveth the chasteneth"—that is, one whom He especial-

God loves us all, but there is one weak and sick and sore and wounded and suffering and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great loving heart of God. Why, it never coughs but our Mather God here it to be a second or the second of t but our Mother-Gol-hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed but our Mother -God-knows of it. There is no such a watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue and fall asleep in the chair; but God, our Mother, after being up a year of nights with a suffering child, never slumber or sleave.

slumbers or sleeps.
"Oh," says one, "I cannot understand all
that about affliction!" A refiner of silver once explained it to a Christain lady: "I put the silver in the fire, and I keep refining it and trying it till I can see my face in it, and I then take it out." Just so it is that God keeps His dear children in the furnace till the divine image may be seen in them. the divine image may be seen in them; then they are taken out of the fire. "Well," says some one, "if that is the way that God treats His favorites, I do not want to be a

There is a barren field on an autumn day just wanting to be let alone. There is a bang at the bar and a rattle of whifflatrees and clevises. The field says, "What is the farmer going to do with me now?" The farmer puts the plow in the ground, shouts to the bases the collections. to the horses, the colter goes tearing through the sod, and the furrow reaches from fence to fence. Next day there is a bang at the bars and a rattle of whiffletness again. The field says, "I wonder what the farmer is go-ing to do now?" The farmer hitches the horses to the harrow, and it goes bounding and tearing across the field. Next day there is a rattle at the bars

again, and the field says, "What is the far-mer going to do now?" He walks heavily across the field, scattering seed as he walks. After awhile a cloud comes. The field says, "What, more trouble?" It begins to rain. After awhile the wind changes to the north-east and it begins to snow. Says the field: "Is it not enough that I have been torn and trampled upon and drowned? Must I now be snowed under?" After awhile soring comes out of the gates of the south, and comes out of the gates of with it. A green warmth and giadness come with it. A green the gash of the wheat field, scarf bandages the gash of the wheat and the July morning drops a crown of gold on the head of the grain. "Oh," says the field "now I know the use

of the plow, of the harrow, of the heavy foot, of the shower and of the snowstorm. It is well enough to be trodden and trampled and drowned and snowed under if end I can yield such a glorious har-"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves

When I see God especially busy in trou-bling and trying a Christian, I know that out of that Christian's character there is to come some especial good. A quarryman goes down into the excavation, and with strong handed machinery bores into the rock. The rock says, "What do you do that for?" He puts powder in; he lights a fuse. There is a thundering crash. The rock says, "Why, the whole mountain is going to pieces." The crowbar is plunged; the rock is dragged out. After awhile it is taken into the artist's studio. It says, "Well, now I have got a good, warm, com-fortable place at last."

But the sculptor takes the chisel and mallet, and he digs for the eyes, and he cuts for the mouth, and he bores for the ear, and he rubs it with sandpaper, until the rock says, "When will this torture be ended?" A sheet is thrown over it. It stands in darkness. After awhile it is taken out. The covering is removed. It stands in the sunlight, in the

is removed. It stands in the sunlight, in the presence of ten thousand applauding people, as they greet the statute of the poet, or the prince, or the conqueror.

"Ah," says the stone, "now I understand it. I am a great deal better off now standing as a statue of a conqueror than I would have been down in the quarry." So God finds a man down in the quarry of ignorance and sin. How to get him up? He must be bored and blastel and chiseled and scoured and stand sometimes in the darkness.

But after awhile the mantle of affliction will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by

will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by the one hundred and torty-four thousand and the thousands of thousands as more than conqueror. Ob, my friends, God, our Motner, is just as kind in our afflictions as in our prosperities. God never touches us but for our good, If a field clean and cultured is better off than a barren field, and if

tured is better off than a barren field, and if a stone that has become a statue is better off than the marbie in the quarry, then that soul that God chastens may be His favorite. Ob, the rocking of the soul is not the rocking of an earthquake, but the rocking of God's cradle. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I have been told that the pearl in an oyster is merely the result of a wound or a sickness inflicted upon it, and I do not know but that the brightest gems of heaven will be found to have been the wounds of earth kindled into the jeweled brightness of eternal into the jeweled brightness of eternal

I remark that Got has a mother's capaci-ty for attending to little hurts. The father is shocked at the broken bone of the child or is shocked at the broken bone of the child or not the sickness that sets the cradle on firs with fever, but it takes the mother to sympathize with all the little allments and little bruises of the child. If the child have a splinter in its hand it wants the mother to take it out and not the father. The father says, "Oh, that is nothing," but the mother knows it is something, and that a little hurt sometimes is very great. So with God, our Mother; all our annoyances are important enough to look at and sympathize with.

Nothing with God is something. There

enough to look at and sympathize with.

Nothing with God is something. There are no ciphers in God's arithmetic. And if we were only good enough of sight we could see as much through a microscope as through a telescope. Those things that may be palpable and infiniterimal to us may be pronounced and infinite to God. A mathematical point is defined as having no parts, no magnitude. It is so small you cannot imagine it, and yet a mathematical point may be a starting point for a great eternity. God's surveyors carry a very long chain. A scale must be very delicate that can weigh a grain, but God's scale is so delicate that He can weigh with it that which is so small that a grain is a million times heavier.

comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark further that God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong first his associates in life cast him off; if he first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes in the wrong way his business partner casts him off, if he goes on his best friends cast him off—his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who gits he the murderer! sits by the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on think-ing well of him! It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs if she be still alive, and bless her gray if she be gone! And bless bless her grave if she be gone! And bless the rocking chair in which she used to sit,

and bless the cradle that she used to rock, and bless the Bible she used to read! So God, our Mother, has patience for all So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off God, our Mother, comes to the res-eue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case, After all the other doctors have got through the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitmuch. I have seen the most harsh and bit-ter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingsgate and cari-cature, and they tried tittle tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was

A soldier in England was brought by a ergeant to the colonel. "What," says the A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant; "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" says the colonel. Said the man, "Forgiveness." The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said: "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am your excuse?" "I have no very sorry," said the man. "I have no excuse, but I am

"We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way be-fore. His life was reformed, and that was the starting point for a positively Christian life. O church of God, quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit your tittle tattle, and try forgiveness. God, your Mother, tries it all the time. A man's sin may be like a continent, but God's for-giveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, bounding it on both sides.

The Bible often talks about God's hand. I wonder how it looks. You remember distinctly how your mether's head looked.

tinctly how your mother's hand looked, though thirty years ago it withered away. It was different from your father's hand. When you were to be chastised you had rather have mother punish you than father, It did not hurt so much. And father's hand was different from mother's, partly because it had outdoor toil, and partly because God intended it to be different. The knuckles were more firmly set, and the palm was cal-

But mother's hand was more delicate. But mother's hand was more delicate. There were bis veins running through the back of it. Though the fingers, some of them, were picked with a needle, the palm of it was soft. Oh, it was very soft! Was there ever any poultice like that to take pain out of a wound? So God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh, you peor wandering soul. another hand. Oh, you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a balliff's hand that seizes you to-day! It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is not a cold an unsympathetic hard. It is not a cost hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No. It is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympa-thetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so

will I comfort you."

I want to say finally that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep.
You know there is no cradle song like a mother's. After the excitement of the even ing it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking chair stop a mo-ment the eyes are wide open; but the mother's patience and the mother's soothing manner keep on until after awhile the ange of slumber puts his wing over the pillow. Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night-of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God to sooths us, to hush us to

Let the music at our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of the church tower, or the drumming of a "dead march," but let it be the hush of a mother's lullaby. Oh, the cravice of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises! When we are being rocked into that last slumber I want this to be the cradle song, "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep.

A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the beil of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river, and as the evening bell struck up in his dying dream he thought it was the call

to church.

He said, "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said: "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there, Nellie; we will soon be there." And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old country church, but the temples in the skies. Just across the river. How com-fortably did God hush the old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforted him.

Coffee Cultivation.

H. W. L. Couperus, a coffee planter from Java and Japan, recently delivered a lecture in the Academy of Science upon the subject with which he might well be presumed to be most familiar. He traced the spread of the coffee plant from Java to Sumatra, Ceylon, Pedang, Brazil and the United States and then afforded some information about the plant itself. It is a delicate plant, which, like the human being, cannot stand too much stimulant. If fertilizers, which are necessary to its growth, are used in too large quantity or are placed too close to its roots it displays a sort of vegetable exhiiration and dies off soon from exhaustion. It thrives best at an altitude of from 3000 to 4000 feet and is grown from the seed, not the bean as we receive it, but with the "parchment" or hull on it. In the plantations the trees are set in rows nine feet apart and eight feet between the trees in the row. The fertilizer used consists of ashes of leaves and weeds which grow on the plantations and are burned together and mixed with

The treatment of the bean after it has been gathered, the removal of the parchment, the roasting and other details were touched upon in an interesting manner, and the speaker expressed the opinion that coffee could be grown in California.

Hans C. Behr, who took part in the subsequent discussion, coincided in Mr. Couperus's view of the possibility of raising coffee in this State, and elicited the information from the lecturer that much work which the Java planters do by hand could be done here by machine.

—San Franciscs. Chronicle.

Killing a Huge Grizzly.

For some time the cattle men in the vicinity of Bridgeport have been missing cattle from their herds. Among the principal losers was N. B. Hunnemill, an extensive land and cattle owner. He set a big 100-pound bear trap in a pigpen-like structure of logs, with an opening on one side, and batted the trap with a calf's head. He also attached an eighty-pound log to the trap. It had iron hooks to it so that it would catch against obstructions and prevent the ferocious animal from traveling rapidly.

It was set for two days, but the bear did not touch the bait. Finally Mr. Hunnemill visited the log pen in Buckeye canyon and found the trap gone. The trail of the log and trap and tracks of the bear led up the heights above the canyon. He raised a posse of men, among whom was Mr. Miner. They trailed the bear up the sides of the mountain, over perpetual snow at times and barren stretches at others. They traveled fast and made many miles before they finally came in sight of the grizzly.

"His right forepaw was caught in the trap," said Mr. Miner, "but, notwithstanding that and the dragging of the eighty-pound log, he traveled well. As soon as we got near enough we commenced firing with our Winchesters and revolvers. We fired at least twenty-five shots. The bear reared and pawled like a calf. He didn't stop to fight; he was trying to get away. We kept following him and blazing away, and he would rear on his haunches and cry out at every shot. Most of us were almost tired out with the hard climbing and we didn't know for a time whether we could kill him at all. At last he was finally brought to bay and \$ 45-caliber ball killed him.

"When he had been rolled down the sides of the mountain to where we could take him to town we found a curious thing. Many of the Winchester balls had had no effect on him at all. They had struck his muscles and flattened out completely without going further. It was the same way with his head where they had struck. They had flattened there as they had against the bundles of muscles. The grizzly weighed 700 pounds. We had a great barbecue of bear meat when we got the bear down to town."-San Francisco Examiner.

Effect of Sun and Moon on Steel. A curious fact has recently been noted

by the steel workers at Sheffield, England. It is this: Fine-edged tools assume a blue color and lose all temper if exposed for any considerable length of time to the light of the sun, either in summer or winter. A similar effect is exercised by moonlight. A large crosscut saw with which the experimenters were working having been "put out of shape and its temper ruined by a single night's exposure to a first-quarter moon." -St. Louis Republic.

It is said that twenty car loads of boney will be shipped from Colorado

letin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

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An extraordinary coincidence occurred in Fleet street the other day. After the "settling" at one of the sporting clubs a gentleman went into a restaurant, where he had a glass of wine with some friends, and then took a cab to the Bank of England, thereat to deposit some money. On counting the sum he found that he had lost a fifty-pound note (\$250), and at once sped back to the place of entertainment to look for the missing "paper," being ignorant both of the number of the note and of the hansom which conveyed him to Threadneedle street. The search was fruitless, so he promptly chartered another cab to convey him to Scotland Yard. To his joy and surprise his lost treasure was lying on the seat; it was the same vehicle in which he had been driven to the bank. This may read like romance; it is merely a matter of fact .-- London Telegraph .

Sylvan Riches of British Gulana.

In British Guiana magnificent timber covers thousands of square miles, some of the woods being very handsome and suitable for best cabinet work, while others are very valuable for works of public character. There is plenty of good land suitable for cocoa, coffee and cotton, and no agricultural industry is carried on except sugar culture .-- American Agriculturist.

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Deafness Can't be Cured

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