

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Pompeii and Its Lessons."

Text: "Thou hast made of a defensed city a ruin."—Isaiah xxv, 2.

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake, he had been sleeping in Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Etna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery loneliness of what it has done and will do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles and dropped in Constantinople, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the Apennines, as well as tramping out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the best consumed the intricate mountain and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cinders and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements.

At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All our Pompeii" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing and palatial building, but had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unstrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still in place, and the city, with its towers, at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted.

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seahorse, Gate of Hercules, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Minerva, with an imposing elevation, and with its six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved legends shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mars, with their altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Esculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting.

Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills, and glorified with pilasters, and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences seated or standing in vast semi-circles. Yonder are the costly and immense palaces, with their ceilings of all skillfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and a which to recline for slumber after the play.

Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and Senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansus, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place in the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by doric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of millionaires, gardens, fountains, statues, colonnades, the collar of the city, with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found 1800 years after. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls and colors which can not efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79, see the city gasping up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque, and necks enshrouded with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-slink with goblets and a-snooze with delicacies from paddocks and farms, and the city over the degradation of the times, passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rattle of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbering chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of foundations and the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn far-reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. August 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the days roll on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as he pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky—a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of the black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with the intricate water wrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stabia, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.

Out of the houses and temples and theatres and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came the final destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea roared from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sailcloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the curling of that Apollon of mountains subsided. For

1700 years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after 1700 years of obliteration a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhaustion of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of basilica and temple and amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, monk and serf, merchant and beggar are presentable and natural after 1700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1700 years were still found standing guard. There in the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes, pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the workrooms, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skillful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the buzzes of enraptured spectators. We stand among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and stand until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless house we went again and again onto the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago as hot and as cold, and feet as hot and as cold as our own, danced with childish glee, and overtaken workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and across that floor did gladiators carry the bodies of the dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and uncleanness and infernal noise as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mid light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disintegrated Pompeii, and suddenly again to burst into flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe with which more than eighteen centuries ago it submerged Pompeii, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain proclaimed at the burial, "It is dust to dust."

"My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they are not the end of the matter. The city of Pompeii is a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first perished, to be admired by those who go there, while some is in the museums of the world, it is transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the people of that city. Those Pompeian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and soot, they have not faded. Many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers 1300 years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from their hands. Which of our modern painters could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed in ash, there was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. You think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Look correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury. Have you the idea that the mingled figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Dioned.

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the prints of all the centuries can hang like a gift up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing press and the rivals of religion under a city pure and clean. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing.

Feking and Madras and Java are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that while Christianity has wrought, favor good, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yes, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We thought to show to assign the justly. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some special moral purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history to come upon Pompeii was to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitudes that they were never turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Light, and the other cemetery the cemetery of dead cities.

I get down on my knees and read the epigraphy of a long line of them. Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitreous brick. And I hear a wail and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isaiah xlii, 21). "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their house shall be full of doleful cries."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down, and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her sardana-palpus as I stoop to read her epitaph (Zephaniah ii, 14). "Now is Nineveh desolation and dry like a wilderness, and floods shall be in the midst of her: all the beasts of the Nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot and a hyena laugh.

The next entombed city I pass has a monument of fifty prostrate columns of gray and

red granite, and it is Tyre. The next sculpturer of great fame is covered with laurels, and columns and defaced sphinxes and the sands of the desert, and it is Thebes. As I pass on I find the resting place of Mycenae, a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth, which rejected Paul and depended upon her former, Arcorontus, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis and Smyrna and Persepolis and Memphis and Baalbek and Carthage, and here are hostiles of the plain, and Herculanum and Stabia and Pompeii. Some of them have mighty sarcophagus and hieroglyphic entablature, but they are dead and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbent that still stands seventeen centuries as still alive as he does sit now as much as He did then and has at His command all the armament of destruction with which He whelmed their iniquitous predecessors.

It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery knock down the roof of stock exchanges and prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

It is amazing that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into its near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as the gladiatorial games of the Pompeii. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests a noble and manly sport, to be used for the purpose of making of calling it a "athletic club" they might better style it "The Buffalio Club For Smashing the Human Viscera."

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the pugilists and the pickpockets, and the bloated reprobates of the city. They invite delegates from universal loafdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilist contracted for and advertised for next December will take place on our continent.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the city of New York, until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banded and cut and bleeding from the imbruing scene. Against this infraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one think it cannot be stopped, and that the constabulary would be overborne? Then let Governor Roosevelt send the police to the militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissipation, let all our cities be warned by the doom of Pompeii. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy of a carcass. Let us have a moral and political party. Let us do I refer you to the eight weeks of justification enacted at Washington by our American senate.

American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that paganism will be banished from our churches. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the gospel machinery of the United States and the City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long and the statistics of sin, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the "Misereors" of the "Deum" and "Jubilates of moral and religious victory." Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become a Pompeii that posterity will boast of. The fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Jerusalem are raised up from the "New Jerusalem." I hal the advancing morn.

I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cohorts of his army. "Whoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gideon." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line. Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here mastered, though born in the country, will die in town.

Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or through streets where the air is filled with the groans of the afflicted, or the groans of the demagogue plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflections? God says the things that are right. Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember pictures, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii!

Heating by Electricity.

In some of the hotels in the West a system of heat regulation which is certainly novel is carried out. For instance, a guest occupying Room 156 asks for heat. The order is transmitted to a peculiar person, the typewriter of the hotel generally. She goes to a switchboard and connection is given electrically with that room, allowing heat to pass into it. The occupant of the room is, perhaps, particular. A hot-blooded person wishes merely to keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his wish, for a thermostat with a pointer is on the wall, and the room will keep itself automatically as desired. The regulation is seventy degrees, but it can be departed from as stated.—Hardware.

His Dog Stopped the Leak.

One of the few dogs worth having is owned by Silas Holbrook, of East Harpswell. Starting out from the wharf in a boat with his master the other day the dog noticed that the plug was out of the bottom of the boat and the water was coming in. After calling attention to the trouble he placed his paw over the hole and kept the water out until his master found the plug and replaced it.—Lewiston Journal.

NEW & NOTES

The blouse waist still lags. Waterville (Me.) has a lady barber. New plaids are constantly appearing, and those who like and can wear them have ample scope for choice.

A woman can secure all her garments with two or three pins, but it takes about thirty hairpins to keep up her hair.

A statue of Queen Victoria, by her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, has recently been unveiled in London.

Miss Mary Virginia Proctor is editor, proprietor and business manager of the Democratic organ of Warren County, Ohio.

The ex-Empress Frederick of Germany is the owner of a necklace, composed of thirty-two pearls, which is worth \$250,000.

Entire costumes are made of accordion-plaited silk mull. But this material is mainly used for berthas, capes, sleeves, etc.

A memorial to Jenny Lind is likely to be erected in Westminster Abbey under the statue of Handel, whose words she so well loved to render.

Pompadour ribbons are a decided feature of some of the stylish autumn trappings for hats, and for dresses made in the still popular Empire mode.

Five "traveling scholars" from England are in this country, under appointment by the Gilchrist Educational Trust of Englishmen, to inspect our public school system and discover any valuable methods for the education of women.

Of course if there are black and white hats and bonnets there must be black and white veils to go with them, and these are most elaborate affairs. The veils are very large, and the black ground, with white dots and a wide, fancy edge, is the latest.

"Margaret Sidney," the popular writer for children, is a sweet-faced, simple little woman, with sunny hair and laughing eyes. Since the death of her husband, Mr. D. L. Lathrop, the publisher, she has given close attention to his business, and is at the office by 8 o'clock every morning.

When a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as foils to her beauty. It is said that some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

Signorina Ada Negri, the new Italian poet, is not yet twenty-one, and has thus far lived a sad and laborious life, supporting herself and invalid mother by arduous and ill-paid labor as a teacher in the National schools. A committee of learned men have just awarded her a pension of 1800 francs a year.

The ringlets of fifty years ago and the curls which were universally worn by little girls up to and into the '70's have been somewhat revived of late, and are again to be occasionally seen. Crimped hair, or loose lovelocks and waves of the Fannyfer order, have crowded them aside up to date, but now they seem slowly coming to the fore.

Miss Jordan, the chief instructor at Smith College, is physically an unimposing little woman, who, when she is called upon to address a class, however, makes more inches count for little beside strength and dignity of mind. She is said to have been the most brilliant class that was ever graduated from Vassar College.

Saxon girls a thousand years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church, and a fee paid the priest for its use by the brides of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole 100 church crowns, and their was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months, until new crowns could be made.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render a promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Deafness Cannot be Cured 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 constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, N. Y.

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Beecham's Pills with a drink of water morning, Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

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An Instructive Sermon.

The best deer-shooting of the season falls to the lot of two coastside men. One is a Portuguese laborer on a farm just above the Alpine school-house. The morning the deer law opened he came upon four bucks, and when the smoke of four shots from his Winchester cleared away he was the captor of three of them. The other fortunate person is the son of Postmaster Thompson, of Harrison, near Pesadero. This young gentleman aimed at a large buck one day, and after seeing him drop went to get his game. He was surprised to find that his bullet after passing through the back of the buck he aimed at entered the head of another a short distance beyond, thus killing two at one shot. These are facts that can be substantiated.—San Mateo (Cal.) Leader.

Miracles Not Ended Yet.

WHAT A MINISTER SAYS OF SWAMP-ROOT.

Sageville, N. Y., May 12, 1893. Gentlemen:—For years I suffered with Kidney and Liver trouble. Doctor after doctor treated me with no avail. I grew worse and was in despair of ever being any better. What agony I endured when the attacks came on, rolling on the floor, screaming and half crazy! Nothing but morphine would quiet me. It seemed dead weight to me, a relief from my suffering. My stomach was in a terrible condition, food, what little I ate, distressed me, my complexion was yellow, bowels constipated; I was only able to walk as far as the front porch. A friend recommended your Swamp-Root. I began to take it at once.

Swamp-Root Cured Me. After passing off from my system a fearful amount of poisonous matter, imagine my joy to find I was decidedly better. My improvement after that was rapid and uninterrupted, and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. Van Deusen.

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"I have used your medicine often for the past eight years, and feel safe in saying that it is the best general health restorer in the world." F. H. GIBSON, Batesville, Ark. Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

THE KIND THAT CURES

DANIEL C. EGLESTON, Saxon girls a thousand years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church, and a fee paid the priest for its use by the brides of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole 100 church crowns, and their was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months, until new crowns could be made.

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Successful Deer-Slayers.

An Instructive Sermon.

The best deer-shooting of the season falls to the lot of two coastside men. One is a Portuguese laborer on a farm just above the Alpine school-house. The morning the deer law opened he came upon four bucks, and when the smoke of four shots from his Winchester cleared away he was the captor of three of them. The other fortunate person is the son of Postmaster Thompson, of Harrison, near Pesadero. This young gentleman aimed at a large buck one day, and after seeing him drop went to get his game. He was surprised to find that his bullet after passing through the back of the buck he aimed at entered the head of another a short distance beyond, thus killing two at one shot. These are facts that can be substantiated.—San Mateo (Cal.) Leader.

Miracles Not Ended Yet.

WHAT A MINISTER SAYS OF SWAMP-ROOT.

Sageville, N. Y., May 12, 1893. Gentlemen:—For years I suffered with Kidney and Liver trouble. Doctor after doctor treated me with no avail. I grew worse and was in despair of ever being any better. What agony I endured when the attacks came on, rolling on the floor, screaming and half crazy! Nothing but morphine would quiet me. It seemed dead weight to me, a relief from my suffering. My stomach was in a terrible condition, food, what little I ate, distressed me, my complexion was yellow, bowels constipated; I was only able to walk as far as the front porch. A friend recommended your Swamp-Root. I began to take it at once.

Swamp-Root Cured Me. After passing off from my system a fearful amount of poisonous matter, imagine my joy to find I was decidedly better. My improvement after that was rapid and uninterrupted, and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. Van Deusen.

At Druggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 Size. "Swamp-Root" is sold by all Druggists. Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Your Strength Renewed. AND YOUR RUNDOWN SYSTEM BUILT UP AND REORGANIZED.

A few bottles of S. S. S. will do it. If you are troubled with a depression of spirits, a lack of energy, a languid feeling, and a lack of vitality, S. S. S. will thoroughly clear away all impurities and impart new vigor and life to the whole system.

"I have used your medicine often for the past eight years, and feel safe in saying that it is the best general health restorer in the world." F. H. GIBSON, Batesville, Ark. Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

THE KIND THAT CURES

DANIEL C. EGLESTON, Saxon girls a thousand years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church, and a fee paid the priest for its use by the brides of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole 100 church crowns, and their was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months, until new crowns could be made.

Needs assistance it may be best to render a promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Deafness Cannot be Cured 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 constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.