REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Unsafe Lifeboats."

TEXT: "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off."—Acts xxvii.,

While your faces are yet somewhat bronzed by attendance on the international boat con-test between the Vigilant and the Valkyrie I ddress you. Good things when there is no We want more fresh air and breeziness in our temperaments and our religion. A stale and slow and lugubrious religion may have done for other times, yet will not do for these. But my text calls our attention to a boat of a different sort, and instead of the Atlantic it is the Mediterranean, and instead of not wind enough, as the crews of the Vigi-lant and the Valkyrie the other day complained, there is too much wind and the swoop of a Euroelydon.

I am not calling your attention so much to the famous ship on which Paul was the distinguished passenger, but to the lifeboat of that ship which no one seems to notice. of that ship which no one seems to notice,
For a fortnight the main vessel had been
tossed and driven. For that two weeks, the
account says, the passengers had "continned fasting." I suppose the salt water,
dashing over, had spoiled the sea biscuit,
and the passengers were seasiek anyhow.

The sailors said, "It is no use; this ship

The sailors said, "It is no use; this ship must go down," and they proposed among themselves to lower the lifeboat and get is it and take the chances for reaching chore, although they pretended they were soing to get over the sides of the big ship and down into the lifeboat only to do safors' duty. That was not sailorlike, for the sailors that I have known were all introfid fellows and would rather go down with the ship than do such a mean thing as those Jack Tars of my text attempted. text attempted.

text attempted.

When on the Mediterranean last June the Victoria sank under the ram of the Camperdown, the most majestic thing about that awful scene was that all the sailors staid at awful scene was that all the sailors staid at their posts doing their duty. As a class all over the world sailors are valorous, but these silors of the text were exceptional and pre-tended to do duty while they were really pre-paring for flight in the lifeboat. But these 'marines' on board—sea soldiers—had in "marines" on board—sea sokilers—had in especial charge a little missionary who was turning the world upside down, and when these marines saw the trick ('e sailors were about to play they lifted the cutlasses from the girdle and chop! chop! went those cutlasses into the ropes that held the lifeboat, and splash! it dropped into the sea.

and splash! it dropped into the sea.

My text describes it, "The soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off."

As that empty lifeboat dropped and was captized on a sea where for two weeks winds and billows had been in battle I think that many on board the main vessel felt their last hope of aver reaching home had replaced. st hope of ever reaching home had vanished. In that tempestuous sea a small boat could

not have lived five minutes.

My subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats." any subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats. We cannot exaggerate the importance of the lifeboat. All honor to the memory of Lionei Lukin, the coach builder of Long Acre, London, who invented the first lifeboat, and I do not biame him for ordering put on his tomb-etone in Kent the inscription that you may

atill read there:
"This Lionel Lunkin was the first who "This Lionel Lunkin was the first who built a lifeboat and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the king's patent in the year 1785."

All honor to the memory of Sir William Hillary, who, living in the Isle of Man, and after assisting with his own hand in the resum of 305 lives of the shipwrecked, stirred

cue of 305 lives of the shipwrecked, stirred the English Partiament to quick action in the construction of lifeboats. Thanks to God and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten and ready to sink.

sion of the lifeboat. No one will doubt its important mission who has read of the wreck to get into that lifeboat." Oh, my friend, you are mistaken. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. Millions of coast of Wales or of the Birkenhead on the coast of Wales, or of the Birkenhead on the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Royal Charter on the coast of Anglesea, or of the Exmouth on the Scotch breakers, or of the Cambria on the Irish coast, or of the Atlantic on the rocks of Nova Scotia, or of the Lexington on Long Island Sound.

To add still further to the importance of the lifeboat, remember there are at least 3,000,000 men following the sea, to say nothing of the uncounted millions this moment ocean passengers. We "land-lubbers," as ocean passengers. We "land-lubbers," as sailors call us, may not knew the difference etween a marline spike and a ringbolt, or anything about heaving a log, or rigging out a flying jibboom, or furling a topsail, but we all realize to greater or less extent the imortance of a lifeboat in every marine equip-

But do we feel the importance of a lifeboat in the matter of the soul's rescue? There are times when we all feel that we are out at sea, and as many disturbing and anxious que tions strike us as waves struck that vessel against the sides of which the lifeboat of my text dangled. Questions about the church. Questions about the world. Questions about God. Questions about our eternal destiny. Every thinking man and woman has these questions, and in proportion as they are thinking people do these questions arise.

There is no wrong in thinking. If God had

t intended us to think and keep on thinkwheelhouse of the skull this thinking ma-chine, which halts not in its revolutions from cradle to grave. Even the midnight does not stop the thinking machine, for when we are in dreams we are thinking, although we do not think as well. All of us who are accustomed to thinking want to reach some unsafe lifeboat of the text and lose their solid shore of safety and satisfaction, and if lives in that way. "Then the soldiers cut any one has a good lifeboat that we may honorably take I wish he would unswing it "Well," says some one, "this subject is m the davits and let us get into it and put

But I give you fair notice I must first examine the lifeboat before I risk my soul in it or advise you to risk your soul in it. All the splendid Ramsgate lifeboats, and Margate lifeboats, and South Shield lifeboats, and American lifeboats were tested before being put into practical use as to their buoyaney and speed and stowage and self-righting capacity. And when you offer my soul a lifeboat I must first test it.

Here is a subscript new lifeboat and

Here is a splendid new lifeboat called Theosophy. It has only a liftle while been launched, although some of the planks are

by one of these mysterious beings from central Asia. The gentleman knew it from the fact that the mysterious being left his pocket handkerchief, embroidered with his name and Asiatic residence. The most wonderful achievement of the theosophists is that they keep out of the insane asylum. They prove the truth of the statement that no religion ever announced was so absurd but

religion ever announced was so absurd but t gained disciples. Societies in the United States and England and other lands have been established for the promulgation of theosophy. Instead of needing the revelation of a Bible you can have these spirits from a cave in central Asia to tell you all you ought to know, and after you leave this life you may become a prima donna or a roble or a greatle or a sot, or

a prize fighter, or a Herod, or a Jewelet, and so be enabled to have great variety of experience, rotating through the universe, now rising, now falling, now shot out in a straight line and now describing a parabola, and on add on, and up and up, and down and dewn, and round and round. Don't you see. Now, that theosophic lifeboat has been isanched. It proposes to take you off the rough sea of doubt into everlasting quietude. How do you like the lost boat? My opinion is you had better relitate the mariners of sy text and cut. of the ropes of that boat and let her fall off.

Another liseboat tempting us to enter is made of many planks of good works. It is really a beautiful boat—almsgiving, practical sympathies for human suffering, right-cous words and righteous deeds. I must admit I like see looks of the prow, and of the rowices and of the paddles, and of the steering sear, and of many who are thinking to trust themselves on her benches. But the trouble about that lifeboat is it leaks. I er knew a man yet good enough to earn

heaven by his virtues or generosities.

If there be one person here present on this blessed Sabbath all of whose thoughts have been always right, all of whose actions have always been right, and all of whose words have always been right, let him stand up, or if al-ready standing let him lift his hand, and I will know that he lies. Paul had it about

will know that he lies. Paul had it about right when hesaid, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." David had it about right when he said, "There is none that doeth good, no not one."

The old book had it about right when it said, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let a man get off that little steamer called The Maid of the Mist, which sails up to the foot of Niggara Falls, and then sails up to the foot of Niagara Falls, and then slimb to the top of the falls on the descending floods, for he can do it easier than any man good works.

If your thoughts have always been exactly right, and your words exactly right, and your deeds always exactly right, you can go up to the gate of heaven, and you need not even knock for admittance, but open it yourself and push the angels out of your way and go up and take one of the front seats. But you would be so unlike any one else that has gone up from this world that you would be a curiosity in heaven and more fit for a heavenly museum than for a place where the inhabitants could look at you free of charge. No, sir, I admire your good works, and tha lifeboat you are thinking of trusting in is handsomer than any yawl or pinnace or yacht or cutter that ever sped out of a boathouse or hoisted sall for a race. But she leaks. Trust your soul in that, and you wifi go to the bottom. She leaks. So I imitate the mariners of the text, and with a cutlass strike

the ropes of the boat and let her fall of.

Another lifeboat is Christian Incon-Another lifeboat is Christian incon-sistencies. The planks of this boat are composed of the split planks of shipwrecks. That prow is made out of hypocrisy from the life of a man who professed one thing and really was another. One oar of this lifeboat was the falsehood of a church member, and the other oar was the wickedness of some minister of the Gospel, whose iniquities were not for a long while found out, Not one plank from the oak of God's eternal truth in all that lifeboat. planks, by universal admission, are de and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten

other to get the best seat in the boat. ould not keep them back though you stood at the gunwales with a club, as on our ship Greece in a hurricane, and the steerage pas-sengers were determined to come up on deck where they would have been washed off, and the officers stood at the top of the stairs clubbing them back. Even by such violence as that you could not keep people from jumping into the most popular lifeboat, made of church member inconsistencies.

In times of revival when sinners flock into In times of revival when sinners nock into the inquiry room the most of them are kept from deciding aright because they know so many Christians who are bad. The inquiry room becomes a World's Fair for exhibition of all the frallties of church members, so that if you believe all is there told you you would be afraid to enter a church lest you get your pockets picked or get knocked down.

This is the way they talk: "I was cheated out of \$500 by a leader of a Bible class." "A Sunday-school teacher gossiped about me and did her best to destroy my good name." "I had a partner in business who swamped our business concern by his trickery and then rolled up his eyes in Friday night prayer meeting, as though he were looking for Elljah's chariot to make a second trip and take up another passenger.

But what a cracked and water logged and gaping seamed lifeboat the inconsistencies of others! Put me on a shingle mid-Atlantic and leave me there rather than in such a yawl of spiritual confidence. God forbid that I should get aboard it, and lest some of you make the mistake of getting into it I do as the mariners did on that Mediterranean ship when the sailors were about to get into the unsafe lifeboat of the text and lose their

"Well," says some one, "this subject is very discouraging, for we must have a life-boat if we are ever to get ashore, and you have already condemned three." Ah, it is because I want to persuade you to take the only safe lifeboat. I will not allow you to be deceived and get on to the wild waves and then capsize or sink. Thank God, there is a lifeboat that will take you ashore in safety, as sure as God is God and heaven is heaven. The keel and ribs of this boat are made out of a tree that was set up on a bluff back of Jerusalem a good many years ago. Both of the oars are made out of the same tree. The rowlocks are made out of the same tree. The rowlocks are male out of the same free.
The steering gear is made out of the same tree. The planks of it were hammered together by the hammers of executioners who thought they were only killing a Christ, but were really pounding together an escape for all imperiled souls of all ages.

Here is a spiendid new lifeboat called Thososphy. It has only a liftle wille been launched, although some of the planks are really several thousand years old, and from a worm eaten ship, but they are painted over and look new. They are rearly fatalism and pantheism of oldentime. But we must forget that and call them theosophy. The Grace Darling of this lifeboat was an oarswoman by the name of Mme. Blavatsy, but they carswoman by the name of Mme. Blavatsy, but the carswoman now is Annaie Besant. So many are getting aboard the boat it is worthy of examination, both because of the safety of those who have entered it and because and trace and man are parts of 60-4. We have three souls—an animal soul, a human sorl, a spiritual soul. The animal soul becomes, after awhile, a wandering thing, trying to express itself through mediums, It enters beasts or enters a nunzan being, and when you find an efeminant man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find an efeminant man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find an efeminant man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find a mseuline woman it is because a man's soul has taken possession of a woman's body.

If you find a woman has become a platform speaker and likes politics, sine is passessed by a dead politician, who forty years azo maic the platform quake. The soul keeps wandering on and on, and may have fifty or innumerable different forms, and finally is absorbed in God. It was God at the state the start and will be God at the last. But who gives the authority for the truth of such is religion? Some beings living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. They are living in a cave in central Asia. My Baptist brother Dr. Halideman says that theosophist in New York was visited.

shipwrecked crawled up on the beach to die unless some one happened to walk along or some fisherman's hut might be near. But after the ship Ayrshire was wrecked at Squan Beach, and the Powhattan left her 300 dead strewn along our coast, and another el went on the rocks, 400 lives perishing the United States Government woke up and made an appropriation of \$200,000 for life stations, and life lines from faking box are shot over the wild surf, and hawsers are stretched from wreck to shore and what with Lyles's gun gad six oared surfboat, with cork at the sides to make it unsinkable, and patrolmen all night long walking the beach until they meet each other and exchange metal tickets, so as donna, or a robin, or a gazelle, or a sot, or a prize fighter, or a Herod, or a Jacobel, and and the Coston light flashes hope from shore to sufferer, and surfmen, incased in Merriman life saving dress, and life car rolling on the ropes, there are many probabilities o rescue for the unfortunate of the sea. But the government of the united heavens has made better provision for the rescue of our souls. So close by that this moment we can our hand on its top and swing into it is gospel lifeboat. It will not take you more than a second to get into it.

But while in my text we stand watching

But while in my text we stand watching the marines with their cutlasses, preparing to sever the ropes of the lifeboat and let her fall off, notice the poor equipment. Only one lifeboat. Two bundred and seventy-six passengers, as Paul counted them, and only one lifeboat. My text uses the singular and not the plural, "Cut off the ropes of the boat." I do not suppose it would have held more than thirty people, though loaded to the water's edge.

water's edge.

I think by marine law all our modern vessels have enough lifeboats to hold all the crew and all the passengers in case of emergency, but the marines of my text were standing by the only boat, and that a small boat, and yet 276 passengers. But what thrills me through and through is the fact that though we are wrecked by sin and trouble and there is only one lifeboat that boat is large enough is only one lifeboat, that boat is large enough to hold all who are willing to get into it. The gospel hymn expresses it :

All may come, whoever will; This Man receives poor sinners still.

But I must haul in that statement a little. Room for all in that lifeboat, with just one exception. Not you—I do not mean you, but there is one exception. There have been cases where ships were in trouble, and the captain got all the passengers and crew into the lifeboats, but there was not room for the captain. He, through the sea trumpet, shouted: "Shove off now and pull for the beach. Good-by!" And then the captain, with pathetic and sublime self-sacrifice, went down with the ship. So the Captain of our salvation, Christ the Lord, launches the gos-pel lifeboat and tells us all to get in, but He

"It behooved Christ to suffer." Was it not so, ye who witnessed His agonizing ex-piration? Simon of Cyrene, was it not so? Cavalry troops, whose horses pawed the dust at the crucifixion, was it not so? Ye Marys who swooned away with the sun of the midday heavens, was it not so? "By His stripes we are healed." By His death we live. By His sinking in the deep sea of suffering we get off in a safe lifeboat. Yes, we must put into this story a little of our own personality. We had a ride in that very lifeboat from foundered craft to solid

Once on the raging seas I rewed.
The storm was I ud; the night was dark
The ocean yawwed and rudely blow'd
The wine that tossed my foundering bark.

But I got into the gospel lifebout and I got ashore. No religious speculation for me. These higher criticism fellows do not bother me a bit. You may ask me fifty questions about the sea, and about the land, and about the lifeboat that I cannot answer, but one thing I know, fam ashore, and I am going to stay ashore, if the Lord by His grace will help me. I feel under me something so firm that I try it with my right foot, and try it with my left foot, and then I try it with both feet, and it is so solid that I think it must be what the old folks used to call the Rock of

And he my remaining days on earth many or few I am going to spend my time in recommending the lifeboat which fetched me here, a poor sinner saved by grace, and in swinging the cutlasses to sever the ropes of any upsate lifeboat and let her fall off. My hearer, without asking any questions, get into the gospel lifeboat. Room! and yet there is room! The biggest boat on earth is the gospel lifeboat. You must remember the proportion of things, and that the ship-wrecked craft is the whole earth, and the

Wrecked craft is the whole carth, and the lifeboat must be in proportion.

You talk about your Campanias, and your Lucanias, and your Majestics, and your City of New Yorks, but all of them put together are smaller than an Indian's cance on Schraft was a smaller than an Indian's cance on Schraft was a smaller than an Indian's cance on Schraft was a small life boat. roon Lake compared with this gospellifeboat that is large enough to take in all Nations. Room for one and room for all. Get in!

Well, I know how you feel, for summer before last on the sea of Finland I had the same experience. The ship in which we sailed could not venture nearer than a mile from shore, where stood the Russian palace of Peterof, and we had to get into a small boat and be rowel ashore. The water was rough, and as we went down the ladder at the side of the ship we held firmly on to the

railing, but in order to get into the boat we had at last to let go.

How did I know that the boat was good and that the oarsmen were sufficient? How did I know that the Finland Sea would not did I know that the Finland Sea would not swallow us with one opening of its crystal jaws? We had to trust, and we did trust, and our trust was well rewarded. In the same way get into this gospel lifeboat. Let go! As long as you hold on to any other hope you are imperiled, and you get no advantage from the lifeboat. Let go! Does some one here say, "I guess I will hold on a little to a good darking or to a nice server. some one here say. "I guess I will hold on a little to my good works, or to a pious parent-age, or to something I can do in the way of achieving my own salvation." No, no, let go! Trust the Captain, who would not put

go! Trust the Captain, who would not put you into a rickety or uncertain craft.

For the sake of your present and everlasting welfare, with all the urgency of an immortal addressing immortals, I cry from the depths of my soul and at the top of my voice, Let go! Last summer the life saving crew nt East Hampton invited me to come up to the life station and see the crew practice, for twice a week they are drilled in the important work assigned them by the United States Government, and they go through all the routine of saving the supwrecked. But that would give little idea of what they would have to do if some midnight next winter, the wind driving beachward, a vessel should get in the grasp of a hurricane.

wind driving beachward, a vessel should get in the grasp of a hurricane. See the lights flare from the ship in the breakers, and then responding lights flaring from the beach, and hear the rockets buzz as they rise, and the lifeboat rumbles out, and the gun booms, and the life line rises and falls across the splintered decks, and the hawser tightens, and the life car goes to and the gurrying the sphausted mariners, and the fro, carrying the exhausted mariners, and the ocean, as if angered by the snatching of the ocean, as if angered by the snatching of the human prey from the white teeth of its surf and the stroke of its billowing paw, rises with increased fury to assail the land. So

with increased fury to assail the land. So now I am engaged in no light drill, practicing for what may come over some of your souls. It is with some of you wintry midnight, and your hopes for this world and the next are wrecked.

But see! See! The lights kindled on the beach! I throw out the life line. Haul in, hand over hand! Ah, there is a lifeboat in the surf, which all the wrath of earth and hell cannot swamp, and its Captain with scarced hand puts the trumper to Mis lips as He cries, "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." But what is the use of all this if you decline to get into it? You might as well have been a salior on board that foundering ship of the Mediterranean when the mariners cut the ropes of the boat and let her fail off. of the boat and let her fall off.

A large forgotten reservoir was tapped in Lockport, N. Y., the other day by workingmen who were excavating for a foundation. It belonged to a system of water works abandoned



Ivory white moire is immensely pop-

Stylish hats are still in plateau The bell skirt still maintains its

Hard times have notably affected the attendance at Vassar College. Epaulettes appear to be quite as much a feature of fashion as ever.

Lady Isabel Morgesson has devised a woman's pocket that, she says, cannot be picked. The English Queen's Scoth jour-

neys cost her \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. Five men and a woman recently ran a foot race of 200 yards in Henderson County, North Carolina. The woman

won easily. Edvard Terry, an English musical editor, says that women compose some of the finest dance music and some of the best songs.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by the majority of nearly 200,000.

At Ferncliffe, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's place at Rhinebeck, N. Y., the fair chatelaine is often seen riding about her grounds on a tricycle.

When Queen Elizabeth of Austria entered Paris in 1751 she dragged after her a train seventy feet in length. It was borne by thirty-five pages.

It was after Miss Martha Lumpkin, now Mrs. Campton, that Atlanta, Ga., was first named "Marthasville," in 1843. Her father was Governor of the

Velvet is to be much used as a trimming for hats. Black jetted wings will also be popular. In combination with black, sapphire and peacock-blue will

Queen Victoria is a skilful and indefatigable knitter. She and her ladies in waiting have knitted many quilts for the use of soldiers in the hospitals.

The new winter coats are thirtythree inches long, made with a very tight waist, and tremendous sleeves. Nearly all have cape effects about the collar and shoulders.

The most beautiful silk which has appeared to tempt womankind this season is of heavy satin, with a Baya-dere stripe in velvet. The combinations of colors are simply exquisite. Soft, rich tartans of all wool, finished

with a corded silk blouse-waist, completed by bretelles, sleeve-puffs, and collar of velvet, are among the pretty dresses designed for misses' best wear. The autumn tints in dress take their

hues from the dying woods. Browns, reds and yellows, with modifications of ses greens, are the tints of fall. Such seen in the gowns, such in the hats.

An old-time-looking dress has the skirt finished with seven ruffles, the lower one about five inches deep, and each one growing narrower, the upper very slightly over-lapping the lower

George Pullman's daughters give the names to the palace cars which their father has built-very pretty names they are, too-and the very pretty little sum of \$100 is the fee for

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With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack zaedicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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In Olden Times

People ov erlooked the importance of perma nently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transien: action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure babitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the

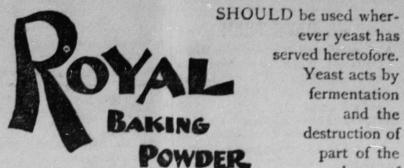
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of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.

It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

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When Maximilian was Emperor of Mexico the country was overrun with train robbers. They marched about in large bands, tore up the tracks and lined up. Suddenly hidalgos, peons, market women and farmers arose, there was a blinding flash and a deafening volley from both sides of the dian school in West Virginia under the car, and 100 of the bandits fell dead, while the 300 zouaves, disguised in the mains under the more dignified cognocostumes of the country, turned out of men of Thomas W. Catt. the cars, pursued the flying robbers and killed them every one—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ALL RUN DOWN.

Tired, Sleepless, Discouraged. Swamp-Root Cured Me.

Amsterdam, N. Y. June 9, 1893. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Gentlemen:-I ought to have written you long



ago of the great goo your Swamp-Root has done for me. For a long time I had been troubled with a Disordered Stomach, Inactive Liver.

Pain in the Back and across the kidneys and was generally run down, had no ambition to do anything; in fact, my life was a burden could not sleep nights, was completely dis couraged and gave up of e er being any bet-ter. I took SWAMP-ROOT and am now able to do most of the work as usual and feel like a

different person. Dr. Kilmer's

Swamp-Root Cured Me.
It has helped me more than any other medicine I have ever used and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for the wonderful benefit I have derived. Mrs. H. Mabee Suits. At Druggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 size.

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ERREAS —My wife was born of parents of the delivery of the CONSUM PTION. Six of her there and sisters died of LUNG DISAASES. My wife's health was unusually good to the age of about 60 years; at that line the age of about 60 years; at that lines are of the age of the six of t

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

a WEN on her head has broken and discharged until almost entirely gone. Habitual Contiveness also greatly relieved.

We have heretafore used a variety of remedies with but little result, but DANA'S SARSAPARILLAND as proved so effectual in relieving my wife of ECZEMA as a MCROFULA in the blood that I must say it is a grand combination of rerredual agenta, and that my wife's greatizeppovement is due to its power and the blessing of a kind Providence upon is use.

Lave taken one bottle myself and find it a Splendid Aiterrative.

Respectally,

Paster M. E. Church, No. Easton, N. Y.

Only one Sarsaparilla sold on the "NO BENEFIT-NO PAY " plan. Only one could stand the test, and that one is DANA'S. ABMEMBER THIS.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

The Shillelagh.

The shillelagh, like the poet, is born, not made. Like the poet, too, it is a choice plant, and its growth is slow. Among 10,000 blackthorn shoots perhaps not more than one is destined to robbed everybody. One day the train become famous, but one of the 10,000 from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico appears of singular fitness. As soon was bounding gayly along, the five as discovered it is marked and dedicoaches filled with hidalgos, peons, cated for future service. Everything market women and farmers. Suddenly that might hinder its development is it came to a stand still. The train removed and any offshoot of the main guard cried out "Banditte!" Sure stem is skilfully cut off. With constant stem is skilfully cut off. With constant enough, on either side of the road the care it grows thick and strong, upon a ragged but desperate ruffians were bulbous root that can be shaped into a handle.

> A Shawnee lad, who entered the Instriking name of Tommy Wild Cat, re-



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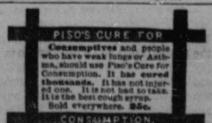
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