REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Gospel in Politics."

TEXT: "Some therefore cried one thing, TEXT: "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another, for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come logether. And they drew Alexander out of the multilude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckned with the hand, und would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"-Acts

Ephesus was upside down. It was about the silver question. A manufacturer of sliver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmith. Other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved, but these did not oother them at all.

The only question about which they

The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaried positions. The silver-smith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these sil-ver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment and the whole city will suffer. We what is to be done? "Call a convention says some one, for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and as they want the largest room in the city they take the theatre.

Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at You know what excitement that always makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After awhile a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak, but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shoat, all of them together, and they keep or until they are red in the face and hoarse in the throat, for two long hours crying out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians. Great is Diana

of the Ephesians!"

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess Diana has lost worshipers and her temples have gone into the dust, our American people want to set up a god in place of her, and they want us all to bow down before it, and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is this all absorbing Ameri-

can partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men,
Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their State or the Nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outsthose who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" neither of them honest enough to say, "Great is my pocketbook!"

Once or twice a year it is my custom to talk to the people about public affairs from what I call a Christian standpoint, and this morning I have chosen for that duty. I ope to say a practical word. History tells us of a sermon once preached amid the highlands of Scotland -- a sermon two hours long -on the sin of luxury, where there were not more than three pairs of shoes in the au-dience, and during our last war a good man went into a hospital distributing tracts and gave a tract on "The Sin of Dancing" to a man both of whose legs had been amputated! But I hope this morning to present an ap-propriate and adapted word, as next Tues-day at the ballot box great affairs are to be

The Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early his-The Rev. Dr. Emmons, in the early history of our country, in Massachusetts, preached about the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. The Rev. Dr. Maybew, of Boston, in the early days of our republic, preached about the repeal of the stamp act. There are times when ministers of Christ must look off upon public affairs and discuss them. We need go back to no example. Every man is, before God, responsible for his own duty.

If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his

rocks, and the Siberian is pleased with his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought that the muddy Tiber was the favored river in the sight of heaven, and if the Laplander shivers out his eulogy of his native clime, and if the Chinese have pity for anybody born outside of the Flowery for anybody born outside of the formal falls of the fair skies and standing day by day amid those glorious civil and religious liberties, be public spirited? I propose to tell the people very plainly what I consider to be their Christian duty at the ballot box!

First, set yourself against all political false hood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a Democratic meeting and listen and hear that the Republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a Republican meeting and listen and hear that the stop listen are stop listen and hear that the stop listen and hear that the stop listen are stop listen and hear that the stop listen are stop listen and hear that the stop listen are stop listen and hear that the stop listen are sto and listen and hear that the Democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized, and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he reads or hears in the autumnal elections? Men who at other sea-

auturinal elections? Men who at other seasons of the year are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far east there is a place where once a year they let the people do as they please and say what they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule and wickedness, and they call it the "devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now, let us have a good time at lying." Prominent candidates for office are de-nounced as unprincipled and renegade. A newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing preases of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misinterpretation of motives: What mis representation of individual antecedents!

The trouble is that we have in this country The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactories—manufactories of lies—the Poublican poundactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full satting. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies de-Long limbed lies and lies with double back famatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like cameis, and scales like erocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalioped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rafflers and braiders and ready wound bobins. Lies by Caristian people, who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would stand dazed and dare not go out at nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing about it is that many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and

Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Curistianity will ever stop such Nothing but Christianty win ever stop such a flood of indecemey. The Christian religion will speak atter a write. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade almost every autumn must be rebuked by that reevery autumn must be rebuked by that re-ligion which speaks from its two great moun-tains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false wit-ness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing.

O Christian men, frown upon political false-hood! Remember that a political lie is as black as any other kind of a lie. God has re-corded all the falsehoods that have been told

orded all the falsehoods that have been told at the city, State or National elections since the foundation of this Government, and though the perpetrators and their victims may have gone into the dust, in the last day judgment will be awarded.

The falsehoods that Aaron Burr breathed into the ear of Blennerhassett, the slanders that Lieutenant General Gage proclaimed about George Washington, the misrepresentations in regard to James Monroe, are as fresh in God's book to-day as the lies that were printed last week about our local candidates. (MARCAL) lies shall have thair part "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which purneth with fire and brimtone, which is the second death.'

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to et yourselves against the misuse of money set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been prop-erly used? You have a right to spend money for the publisher. for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the best you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by argument and statistics and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and po-litical meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hand of a voter or plies weak men with mercenary and corrupt motives commits a sin against God and the Nation.

Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that cannot be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all.
Again I ask you as Christirn men to set yourselves against the dissipations that hover over the ballot box. Let me say that no man can afford to go into political life who is not a teetotaler. Hot political discussion somehow creates an unnatural thirst, and hundreds of thousands of men have gone down into drunkenness through political life.

After an exciting canvass through the avening you must "take something," and rawing in the morning with less animation than usual you must "take something," and going off among your comrades through the forenoon you meet political friends, and you must "take something," and in the afternoon you meet other political friends, and you must "take something," and being night has come something has taken you. There are but few cases where men have been able to stand up against the dissipations of political

Joseph was a politician, but he maintained his integrity. Daniel was a politician, but he was a tectotaler to the las. Abraham was a politician, but he was always characterized as the father of the faithful. Moses was a politician, the grandest of them, but he honored God more than he did the Pharaohs, and there are hundreds of Christian men now in the political parties maintaining their integrity, even when they are obliged to stand amid the blasted, lecherous and hsome crew that sometimes surround the ballot box-these Christian men doing their political duty and then coming back to the prayer (mostings and Christian circles as pure as when they went out. But that is not the ordinary circumstance—that is the excep-

the political conflict, and their eyels glazed, and their cheek has an unnatural flush, and they talk louder than they usually do, and at the least provocation they will bet, and you say they are convivial, or they are exceedingly vivacious, or you apply some other sweet name to them, but God knows they are drunk! Some of you, a month or six weeks ago, had no more religion than you ought to have, and after the elections are over to cal-culate how much religion you have left will be a sum in vulgar fractions. Oh, the pressure is tremendous!

sure is tremendous!

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the west. He was able to stand out against the whole American Senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of National peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance, and he went down into the lybits of a confirmed inebriate.

Alas for him! Though a costly monument

Alas for him! Though a costly monument has for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting place, the young men of this country shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its mightlest intellects, and our country of one of its ablest constitutional defenders, was the dissipation of political life. You want to Young man, ask your know who I mean? lather when you get home. The adve is fearful, and I warn you against it. The adverse tide

You need not go far off to find the worn-ut politician. Here he is, stumbling along out politician. the highway, his limbs hardly able to hold him up. Bent over and pale with exhausthim up. Bent over and pale with exhaust-ing sickness. Surly to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going by a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him in to take a sip of ale and then wiping his lip with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who once were proud to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul montions of acquaints, staggering, wheet. mouthed. A crouching, staggering, wheez-ing wretch. No friends. No God. Ne hope.

That is your wornout politician. That is what some of you will become unless by this morning's warning and the mercy of Gol your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough portentious, enough consuming, enough damning, to de-scribe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down rolled over this land, and that has osal down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink out of the trough of bestiality and abomination! I warn young men against political life, un-less they are tectotalers and consecrated Christian men.

Again, I counsel you that when you go to the ballot box at the city, or the State, or the National elections, you recognize God and appeal to Him for His blessing. There is a power higher than the ballot box, than the gubernstorial chair, than the presidential White House. It is high time that we put less confidence in God. See what a weak thing is human foresight! How little our wise men seem to know! See how, every autumn, thousands of men who are clambering up for higher positions are turned under!

land was gathering to his be in a utterances, and if He could spare thomas Clarkson while yet millions of his fellow men had chains rusting to the bone—then He can spare any man, and He can spare any party. That man who through cowardice or blind idolatry of party forsakes the cause of righteousness goes down, and the armed battallons of God march over him.

O Christian men, take out your Bible this afternoon, and in the light of that word make up your mind as to what is your duty as citizens! Remember that the highest kind of a patriot is a Christian patriot. Consecrate yourselves. Best to Golden. Consecrate yourselves, first to Go1, then you will know how to consecrate yourselves to your country. All these political excitements will be gone. Ballot boxes and gubernatorial chairs and continents will smoke in the final conflagration, but those who love God and do their best shall come to lustrous dominion after the stars have ceased their shining, and the ocean has heaved its last billow, and the closing thunder of the judgment day shall toll at the funeral of a world! Oh, prepare for

You may vote right and get the victory at the ballot box, and yet suffer eternal defeat.
After you have east your last vote, where will you go to? In this country there are two parties. You belong to the one or the other of them. Likewise in eternity there will be of them. Likewise in elemythe with two parties and only two. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment and the righteous into life eternal." To which party will you belong? God grant that, while you look after the welfare of the land in which God has graciously cast your lot, you may not forget to look after your soul—blood bought, judgment bound, immortal! God save the people!

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Horses, after the first shock of a wound, make no sound.

A Tennessee horse thief was killed by a pet bear which was chained in the

The cavalry was the aristocratic ar 1 of the Greek service, All the hora-men owned and provided for their own

The sun throws vertical rays on the earth's surface only on an area equal to about thirty-five square miles at any

The rei of Brazil is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal \$5.45.

In ten hours as many men fell at Waterloo as in three days at Gettysburg, the armies being practically of equal numbers.

It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6100 murderers arrested in the United States in 1890 were blind men.

Uncle Ardle is an aged African who, until the Charleston (S. C.) earthquake of 1886, lived in a cabin on the banks of the Savannah River. The earthquake scared him, and he built a sort of nest in a big oak tree, where he lived contentedly until the recent eyclone came along and blew him out. Joseph is now figuring on some other scheme to defeat the elements.

The Owner of the Indian's Land.

The lands of the Five Nations (in the Indian Territory) are ostensibly held in common, but as a matter of fact the disproportion in holdings is monopolistic to a remarkable degree. The real Indian derives little benefit from his patrimonial scres. The pale skinned Jacob has stolen Esau's birthright. There are farms, rich and highly cultivated, of from 5000 to 25,000 acres in a body; pastures of long succulent grass whose fences a horseman cannot encompass from sun to sun; mines opulent with their stores of coal; but they are controlled by professional red men, or the mixed breeds whose dominant blood is white. It is said that a score of Chickasaw citizens, in whom combined there is hardly enough aboriginal blood to make a full-blood Indian, control nearly ninety per cent. of the arable lands of that Nation. A Cherokee wooer with an atmosphere of Oriental squaw man is said to hold more land fragrance. than is held by all the full-bloods in the tribe. Under tribal law there is no limit to the extent of a citizen's holding. He can control and enjoy the usufruct of as much land as he can fence without encroaching upon the improvements of a fellow-citizen. As a consequence the National domain has passed into the possession of the more intelligent and enterprising elements of the tribes, the inter-married citizens and mixed breeds, who constitute probably four-fifths of the the population. These landlords, many of whom operate on a scale colossa) enough to make the estates of the land barons of the Old World seem mere truck patches in comparison, utilize white non-citizen labor in the cultivation and improvement of their vast farms. The Indian agricultural toiler is an anomaly, and colored labor is uncommon. As a rule, especially in the opening up of new farms, the tenant not only furnishes the labor, but the improvements also, under an annual rental contract based on a share of the crop. - Harper's Magazine.

An International Fat Men's Dinner. A fat man's dinner has just taken place at Grenoble, in Dauphine, France, and the undertaking has been so successful as to warrant the resolution to make it a yearly institution. All the fat men in the world were invited to the entertainment on condition that they did not weigh less than 100 kilos, or about 220 pounds. Among the crowd who put in an appearance there were only two rascals. But that they had lead stowed away in their pockets and linings was soon discovered and they were expelled .- London

A Nobleman Turns Showman.

Baron Fricks, a Russian nobleman living in Copenhagen, has just turned showman. He is enormously rich, but his eccentricities had put him in disgrace with his family. He is traveling now with one colored man, two monkeys, three bears, one lion, four pigs, forty parrots, innumerable cocks and hens, and a brand new Hungarian wife of great beauty.



There is a decided fancy for black and torquoise, pink or yellow.

The old-fashioned solferino is the next red to be handed down from ages

New evening gowns have a white silk skirt with black silk muslin

Shoulder-capes are made with double fronts in Russian style and enormously full plaited collars.

In spite of the black and white fad, black and magenta is having (in prospect) a successful run.

"I used to buy shoes of the best quality," said a young woman. "but now I buy shoes at just half the price that I formerly paid and get twice as many pairs. The result is that they are always fresh and fresh looking. Of course the quality isn't so nice, but I think the lack in quality is more than made up by the increase in daintiness.'

Near Madison Square, New York City, in a side street, there may be found a "Millinery Institute" in which young women are instructed in the magic art of making \$15 and \$20 hats out of a dollar and eleven cents' worth of material. This should be a valuable tip for young married women and others of the fair sex who would practice economy

Mrs. Sallie Walsh Johnson, who died a few days ago in Washington, was the daughter of the late Governor Wilson Shannon, of Kansas, and a famous beauty. She is said to have attracted the attention of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, at a ball in St. Louis. during his visit to this country several years ago, when he declared her to be the handsomest woman in America.

Among the stitched serge, cloth and camel's hair hats, that with Tam crown and rolled, stitched brim, is the prettiest. The crown is lifted slightly by a quill or two, pointing forward. This hat was added to the small variety of traveling hats last spring by one or two houses, but, together with the stitched turban, has waited until autumn for a more general introduc-

The revival of the overskirts is creating some attention in the fashion world. They are being made to fall in long points, nearly covering the skirt beneath, one point extending down the front and another each side of the back. Skirts without overskirts will, however, still remain in favor, and are being worn plain at the front and sides, with all the fullness at the

"Composition" millinery, as it is called, is the millinery of the hour. A fashionable French hat of brown felt. fawn color, on the underside has rosettes of brown satin brocade and fawn velvet with multicolored cord edging, green-blue wings, a peacock osprey, and one flaming red quill, completing a jumble of colors and materials any thing but artistic, no matter how fashionable.

To carry one's fan in the hand or swinging from the arm is no longer de rigueuv. A fan bag is an essential part of the voguish evening toilet. Of satir brocade or kid, with jewels sprinkled in aimless fashion across its surface, the bag adds quite a dash of prettiness to its wearer's costume. Long satir ribbons, through which the wrist is thrust, support this cunning fan nest. A few sandal wood chips scattered

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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

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In Olden Times

Prople exerlooked the importance of pelma nently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transien! action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives. which act for a time, but finally injure the

A SORE THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble, "Brosca's Broachial Troches" give instant relief.

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Edicts Against Coal.

It is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the House of Commons petitioned the King to prohibit the further use of the "infernaland obnoxious fuel.'

A royal acclamation having failed to abate the nuisance a commission was appointed to ascertain who burned coles" within the limits of the city of London; to punish by branding for the first offense and by demolition of the furnace for the second. Finally, when minor punishments had no effect, a law was passed making coal burning a capital offense. In the records of the Old Tower there is an account of a man who was hanged there for no other crime than that of using coal for fuel contrary to royal edict; this in the time of Edward L-St. Louis

Crushing the Clerk.

The hotel clerk who is flip may be a prize package to his employer, because ome people love the easy familiarity which blooms without cultivation, and then again, some don't. One of those who doesn't recently walked up to the desk of a hostelry. "Can you give me a room in this

house?" he asked, with the air of a man who wanted the best. The clerk spried up at once.

"I couldn't very well give you one out of it," he replied, whirling the

register around. 'Well, I guess somebody else can," retorted the visitor, and he picked up his bag and walked out, -Detroit Free

WEAK AND RERYOUS.

Sleepless Nights, All Unstrung.

East Groveland, N. Y. May 19, 1893. Dr. Kümer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Geptlemen:—Last March I suffered very bad with heart and kidney



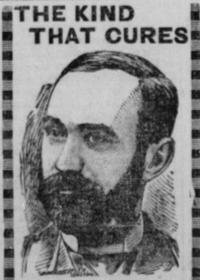
and across my kidneys. My food does not dis-tress me, I have a good appetite and seep well nights; something I have not done in a long time. Now I do not have that tired dragging feeling that I used would have to stand and steady myself before f could place one foot before the other on ac-

count of the pain across my back and kidneys. Swamp-Root Gured Me.

I was troubled with constipation very I was troubled with constitution very much, but your medicine has regulated my bowels which were in a bad condition. I will willingly answer any one who will write to me.

Mrs. William Teter.

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\$ A Satisfactory Form of Dueling.

> Dueling is now pretty generally recognized as a relie of barbarism, but perhaps its most satisfactory form is that practiced by some tribes of western Indians. Quarrels are rare in a tribe, most of the fighting being reserved for outsiders, but when a feud arises between two braves of the same tribe all their friends unite to see fair play. The duelists are stripped, and the seconds toss up a piece of bark, The winner then seizes a piece of hard wood seasoned by years of service and stained with the blood of former duels. With this war club he hits his opponent as hard a blow as his strength will permit. The injured man then picks up the club and hits back, and the blows alternate until one brave or the other had enough and declines to pick up the club again. The punishment inflicted by these clubs is frightful, every blow bringing blood and causing deep cuts and bruises. -- Chicago Herald.

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