

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Heavy Weights" (Delivered at San Francisco).

Text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—Psalms lv., 22.

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. During the past few days tidings came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good and kind and noble and beneficent. Word comes to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Confine into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not equally appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

In the far East, where the water is so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water, but there is one well that is not of this kind, and that is perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself in my own way, I was driving, and he said that doing something which has been with me all my life: "Do Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know it, when I was sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family, but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time, he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man riding up the hill, and I saw him, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust God."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have also high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife came to severe want. He told me in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, Thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me; help us!" and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a poor merchant. If you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour. He cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want."

In the strait of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place, which ever you sail a ship captain puts his ship, he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them say, "I am in this strait, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man worried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much business. A man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowth, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man who has started out in business, and his business faculty has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount to credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of order, and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are etched in the forehead. They go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been so many in business as now. It is hard work against hard work, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported articles against imported articles. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such a variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much astuteness of advertising, and amid all these securities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe avarice. The vast majority of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put wings of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them were children. There was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat showed off from the ship that was to go down that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold. There are \$9000. Take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah, my friends, do you say that and does not mean anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities. He knows what mortgage is about to foreclose. He knows what note you cannot pay. He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves. He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property gone, just take the insurance, and put it down by your lodger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friend turns against you, just take the insulating letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts examined. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early—before there was anybody in the place—and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come

out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning." The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a line containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of trouble. He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wall. He hears the plunk of the miter down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor's masthead. He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache. He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how her fingers ache for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon their shoulders. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against railroads and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their excellencies. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had admirers. The character sometimes is so lustrous that it weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure, if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprises has always been followed by abuse. The most subtle and deadly of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoff and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody. There are as many virtues and righteous acts in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business or have given a gift, or have done a kindness. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the more bitter. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist. I want you to help me in the enterprise. I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot resist a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured persecution? Motier, in his "French Republic," tells us of Ergmont, the French revolutionary, who was beheaded, and fastened his collar on the way to the scaffold, and when they asked him why he did that he said: "So they will not detain me in the work. I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

Budge not one inch, though all hell break upon you in vengeance, and you be made a target for their shot. Do you not think Christ knew all about persecution? Was He not hanged? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon Him." And do not you understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God, but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials rather than upon heavenly sustenance.

Oh, how few people there are who completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical ailments. Antiseptics, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time and has come to seventy years of age is more worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of ill diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit, and luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ears ring with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous!

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the splinters. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, more vitalizing than any stimulant and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Miraculous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful ailment, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and she was nearly dead when she was called in by a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the ailment began immediately to be cured. This is entirely well now and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee!"

troubles that wear us out! If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune. We lose our good name, perhaps by reforming our morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed?"

Alas, me, for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas me, for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps! Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage! What bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because these are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text.

The soul that on Jesus' altar leaped for repose I will not, I will not desert to foes. That soul that on the cross was shed for me, I'll never, no never, no never forsake. Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The sacred feet of Him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

Then there are some who carry the burden of sin. Ah, less all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human delectation or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all centuries! Yes, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the souls of the best in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Subtle and deadly of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoff and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody. There are as many virtues and righteous acts in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

Why will prodigals live on swine's huts when the robe, and the ring, and the Father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be homeless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

A Tired Engine. "We often hear engineers say that their engines are tired or sulky," said Reynold Chase, of Louisville, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I never realized exactly what they meant or how much truth there was in the practical aspect of the question until one of the three engines in the large electric power house in our city absolutely refused to work, although it was identical in every respect with the other two, which worked perfectly. The expert engineer, who had put up the engines under a guarantee, after trying repeatedly to make the ill-tempered engine start, suggested that it be left alone for a few days, when—he was quite certain—it would quit being contrary and work like a charm. He proved perfectly correct, and now all three engines are working uniformly well. Mechanical engineers have a most interesting explanation of this apparent absurdity of moods and whims of inanimate objects. They attribute the tired feeling which locomotives and tools are known to exhibit on certain occasions to molecular action, holding that the constant vibration and possible extremes of heat and cold interfere with measurements, not sufficient to be appreciated by any measuring instruments now in use, but just enough to upset the most careful calculations of the designers. Resting a machine or a tool for a short time allows the necessary recontraction or re-expansion to take place, and the article is good as new. In electrical machinery, concerning which there is a great difference of opinion and a great deal yet to be learned, atmospheric and other conditions easily account for any difficulty that may arise, but in steam machinery, which is much better understood, the molecular theory seems to be the only solution of the problem."

Wood as Food. "Did you ever hear of wood being used for food?" inquired Amion L. Vandevate, of Pensacola, Fla., of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat hotel reporter. "I traveled rather extensively through Siberia a few years ago, and found that among the natives along the northern coast wood in certain form is a most common and constant article of diet. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it forms part of the evening meal, as many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify. These people know by experience that the fact of their eating wood arouses the sympathy of strangers, and shrewdly use it to excite pity and to obtain gifts of tea and tobacco. They scrap off thick layers immediately under the bark of the log, and chopping it fine, mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe, milk, or butter is mixed with it."

A Patent Hen's Nest. Charles Johnson has invented a patent hen's nest that is a very great convenience to "Biddy," and it is an automatic persuader for her to do good work. When the hen approaches the nest a wicket door gently opens, and after she passes in it closes, and the hen has private apartments all to herself. The egg of its own weight opens a trap door and rolls noiselessly out of sight. Then when the hen arises, puts her hands in her pockets and gets ready to walk out, not seeing the egg, she thinks she has made a mistake and lays another. This sort of thing is repeated until the heft of the chicken buds in the box below touches off a spring and Biddy is fired out of the apartment. Mr. Johnson anticipates earning a large fortune by the manufacture and sale of hen's nests, and he richly deserves success.—Hannibal (Mo.) Journal.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 10.

Lesson Text: "Passage of the Red Sea," Exodus xiv., 19-29.

19. "And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them, and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them." They kept the passover according to the last lesson, and that night the angel of death smote every house where there was no blood on the door, as God had said—then was Egypt glad to thrust Israel forth, nor did they send them away empty, but loaded with spoil. Nor did the sorrow of the Egyptians cease in the A. V., but asked and received as their right (Ex. v., chapter xii., 30-36). No sooner had they started than the Lord went before them in a pillar of cloud and fire to guide and protect them.

20. "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel. And it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these, so that the one came not near the other all the night." The same cloud was light to God's people and darkness to His enemies. He Himself was in the cloud as He had been in the sea of the Red Sea. In the world, which is a light to His people, but all darkness to those who hate Him. When Israel saw their predicament, they were afraid and cried to the Lord, thinking they would surely perish. But they kept the passover, and in his thought they had seen something of His power in Egypt. They were slow to learn as well as they still walked by sight.

21. "And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." Moses had stilled the people, saying, "Fear ye not I stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, and the Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace" (Ex. xiv., 14). Then the Lord had said to go forward and had told Moses to lift up his rod and divide the sea. (Ex. xiv., 15, 16). "And the Lord said unto Moses, Lift up thy hand over the sea, and the waters were walled upon their right hand and on their left." The Spirit records the fact in the New Testament in these words: "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land" and calls it a baptism unto Moses (Heb. xi., 29; I Cor. x., 1, 2). Thus Moses was honored as the servant of the Lord and the leader of Israel, and the Lord was glorified.

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23. "And the Egyptians pursued and went in after the sea, and Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen." When any one goes against God, he is yielding to the devil, and there is no telling to what lengths he may be led to his own destruction. It is a slender reed that those who obey not the truth shall be sent down upon that reed which they may believe a life (II Thess. ii., 10-12). The Egyptians knew not God and were bent only upon the destruction of His people.

24. "And it came to pass that in the morning the Lord looked upon the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of cloud, and smote the host of the Egyptians." The cloud that had been a guide, and a light, and a shield to Israel was now to become their avenger upon their enemies, for the Lord was in the cloud, and He was angry and more to all who put their trust in Him.

25. "And took of their chariot wheels, and they drove them heavily. So that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of the Lord, for he hath fought for us against the Egyptians." They were convinced of the truth when too late, as many have been since and will be to the end. What a world it is! The Lord fighteth for them that love Him (Ps. lxxviii., 4, 5). He may bear long and permit His people to endure very much, but He will in due time deliver them.

26. "And the waters returned and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that were entered the sea after them—there remained not so much as one of them." How thoroughly God works, just as at the deluge every living substance perished that was outside of the ark (Gen. vii., 23). No wonder that when Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians they feared the Lord and believed the Lord and His servant Moses (Ex. xiv., 31).

27. "And the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." This is almost identical with verse 22, but the Spirit makes no mention of the sea, and when He thus speaks it becomes us to give special heed to the fact or the message. He Himself is round about His people as the mountains and as a wall of fire (Ps. cxxv., 2, 3, 4, 5) and will do mighty things for His people to-day if there is any need for the same. Let us sing, "The Lord is my strength and all song, and He is become my salvation" (Ex. xv., 2)—Lennon Helper.

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Luminous Night Clouds.

Attention has lately been directed to the singular phenomena known as luminous nocturnal clouds. A special study has been made of the subject at Berlin, and, indeed, it seems well worthy of thorough examination. It must, of course, be understood that the clouds of which we speak are not the glowing luminous masses which make the splendor of sunset or sunrise. The latter are merely the ordinary clouds of our atmosphere at an altitude of at most some three or four miles. These owe their gorgeous tints to the sunbeams which, after the lunar has sunk below the horizon from one position, traverse the higher regions of the air, drenching the clouds they meet with floods of light.

The luminous night clouds now referred to soar aloft at a much greater elevation than ordinary clouds, nor do they undergo such wonderful transformations as the clouds of sunset exhibit by the varying sunlight. According to the observations at Berlin it would seem that these luminous night clouds must be situated at an elevation of about fifty miles. The appearance they represent is very variable; sometimes they are bright enough to arrest the attention at once. Viewed with a telescope it is plain that these objects have a much greater extent than the naked eye view of their magnitude would seem to indicate. It would also appear that they are decreasing in frequency, and that, whatever be the cause to which they owe their origin, it seems to be of a temporary or intermittent character.

In this point, at all events, if in no other, the phenomena may be likened to those astonishing sunset glows which adorned the skies in the winter of 1883, and which were proved to be due to the dust ejected from Krakatoa in the autumn of that year. It seems possible that these nocturnal clouds may be a product of meteoric matter which has been captured by our atmosphere from without. Shooting stars have, indeed, been frequently seen to leave their debris in cloudy streaks behind them. These have been known to remain sufficiently luminous to be visible for many minutes. In one case, indeed, they lasted for nearly an hour.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Queen's Name.

It is probable that most of her Majesty's loyal subjects know the Queen only by her royal title, Victoria, and that such of the remainder of them as are aware that she bears another name, and that that is Alexandrina, believe that the latter is the second, and, therefore, in some sense the inferior name. The well informed, however, know that the Queen's names are Alexandrina Victoria, and a sentence or two in a letter of her father, the Duke of Kent, written within a couple of months of her christening, and sold a few days since in Paris, may account for the choice of the second as the principal name. "Her first name," the Duke wrote, "is Alexandrina; Victoria, by which name she is always called at home, is her last, being that of her dear mother. The first she bears after her godfather, the Emperor of Russia."—St. James Gazette.

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