REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Martyrs of the Needle."

TEXT: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."—Matthew xix., 24.

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conwere made by the Queen of William the Con-queror. Augustus, the Emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toller everywhere be re-spected.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demanded. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old
Ashbel Green, at fourscore years, when asked
why he kept on working, said, "I do so to
keep out of mischief." We see that a man
who has a large amount of money to start
with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know,
999 had to work vigorously at the beginning.
But I am now to tell you that industry is
just as important for a woman's safety and

just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their cardcase and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the mo-Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, sec-ond, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood.

Mme. de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

petency behind you, the trickery of execu-tors may swamp it in a night, or some elders to powder! for deacons of our churches may get up a fletitious company and induce your orphans to put their money into it, and if it be lost prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and

Oh, the damnable schemes that professe Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until God'puts His fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grogshop. His old comrades came in and and as they bent over his cornes. "What is fortune. His son reli dead in a ranadespina grogshop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush up! He's dead!" "Ah, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassinasion, homicide, regictide,

guilty of assassinasion, homicide, regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for \$3 and \$4 per week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their fathers' table. That wornout, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the \$12 gatters in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calleo had an-cestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any ex-pense to the street commissioners. pense to the street commissioners.
Though you live in an elegant residence and
fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know
how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that, though our young wo-men may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on with-out disgrace, the idea of doing anything for out disgrace, the loca of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of re-As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marbie mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogsheads of good

whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogsheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds before our race came upon it. In one sense we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

employer says. "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have some to get want you ove me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have shoes made and contract for the southern and western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say, "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to disceuse, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

It we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it. woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men,

nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!"
Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toll. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be refused to the respondent of merchandise. be no department of merchandise, mechan-ism, art or science barred against her. It Miss Hosmen has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondher a chisel. If Rosa Bonneur has a fond-ness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry lader. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her womanly elo-

pence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said that if a woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has let her have it. She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her

But it is said that her nature is so delicat e that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tre-mendous than that toil of the needle to which forages she has been subjected? The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battleax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corrections. trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far the will to which she is she. m indicating the toil to which she is sab-

Such a woman as that has body and soul such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of wash-

tub and needle.

Now, Isay, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish. I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

honorable calling!
I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that work equally well if not better done woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got \$900 for doing that for which men received

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative—starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their

manhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wall but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries. Give her

There are about 50,000 sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groans. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, plached, ghantly, hunger struck! Look at pinched, ghastly, hunger struck! Look at their fingers, needle pricked and blood tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hail in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her spriveled arm burled a very thunder. boit of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or a crust they chew on their way through the streets. Here they come—the work-ing girls of the city! These engaged in beadwork, these in flower making, in millin-ery, enameling, eight making, bookbinding, labeling, feather picking, print coloring, paper box making, but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyr-dom—a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. beadwork, these in flower making, in milliudom—a hotter fire, a more agonizing death.
One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my
church, after service a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medivulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit \$1 or \$2 before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws ploked out and the wages refused, and sometimes the \$1 deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says. "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get want you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated?

questions I am not here to disccuss, but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's

The Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if he "will not work neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rest." Out with him!" work, does not remaile employer ask if his refused to pay his rest. Out with him!" mantua makers? If a woman asks \$1 for her work, does not her female employer ask if she will not take ninety cents? You say, "Only ten cents difference." But that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive—woman never! Woman will never get instige done her from woman's ballot.

get justice done her from woman's ballot.

Never will she get it from man's ballot.

How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with

its terrible edge her oppressors.
But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and to demand them successfully.
Unskilled and incompetent labor must take
what is given. Skilled and competent labor
will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of surply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and

and self-supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or afflanced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break, the factory band may slip, the wages may fail, but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stu-pendous wings of the Almighty.

Many of you will go single handed through life. and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you a humble, active,

earnest Christian.
What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her nanners are an outrage upon decency. She s more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment, more worried about her freckles than her sins, more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemp-tion. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dreas well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off the bistre on her eyends, and the rouge of her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden

The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untram-meled she might be everybody's blessing. facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a compound that I have the set of the se when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to ux things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well—but her highest adornalways dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday-school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons, to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judges, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise !

High Bred Dogs Not the Most Intelligent.

So long as our dogs were employed in the labor of the organized recreations of man, the tendency of the association with the superior being was in a high measure educative. They were constantly submitted to a more or less critical but always effective selection which tended ever to develop a higher grade of intelligence. With the advance in the organization of society the dog is ever losing something of his utility, even in the way of sport. He is fast becoming a mere idle favorite, prized for unimportant peculiarities of form. The effort in the main is not now to make creatures which can help in the employment of man, but to breed for show alone, demanding no more intelligence than is necessary to make the creature a well-behaved denizen of the house. The result is the institution of a wonderful variety in the size, shape and special peculiarities of different breeds with what appears to me to be a concomitant loss in their intelligence. It appears to me, in a word, that our treatment of this noble animal, where he is bred for ornament, is, in effect, degrading. -Scribner.

A Practical Solution.

A professor at the University of Texas was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatres," said the professor.

"What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnny Fizzle-

The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied calmly: "They got wet. I suppose."-Texas Siftings.

Austin K. Jones, who has rung the college bell at Harvard for nearly forty years, was not a bit flustered when he discovered the other morning that some mischievous students had carried away the bell's tongue. He obtained a hammer, and at the hour of 7.30 a, m. made noise enough by means of it to summon the students

A Marriage Between Pygmles.

In 1710, Zotof (the dwarf of Peter the Great) and his royal master arranged another wedding between two dwarfs. This was celebrated at St. Petersburg with great show and parade. Zotof, as a high official, was head and front of the performance. It took a long time to prepare for this great event. Invitations to the wedding were sent out several months before the day appointed for the ceremony, and all the courtiers and ambassadors were bidden to the marriage of this tiny man and woman. All the dwarfs living within two hundred miles of the capital were commanded to be present. The bride and groom rode on an elephant under a canopy; some of the midgets followed on camels, or rode in sledges carved in the shape of various animals. Many of the vehicles contained a dozen dwarfs at a time. Some of these peo ple did not like the idea of being bidden or commanded in this way. Of course the procession of dwarfs was followed to the city by a laughing mob, and the pygmies objected to being made sport of; but Peter's word was law, and he punished the disobedient ones by making them wait at the banquet on those who were docile.

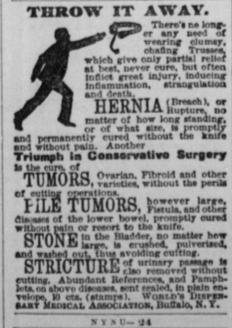
Seventy dwarfs sat down to table, besides the tiny bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned in the height of the prevailing Russian mode. Zotof took care that everything provided for this marriage should be of suitable size. A low table was set with small dishes, glasses, plates, and other articles, all arranged according to the size of the guests. The dwarfs, we are told, contended with much pride and gravity as to which should be first, but it was finally settled that the smallest should take the lead; and then there arose disputes, as none of them would admit he was smaller than the others. The Czar, who was present, finally interfered, order was restored, and the banquet proceeded Dancing followed. The bridegroom, who was thirty-eight inches high, opened the ball with a minuet. The company soon followed the example of the groom, and entered into the lancing with great spirit, and after all their trouble, became very gay and had a good time generally.

As has been before remarked, Peter was very fond of the pygmy tribe, and at the funeral of one who had long been attached to his court, twenty-four male and twenty-four female iwarfs walked in procession, followed by the Emperor in person and his ministers and guards. I never heard of his being cruel to a dwarf, although he frequently made sport of them, and his love for practical joking was so great that even Zoto! did not always escape. -St. Nicholas.

"Dead" Languages.

"The expression, 'dead language' is almost constantly used in a misleading connection," said Professor Ar-thur Dutton, of Boston. "There are dreds of dead langu of which none but antiquarians have any knowledge, but the dead languages taught in our universities and colleges have a good deal of life left in them yet. The name is almost universally applied to Greek, Hebrewand A quarter of a century ago it certainly looked as though Greek was dying out of existence altogether, but since modern Greece has surprised even its best friends by the new life it has taken up, the purest Greek is being spoken in and around Athens. It is quite a mistake to suggest that modern Greek differs so much from that of the former rulers of the world that the man who knows one cannot understand the other. The tendency of modern times has been rather to bridge over the differences, and the Greek now spoken is very pure. Not only is Latin in use now among church dignitaries and others with scarcely any variation since the days of Virgil and Casar, but there are thousands of people in Europe who use it in their everyday life, although, of course, it is not at all like the language of the Italians. As to Hebrew, it has always been maintained in its purity, and cannot by any stretch of reasoning be regarded as a dead language."—St, Louis Globe Democrat.

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Buried in an Ingot of Steel.

"Everybody has read Mark Twain's fourteen yards of carpet, how they gave the strip containing the remains to his widow, who had it buried standing up for a monument," said O. P. Wesley, of Baltimore. "Well, that was a funny enough conceit, but when I was traveling in England six or seven ears ago, a thing occurred in actual life which discounts the carpet story. A workman named Moriarity was engaged in casting metal for, the manufacture of ordnance, at Woolwich arsenal, when he lost his balance and fell into a huge ingot containing twelve tons of molton steel. The metal was at white heat, and of course the unfortunate man was utterly consumed in less time than it has taken me to tell it. The English respect for the dead is praise-worthy enough, but in this instance it was carried to a ridiculous extreme. The solemn old fogies of the War Department held a conference and decided not to profane the an ill-starred play on which Mr. Rob-dead by using the steel in the manu- son lost \$50,000. The hand-organ is facture of ordinance, and that enormous chunk of metal was actually interred, and a Church of England

Grasshoppers by the Bushel.

The State of New Hampshire pays story of the man who got woven into 31 a bushel to farmers for grasshoppers that they destroy. The hoppers natch out in the first part of June, and the farmers have found that this is the best time for destroying them by plowing them under. A machine, which consists of two shallow pans of tin or galvanized iron eight feet long and two feet wide, and having a back eighteen inches high, is used to catch the half-grown hoppers, which are active enough to hop away from the plow. The pans are filled with kerosene and water, and are run over the grass at a rapid rate. The grasshoppers jump up in their terror and fall back into the kerosene. - New York

A \$50,000 Hand-Organ.

Stuart Robson. the comedian, has what he calls a \$50,000 hand-organ in his barn at Cohasset. That organ was one of the properties of "The Cadi," all that the comedian saved out of the wreck. In spite of the fact that it thus becomes the most expensive handclergyman read the services for the dead over it."—St. Louis GlobeDemocrat.

thus becomes the most expense that thus a becomes the most expense that the services for the drawn organ in the world, it is devoted wholly to the amusement of the children —Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

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