

REV. DR. TALMAGE.  
THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-  
DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Worth Living."

Text: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—Lamentations iii., 33.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "frustration of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of apples." But Jeremiah in his text life in the world is a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations" he plainly intimates that the blessing of a merely virtuous life is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of his text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A divinity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and a sound digestion and generous salary and happily affianced, and in the way to his matrimonial partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He has the vigor of the best of life. Every step he has a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has had to give up. His nerves are out of tune. He has no appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in silvering and lugubrious and appalling negatives. "No, no, no!"

How are you to decide this matter rightly and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and he will be very mercurial in his temperament. It will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Yes," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "no's" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because it is a life of mere materialism. It is a life of mere greed. The poorest people in this country are the rich, and the next to them those who are half as rich. There is not a scissor grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to get rich as many of these men who have piled up fortune year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks.

You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegram or a message in their house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their very bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chloride of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not all life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They sent footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to her door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set golden thrones before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from up-hoisted balconies; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the nature of those who have had large accumulations.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant life of life money getting fall short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of a worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and detraction and malevolence will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hoghead above hoghead, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, Broke the caterwauling, and the flail, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean.

And yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you, but what you see in the matter of high political preference you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

It is as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great banquets. They have and they have human vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost irreparable, and yet the finest parlor open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you get your wealth if you only get it. The letter for you to get into social position for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you in trying to make an honest living? High social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. They are in that realm who are anxious for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year and every month and every hour which involve heart-breaks that are never repeated. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall shut out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that spirit, how many mantras you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription, "Better for that man if he had never been born."

Let Ishak show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age, I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best use and I must allow nothing to damage this piece of machinery. Two eyes, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweet music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist, to help or to help others.

"Here is a world which, after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantle of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantle of the night. Yes, I have that in twenty years of age which gives me all the influence of the world with me. I can choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the famous, a book with letters cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by use, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a preface to the five hundred that are millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

If there is any being in the universe all-wise and all-benighted who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His spirit, He will give help to those who turn to Him in prayer. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunbaths, and all fresh air, by all good habits. My soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxemburg of fine pictures, it shall be an orchestra of sweet sounds. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years. I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years. I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted; he is tried; he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on the other side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he comes out victorious. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes overruling provision for his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age, but he shall rise right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

And the hills of New Hampshire in olden times there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough; hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tax to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mauler for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by cover almost she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good household. "Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are so severe, and the conditions are so close, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senators as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son sits at a home because

he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospital of Pittsburgh Landing and Fort Sumter, cheerfully up the drying and homestead, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her He said, as the old "What a sister and mother!" The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, saving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come; mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. "Come; mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. "Come; mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect.

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A Sky Scraper for Physicians.

The physicians of New York City are to erect a palatial eleven-story office building devoted entirely to the profession. Over the portals is to be carved the name, "The New York Medical Building." The building has been designed with special reference to the needs of tenants who are to be exclusively members of the medical profession or engaged in occupations directly associated with medical practice, and no office will be rented to any tenant whose standing in the profession is not entirely satisfactory. It will probably be located near the Academy of Medicine, on Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

It will have every convenience and practical facility for the accommodation of tenants, such as an agency for trained nurses, mail chutes, pneumatic tubes, steam heat, electric light, electric motor power, etc. Wheeled chairs will make it practicable for an invalid to be conveyed from a carriage to the elevator and thence to an office in any part of the building. The ground floor will be occupied by stores, which, it is believed, will be very desirable for apothecaries, instrument makers and opticians.

There will be about 100 suites in the building. The material to be used will be white granite. The entrance will be one story high and will be about fifty feet deep, the main structure rising eleven stories on three sides of this foyer. The entrance will be very artistically done in carved granite, with massive wrought iron gates. There will be considerable carving about the first story, and everything about the exterior of the building will be of light color.—Chicago Herald.

A Remarkable Net.

"I saw a new fish net—new to me, at least—in the Kennebec River recently," said J. S. Stackpole, of Augusta, Me., at Hurst's. "The poor fish have no chance at all with it. It was an ordinary net, provided with a rubber tube all around the top. The tube is connected with a compressed air-pump, operated from a boat on the shore. The net is sunk and the fish are attracted over the middle of it, either by an incandescent lamp or by bait, if the fisherman does not want to carry too much paraphernalia. When enough fish have gathered the fisherman works his air-pump and inflates the rubber tube. It rises slowly and so gently as not to alarm the fish. In this way when entirely inflated the whole top of the net is raised to the surface of the water, completely surrounding the entrapped fish. They shoot downward in flight, and never seek to go over an obstacle, and so all are easily taken. The net is reset simply by allowing the air to escape from the rubber tube, when the net sinks again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEWS NOTES FOR WOMEN

Green denim is a new fabric. Amelie Rives Chanler, the Virginia author, is planning a trip to the Holy Land.

Mrs. Astor, the rich American woman, who now lives in England, has a \$60,000 dinner set.

A sister of Thomas Carlyle is living in Toronto, Canada, the widow of a train dispatcher named Manning. "Health, recreation and lovely inspiration" are the chief benefits of riding a bicycle, according to Miss Francis Willard.

The will of Elizabeth Anthony Brayton Hitchcock bequeaths \$1500 to the Union Theological Seminary, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Baroness Burdett-Connors possesses one of the finest collections of turquoises in the world, the smallest being valued at \$1000 to \$1200.

Mrs. Rebecca T. Robinson, of West Newton, Mass., is to defray the expenses of the erection of a new scientific building at Tufts College, Massachusetts.

A granddaughter of John C. Calhoun has just made a success in France, playing in French with a French company the role of Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque."

Mrs. Catharine Salisbury, a sister of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, who was killed by a mob at Carthage, Ill., June 27, 1844, is still living near Fountain Green, Ill.

A school for women students of medicine has been founded in Russia. A ukase has been issued allowing women to act as assistants to physicians in the railroad districts.

The Woodford prize in oratory, which is given annually at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., was awarded this year to a woman, for the first time in the history of the university.

It appears that out of 800 young ladies employed in the Savings Bank Department of the English Postoffice only about a dozen, or 1 1/2 per cent, leave during the year to get married.

Miss Melle S. Titus, the first woman to apply for admission to the bar in New York City during the last twenty years, passed a successful examination before the Supreme Court of that city.

Miss Annie Thomson Nettleton has resigned her position in Vassar College to become presiding officer of Guilford cottage at the Woman's College of the Western Reserve University.

Miss Helen Gould is living very quietly at Irvington on Hudson. Late in the season she will spend a week or two at Roxbury, N. Y., where she is building a church, as a memorial for her parents.

The Civil Service Commission at Washington has admitted women to the examination to fill the position of assistant in the department of vegetable pathology in the Department of Agriculture.

The most fashionable way of treating diamonds now is what is called the double-cut brilliant. It is also the most expensive. The old style of cutting was in single-cut brilliants of thirty-eight facets.

One of the cleverest conductors of a periodical in the world is Lady Clementina Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, who publishes and edits a magazine called City Sparrows. She is fifteen years of age.

Marie Antoinette fished of chiffon, dotted and plain muslin, net or lace, either black or white, are one of the fashionable accessories of summer dress, and the very chic ones are inlaid in the back with falling ends.

Mabel Percy Haskell, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Boston, made a charming impression in her recent lecture before the College Club, of that city. She described her trip last summer to Iceland and Edinburgh, via the Faroe Islands, and gave many interesting details of the scenery and vegetation, as well as the social life of the far-off Northern isle.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

MEMBERS (Tons.) has a prosperous Italian colony.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horsehood and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Dropper Cures in one minute!

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Karl's Clever Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite and produce sweet and refreshing sleep. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's.

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The First Strike on Record.

Livy, in his famous book, "The Annals," ix., 30, relates in the following suggestive words the story of a singular strike which occurred at Rome in the year 300 B. C., and was probably the first strike ever known:

That year occurred an event little worthy of being related, and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the banquet in Jupiter's Temple, according to the ancient custom, withdrew, every one of them, to Tibur, so that nobody was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the Senate, and the Senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the players should be restored to the Romans. The Tiburtines, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute players to come to the place where the Senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so, they employed a stratagem in keeping with their character. On a day of festival, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute players individually to his house, and wine, of which people of that profession are usually fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were then thrown into wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after, when dawn surprised them laying on the cars, which had been left in the forum. A large crowd had assembled, and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute players.—New York Tribune.

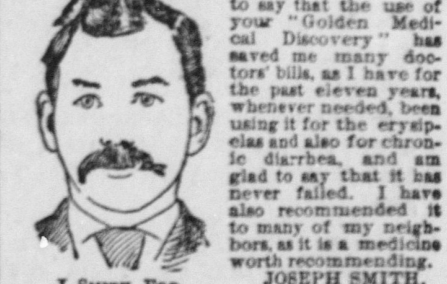
A Pictorial History on Canvas.

The "Bayeux Tapestry," called Bayeux from the place where it is preserved, is a pictorial history on canvas, more minute in some particulars than written history, of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans in 1066. Tradition says it is the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court, and that it was presented by the Queen to the Cathedral of Bayeux as a token of her appreciation of the services rendered to her husband by his bishop, Odo, at the battle of Hastings. The tapestry is a web of canvas or linen cloth 214 feet long by twenty inches wide. There are on it 1512 figures, only three of which are those of women.—Chicago Herald.

Meerschmum is a Dutch word and means foam of the sea.

DOCTOR'S BILLS SAVED.

Mineral Point, Tazewell Co., Ohio. DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.



Dear Sir—I am glad to say that the use of your Golden Medical Discovery has saved me many doctors' bills, as I have for the past eleven years, whenever needed, been using it for the erysipelas, the diarrhea, and am glad to say that it has never failed. I have also recommended it to many of my neighbors, as it is a medicine worth recommending.

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Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We make them and sell them at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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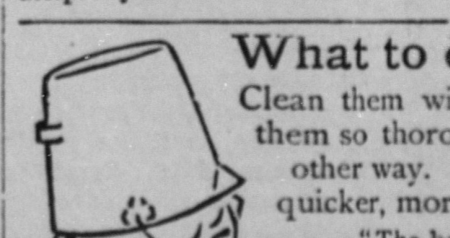


KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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"The box and barrel churn are not hard to keep clean. A little hot water and a little Pearline will clean any churn or do away with any bad odor."—The Dairy World, Chicago.

Perhaps you think that some of the imitations of Pearline, that you'd be afraid to use in washing clothes, would do just as well in work like this. They wouldn't hurt tinware, certainly. But they wouldn't clean it, either, half as well as Pearline—besides, "don't play with the fire." If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

"Well Done Outlives Death," Even Your Memory Will Shine if You Use

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