REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Sick General."

TEXT: "He was a leper."-II Kings v., 1. Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions. but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigure-ment and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Nauman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The percosy! Get out of the way of the pesti-lence! It his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syris! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they ery out, "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle, and they come that the continuous that the continuous conti tle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the lepresy?"

Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, car-buncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecal to irritate him : George Washington, a childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister, and you and you and you something which you never bargained for and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright. Otherwise we would always want to stay and eat these fruits and lie on these lounges and shake hands in the pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stand on the door step, and therefore He sends aches and annoystep, and therefore He sends aches and annoysnees and sorrows and bereavements of all
sorts to push us on and push us up toward
riper fruits and brighter society and more
radiant prosperities. God is only whipping
us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson
and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of
heaven than other people had was because,
through their aches and pains, God pushed
they nesser up to it. If God dashes out and them nearer up to ft. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show to you a brighter one. If He sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextingushable thirst, it is only be-cause He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality.

It is to push you on and to push you up toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as He did upon Gen-eral Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle, the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But, oh, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang as you read the closing words of the enlogium! "He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands and trying to think what she and they have shaken their heads, as that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employes of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story, as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not

give you.

What a scene it was—one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not seoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a Judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's hearts, and many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick?" Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them. I'm glad Maaman's got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and commends him to the

sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction! O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Amle or Fred or Charley that clamered up on my knees and looked into my lace and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, ail the time stroking my cheek, so I could not get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I never shall forget," you say, "that seene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard, but if that little one on its dying bed had not

their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way, Oh, I never shall forget," you say, "that seene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very bard, but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath-school any Sunday, and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ayo the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain, but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty and base things and things that are not to bring to naught things that

are." Oh, do not despise the pratitle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing. Will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take that pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children. No wonder the advice of this little He-

for the saving ministry of Christian children.
No wonder the advice of this little Hewhile the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Goodby, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he joit the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world renowned invalid. Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again brew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excifement. Goodby, Naaman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the flery coursers of the royal stable alive." Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed, and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine vials from the

shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long closed room. Goodby, Naaman!

There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him.

As the charlot winds out and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtalia and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battlefields where Naaman in the days of his health used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then te procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of clive and cleander, and General Naaman so sick, so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whiriwind in days gone by and had stood aghast at the clank of his war conjugated him. equipments, but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive! Poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa" to the borses and transpire hoofs and grading the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out. Elisha, come out. You have company. grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get rell, He always tells the doctor how to treat you, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business.

General Naaman and his retinue waited

and waited and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and Namman had two diseases—pride and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the time forder out would after miles and he General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the charlot, regardless of pain.
"What! Isn't he coming out to see me?
Why, I thought certainly he would come and
utter some cabalistic words over me or make utter some cabalistic words over me or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy child?' And will he treat a poor unknown woman like that and let me, a titled known woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my charlot and wait and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charloteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha, ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jaspar paved river of Pharpar. Besides that we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and ole-ander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damasous, better than all the waters of

I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way ishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out. "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain. Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. Obey and live: disobey and die. Thrilling. overarching, undergirding, stupendous alternative!

Well, General Naaman could not stand the

nation that admires you. Come, my lord just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream them-selves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye, and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, general, how much better you do look!" And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood, and comes up, and the shriveled skin has got smooth again. He bows a fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled skin has got smooth again. He bows a fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled skin has got smooth again.

and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored; there are thick locks again all over the hoad. He bows the fifth time into the flood, and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the body. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure, and so he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester or a scale or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him.

He steps out on the bank and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say, "Is it possible?" And as with the health of

an athlete he bounds back into the charlot and drives on there goes up from all his at-tendants a wild "Huzza, huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad. They have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance because we tell them to do things that go against the grain, but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics or terrorists or enemies. Now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all children Christians, the whole house hold Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel and "went away in a

Now, my hearers, you know that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was, he got out of his charlot. He might have staid there with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to get down out of the chariot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cross with a coach and four and be saved among all the spangles. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming. Oh, no, you poor, missrable, scaly, leprous sinner, got down out of that. We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never until we get down on our knees will we find until we get down on our knees will we flud mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, uncharloted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our internal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our un-sleanliness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at Thy feet, weeping, pray-

Bring as down at Thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing suppliants.

For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed, And I'm a sinner vile indeed.

Lord, I believe Thy grace is iree;

Oh, magnify that grace in me.

But he had not only to get down out of his charlot. He had to wash. "Oh," you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than any that pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on, acthe sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on, ac-sumulating flood, until all earth and heaven ould bathe in it. Zechariah called it the fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrow: away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not feel like wading into it? Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper! Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, wash and be clean!

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charloteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damashorses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hall
back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly
recognized her husband. He was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two
or three times before she made out that it
was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her
hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did
he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was
drawn away, that the multitude outside
might mingle with the princely might lost tadrawn away, that the multitude outsides might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! "But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's sharier would weather here was in the sternal. chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loyed ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your chil-dren on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

Utility of Compressed Air.

In the West Shore shops, at New Durham, N. J., compressed air is utilized in various ways. Oil is emptied from barrels into tanks by its means, and cars are rapidly and effectually cleaued. It is the most thorough duster, reaching every crack and crevice and rooting out dust, dirt and shreds with lightning rapidity. It even penetrates to the depths of up-holstery and tufting. There is talk of introducing it into the hotels, where instead of the maid with broom and dust-pan we may soon see a stalwart man with a hose blowing the dust out of the rooms and cleaning them as beater and whisk-broom have never been able to do, -New York

The big ditch excavated for the purpose of draining the Tow Head Lake and contingent swamps in Calhoun County, Iowa, is twenty-six miles long and twenty feet wide and eight feet Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

Nature the Sculptor. Rueben Bailey, a son of George B. Bailey, of Mill Creek, says the Deserct (Utah) News, has brought down from Parley Park a stone head of peculiar interest. It was obtained at Snyderville, where the young man observed the face above the surface of the ground. He was struck by its appearance, and on endeavoring to pick it up found that it had to be broken off a ledge of rock. In the profile the forehead is retreating, the nose large, and the mouth and chin full. The head is full except from side to side, and is somewhat flattened on top. A remarkable feature about it is that both sides present the same view. From the front the face is quite thin, from cheek to cheek being not more than three inches, the head widening as it goes back. It does not seem possible that so perfect a human face and head of a natural size could have been made by the action of the elements, though it is evident these have made their impress on the sandstone. The coloring also presents a striking appearance. The bulk of the head is of light gray sandstone, but the chin, mouth and nose are of a reddish brown color. The effect on the nasal protuberance is to suggest an old toper, because of the red and round pointed

Varying Weight of Fleeces,

The report of the Department of Agriculture shows a variation in the States this year ranging from 2.5 pounds in Alabama to 7.5 pounds in South Dakota. The chief causes of this difference are varying climatic conditions and differing degrees of grades of animals, from the highest blooded stock to the common native breed. - New York World.

Beware of Cintments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the iamage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure toget the genuine, it is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. To-timonials free.

Size of Farms,

from ten to twenty by 39,836, and those from twenty to fifty acres by 66,140. From 1880 to 1890 they decreased respectively in the order above

The statistics thus far published for the last census are not on the same basis as those of 1880, said Professor Sanborn, at the National Congress. It shows that the average size of farms for 1890 was 137 acres in lieu of 134 for 1880, and that the number of farms between 100 and 500 acres each has increased in numbers more than those of all other sizes combined, showing that farms from 100 to 200 acres are regarded by the mass of farmers as the most economical size to own. It is assumed that the fittest has survived .- New York World.

Water as Fuel,

It may well appear to be the extreme of paradox that the same element which tempers the excess of both solar all the natural functions, builds up, invigand animal heat should become a orates and cures. source of supply for their deficiency, source of supply for their deficiency, and yet water in the form of gas is now used for fuel. The principal of its manufacture is to pass steam over red-hot coal, thereby resolving it into red-hot coal, thereby resolving it into two inflammable gases, hydrogen and carbonic oxide. It is open, however, average weight of fleece in different to drawbacks. In the first place, it is absolutely inodorous, so that its escape cannot reveal itself to the sense of smell, and in the second place, one of its component gases, carbonic oxide, is an active and dangerous poison. care bestowed upon the stock, as well It thus requires great care in use as as the keeping of widely varying well as in storage, and it seems hardly probable that for some time at least it will come into general domestic use. But it produces less smoke, is more powerful and burns up less air than the ordinary coal gas. It possesses very little illuminating power.— Brooklyn Eagle.

A hitherto unknown one-act opera by Joseph Haydn has been discovered in the archives of Count Esterhazy's castle at Eisenstadt, Hungary. The work has been placed in the hands of an eminent Viennese musician, and it will be performed in the course of the

Keep the Feet Warm,

It is the great secret of health, I firmly believe, to keep one's feet warm and dry, and then not to coddle one's self otherwise. So far as I have been able to observe, the feet require different treatment from all the rest of the body. Woolen is good for the feet; but beware of it elsewhere. Father Kneipp is undoubtedly right in forbid-ding flannel next the skin in the form of underclothing; it makes most people tender, and gives some of them the Small farms are decreasing, while fidgets. But the writer has seen no the ratio of bonanza farms is increas- people who have adopted woolen ing. Despite the great increase of stockings who have not been glad of farms from 1879 to 1889 the number them. All this on the supposition of of small farms from three to ten acres course, that people who wear shoes; each decreased by 37,132, and those for if they could discard these utterly



sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good It is time to accept spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Pavorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invig-

They suffer

Many women suffer from nervous prosscription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting cure with Dr. Pierce's Favorite

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of Bellville, Richland Co., Ohio, writes: "I had been female weakness; I tried three doc-tors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand MRS. HOOVER on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five.

Imperfect

Drainage is a fertile source of discose Is YOUR blood suffering from defective sewerage? Impurities cannot accumulate if you will use ordinary. precaution and

Ripans Tabules,

the modern remedy for a sluggish condition of Liver and Blood. Try it now! Don't procras-

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness dyspepsia sick headache bilious headache indigestion bad taste in the mouth foul breath loss of appetite

sallow skin pimples torpid liver depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on Constipation (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

"Use the Means and Meaven will Give you the Blessing." Never Reglect a Useful Article Like

SAPOLIO

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for twenty years. No secret about it.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1. \$5. CORDOYAN,

\$3 SHOE IS THE SEST.

\$4.\$3.50 FINE CALF& KANGARONE \$ 3.50 POLICE, 3 Soles. \$250 \$2. WORKINGMENS \$2.71.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W.L. DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS. You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

DOUCLAS

W. I. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

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 above sequal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer tannot supply you, we can.

ENGINES AND BOILERS

B.W.PAYNE&SONS, N. Y. Office, 41 Dey St.