REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Palaces in India."

Text: "Who store up violence and rob-pery in their palaces."—Amos iii., 10. In this day, when vast sums of mone; ire being given for the redemption of In-lia, I hope to increase the interest in that reat country and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lesfor all classes of our people practical lesthe round the world series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere proanciation of its name sending a thrill hrough the body, mind and soul of all hose who have ever read its stories of splendor and disaster and prowess—Delhi. Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we have a first History. Delhi is built on the live after His time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles, with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I want-ed to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed. but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, har. nessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was my-self. My mother, who is down with a in the next room, painted that ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives, My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the King's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish.

One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the hero-ism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but made no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am men-tioning. But the Madras Atheneum printed

"And now! Are not the deals of the Wag-entreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuntials graced the court of Charlemagne? more touching picture than that of the arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circum-stances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front ot sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroic and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the sav-age sepoys, with their hoarse warcry and swarming like wasps around the Wagen-triebers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebuilition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise—standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and taken possession of the city of Deihi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Deihi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and a half milesiong, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water there were 40,000 sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal General, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb: "John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September,

With what guns and men General Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops unodds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi w 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never hear retaken by such courage as had never been re-corded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every

tremble with agitation.

This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink because of the carnage. Write them in letters of light for the illustrious deeds. Write them in letters of black for the bereit and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing the under the fire of the enemy.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate, with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who had seen courage or many a battlefield. who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere gate and felt that the wisted this Cashmere gate and felt that the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall on the right side defaced and scraped and plowed and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words it seemed to me that all the distress. of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole carth for God. Indeed, the misthe whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism and fever and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson and Home and Carmiebael in takng Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for

the first sermonic lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things un-seen, is the palace of the moguls. It is an inclosure 1000 yards by 500. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly 400 feet long. Ploors of Florentine mosaic and walls once em-eraided and sapphired and carbuncied and diamonded. I said to the guide, "Show us where once stood the peacock throne." "Here it was," he responded, All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of sliver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about \$150,000. 000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life size parrot cut out of one emeraid. Above all was a canopy resting on twelve columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown taining, among other things, the Kohinoor diamond, and the entire blaze of coronet ost \$10,350,000. This superb and once al-nost supernaturally beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning;

If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss, That place is this, is this, is this, is this. But the peacocks that stood beside the hrone have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bathrooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the Persian couplet on the walls spake has had its flowers wither and its fruits decay, and I thought while look-ing at the brilliant desolation and standing amid the vanished glories of that throneroom that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read :

If there be a place where much you miss, That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself paradises are not built out of stone; are not cut in sculp-ture; are not painted on walls; are not fash-ioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of naor crowns. Paradises are built out of na-tures uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here endeth the second leaves

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Iumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects, for St. Sophia was originally a Christien church and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for

As I entered 1000 or more Mohammedans As I entered 1000 or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when 5000 may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and a half wide, and each worshiper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required 5000 laborers for six years. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone! We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended and took another look at this wonder of the world.

As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry. I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj—namely, Austin de Bordeau—and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj—namely, Shah Jehan. As this grand mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet show. emispheres go down, and this planet show-

resother worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed or Brahma or Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church charged into a programma will the contract of the contract st. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon and China and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums, and Christian schools, and Christian libraries, and Christian churches. Hailt at the expense of smtian churches. Built at the expense of su-perstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the

corded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanpan howied over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agliation.

This city has ten gates, but the most fammed larger and watch and the consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting, and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of markets. eemed to turn into the rattle of musketry, and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city, and then the loud thump of the rallroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery, and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere rate and as well as the cash and a state of the Cashmere rate and as well as the cash a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy.

Lieutenant Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the sact. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded as he falls hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack, when, with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere living on the wall his wavering troops, and I beneath is visible.

gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces and mosques and treasures was possible.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. mortal fourth column, and the rougher the Indian railway became and the darker the night grew the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me"like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our joiting railear, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that

velcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging it seemed to me that all the distress and controversy and jolting and wars of the world had ceased, and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall

Halt here at what you have never seen be-ore, a depopulated city, the city of Amber,

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned ils palaces at Amber and moved to Jaipur, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii of Herculaneum, a population as Poinpeil of Herculaneum, but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Aurber was va-cated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inabited more than 1000 years, and so ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him. You visit Amber on the back of an ele-

phant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jaipur, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steeps to Amber. You pass brough the awfully quiet streets, all the eet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey and the voices of business and gayety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake cov-ering 500 acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the resi-dence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchial abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread may be an addition quite equal to the

But what a solemn and stupendous thing an abandoned city! While many of the oples of earth have no root for their head. peoples of earth have no root for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean Sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum, but for the sake of nothing but a superstitions whim the city of Amber is superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant, its fauna so monstrous and savage, its ruins so suggestive, its idolatry so horrible, its degradation so sickening, its mineralogy so brilliant. its splendors so uplifting, its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multi-potent, that India will not be fully compre-hended until science has made its last ex-periment, and exploration has ended its last ourney, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

Medicines of Old.

Nearly everything in the animal kingdom was formerly used in the healing art, says Julius Stinde, a German writer. In the oldest medical book now known, composed in Heliopolis, where once Joseph served in the house of Potiphar, we find "A means for increasing the growth of hair, prepared for Schesch, the mother of Teta, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt." Dog's teeth, over-ripe dates and asses' hoofs were carefully cooked in oil, and then grated. As Teta lived before Cheops, this recipe for hair oil is older than the great pyramid at Gizeh, and is supposed to date back more than 6000 years. The heads of venomous serpents have held an important place in medicine. A strong broth made from them and mixed with salt and spices and a hundred other remedies, was employed, under the name of Theriac, as a cure for every conceivable disease. Three drops of the blood of an angry black cat gave relief to the epileptic. Even now animal preparations are officially used, as sperm, wax, tallow, swine-fat, pepsin, musk, cochineal, leeches, etc., but the nasty mixtures have disappeared. Even leeches are much less employed than formerly. When bleeding and cupping were considered important, leeches held the third place for this purpose; and in the Paris hospitals, between 1829 and 1836, from 5,000, 000 to 6,000,000 leeches were used annually, drawing from the unfortunate patients 1700 hundred weight of lood. These examples indicate the degree of the changes that have been made in the science of medicine .-Pathfinder.

Eating Ice.

The following thermodynamical problem is stated and solved by the Engineer: "A boy eats two ounces of Let us see what is the approximately thermodynamic equivalent of the work he has made his interior do.

assuming he takes five minutes to eat In melting the ice he will require eighteen units to reduce it to water. To raise it in temperature to that of his inside he will require seven more units, or a total of twenty-five British thermal units. Taking the mechanical equivalent as 777 foot pounds, this will be equal to 19,425 foot pounds. If the boy weighs 100 pounds, he will have called upon his stomach to do as much heat work as would, with a machine having unit efficiency, raise him 194 feet high, or a rate of heat ex-traction equal to nearly an eighth of

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German Toy Industry.

The history of the toy industry in Germany extends back to the middle ages. In the thirteenth century Nuremberg toys were celebrated, and to this day it is the centre of the German production. Berlin and Stuttgart also manufacture large quantities, and, in addition, in the thickly wooded districts, where the people are poor and agriculture bad, toy-making has become a household industry, and tends to keep the wolf from the door. Indeed, the industry in Germany is essentially a domestic one, in which every member of the family takes a part, and it is carried on side by side with the work of the house and the

The large factories are principally for special articles, such as transfer pictures, picture books, metal scldiers, and the like. In France the industry is comparatively modern, and is concentrated in Paris, where nearly 4000 operatives are engaged in the business, over 2400 being women. They are by far the most successful in the production of light and fragile toys. Their fingers become skillful and deft in handling the material, and the percentage of loss in rich materials is said to average forty per cent. less with skilled female operatives in comparison with the best male hands. For the most part they work independently, and sell their productions to wholesale houses. There are also factories for special articles, such as toy balloons, magic lanterns, dolls' heads, articles for dolls' kitchens, etc.

The manufacture of lead soldiers by the artisans of Nuremberg and Furth, for which they have long been famous dates from the seven years' war, and is due to the influence of the Prussian military spirit and to the enthusiasm excited by Frederick the Great .-Washington Star.

One Remedy for Insomnia.

Some time or other, away back in the course of time, the idea got into the heads of the human family that it was injurious to eat just before going whim had caused many a sleepless night and many a weary day. Just how it ever obtained its general standto bed. This peculiar and unnatural ing among intelligent people might those cured of consumption, bronchitis, be an interesting study for some one lingering coughs, asthma, chronic massi-who likes to delve after mysteries. catarrh and kindred maladies, have been As a matter of fact, going to bed hungry is about the most foolish thing that a sensible person can be guilty of. To be sure, one should not eat heartily of indigestible food; but under no circumstances is the craving for something to eat to be denied. Delicate persons, especially those who have little appetite and who never eat heartily, are frequently kept awake and pass sleepless nights on account of the demands of the stomach for something to work on. The digestive processes continue during sleep, and, indeed, are carried on in the best possible manner at this time, there be ing no other forces at work to draw the vitality from what is for the moment its most important business. It would be well if every family made some provision for this need, and could keep ever ready milk, hot or cold, or a cup of broth or hot soup It would take very little time and expense to do this, and the mental and physical condition of delicate members of the household would be greatly improved. - New York Ledger.

The Oldest Trade Secret.

The oldest secret trade process now in existence is in all probability either | that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermillion. - Chicago Herald.

An Interesting Relic.

> Senator Perkins, of California, has given to the Washington Geographical Society an interesting relic in the shape of the head of a harpoon that was found in a whale taken in Bering Sea in 1890, bearing the name of the old whaler Montezuma. This vessel was one of the old ships that were filled with stone and sunk in Charleston Harbor by the Federal Government during the War of the Rebellion. and had not been in Bering Sea for ten years previously, so that for sixty long years the 'whale carried this weapon with it in all its wanderings .-New York Post.

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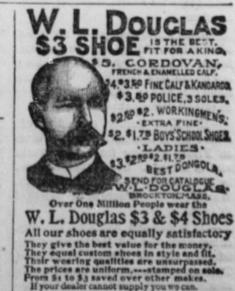
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