DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Pleasures of Life"—Has No Sympathy With the Wholesale Denunciation of Amusements—Glorious Work of the Y. M. C. A.

TEXT: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house and he made them sport."—Judges 16:25.

There were three thousand people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out! Fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the lad who leads him, "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport." In other words there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed body, mind and soul by bad amusements and good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermons you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets, or with that wholesale denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us He implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the Mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant the batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform like the children of an orphan asylum, and march down the path of life to the tune of the Dead March in Saul. They hate a blue sash, or a rosebud in the hair, or a tasseled gaiter, and think a man almost ready for a lunatic asylum who utters a conundrum.

Young Men's Christian Associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They have fine reading rooms, and all the influences are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnasiums and bowling alleys, where, without any evil surroundings, our young men may get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are dwindling away to a narrow-chested, weak-armed, feeble-voiced race, when God calls us to a work in which he wants physical as well as spiritual athletes. I would to God that the time might soon come when in all our colleges and theological seminaries, as at Princeton, a gymnasium shall be established. We spend seven years of hard study in preparation for the ministry, and come out with bronchitis and dyspepsia and liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit, and the people say, "Doesn't he look heavenly!" because he looks sickly. Let the Church of God direct, rather than attempt to suppress, the desire for amusement. The best men that the world ever knew have had their sports. William Wilberforce trundled hoop with his children, Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. Ministers have pitched quoits, philanthropists have gone a-skating, prime ministers have played ball.

Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unmeasured resources for sportfulness and frolic. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling block to the Kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off five hundred such men for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words, "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches fifty sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among forty people whom I received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell; had seen the most visions, and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful amusement. God means you to be happy. But, when there are many sources of innocent pleasure, why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain-side all abloom with wild flowers and adash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of Cotopaxi?

Now, all opera houses, theatres, bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusements, good and bad, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain cardinal principles. First, you judge of any amusement by its heathful result or by its beneficial reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring; if you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the postmortem examination of a flower. They never do anything more than feebly smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pæan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a strong driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hairbreadths escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further: Those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you a hundred or a thousand dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusement? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The table cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. when men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often I have had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg their boy off from the consequence of crimes that he had committed against his employer—the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangement of accounts! Why, he had salary enough to pay all lawful expenditure, but not enough salary to meet his sinful amusements. And again and again I have gone and implored for the young man—sometimes, alas! the petition unavailing.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy; I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses! Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush, the eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out: "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he did, though he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the father's cry: "Oh, my son, my son, my poor son; would God I had died for thee, oh, my son, my son!"

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recuperation. There are Christian men who write hards things against their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change and become fierce, cruel and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul. There are people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects. Magnificent machinery capable of propelling the great Etruria across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Physical development which merely shows itself in a fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt, but we confess to great admiration for a man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men through neglect should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their lives not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship which ought with all sails set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may through some of the popular and healthful recreations of our time work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn back from such a grand medicament.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation. But the day comes when the men who have exerted evil influence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene: the last day. Stage: the rocking earth. Enter dukes, lords, kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For gallery, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the leaves rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, the effort to serve the world and God at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage—some to the right, others to the left.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements? The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are all around us the fragments of blasted households. Oh! if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "Home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and, alas! if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect.

Let me say to all young men, your style of amusement will decide your eternal destiny. One night I saw a young man at a street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit. And there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel, "I will take you home. I will spread my wing over your pathway. I will lovingly escort you all through life. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of Heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me!" said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of Heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed; come with with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth and the eyes of the light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all-devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies!" and then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; and now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! hail!" Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To hesitate is to die!

ENORMOUS WHEAT CROP,

Unless the Conditions Change Between Now and Harvest Time.

The Government returns of the growing wheat crop, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, announce a total area sown to wheat of 43,000,000 acres and a condition for spring wheat on June 1 of 100.9, and for winter wheat on the same date of 90.8. The condition of oats on June 1 was stated at 98, the condition of rye at 97, and the condition of barley at 78.8.

Wheat's showing is a remarkable one, and if the present promise could be maintained until harvest the result would be a "record." J. C. Brown, statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, calculated that the figures indicate a total wheat crop of 637,300,000 bushels—366,800,000 bushels of winter wheat and 270,500,000 bushels of spring wheat. The record wheat crop of the country heretofore has been 611,780,000 bushels in 1891, preceding the good trade year of 1892. The wheat crop of 1897 was 530,149,000 bushels and of 1896, 427,684,000 bushels.

As stated by the Department of Agriculture the preliminary returns of the spring wheat acreage, with the two Dakotas in particular subject to revision, indicate a total area seeded of 16,800,000 acres, which, added to an area in winter wheat of 26,200,000 acres, makes a total wheat area of 43,000,000 acres, or about 3,500,000 acres more than last year. There was an increase of 8 per cent. in Minnesota, 22 in Iowa, 10 in Nebraska, 11 in North Dakota, 8 in South Dakota, 5 in Oregon and 20 in Washington. The average condition of winter wheat—90.8— is to be compared with 78.5 at the corresponding date last year and 81.6, the average for the last ten years. The principal averages are: New York, 98; Pennsylvania, 96; Maryland, 98; Tennessee, 93; Kentucky, 99; Ohio, 87; Michigan, 97; Indiana, 95; Missouri, 96; Kansas, 104, and California, 33.

The average condition of spring wheat—100.9—is almost, if not entirely, unprecedented. It compares with 89.6 on June 1, 1897, and 92.5, the average for the past ten years. Nearly all the States of principal production report a condition exceeding that indicative of a full normal crop, North Dakota reporting 104; South Dakota, 103; Nebraska, 105, Iowa, 102; Minnesota, 100; Oregon, 101, and Washington, 97.

To Insure Cattle.

The Swiss canton of Berne will adopt an official system of insurance for the 276,409 head of cattle in the canton. The maximum value of a cow is estimated at $160.

The Snake Hunter of Snaggy Mountain

From the far purlieus of Snaggy Mountain, above where the pellucid waters of Sang Run pour their currents down the pine-clad crests of the Alleghanies, "Si" Summers, the venerable snake hunter of the Virginia mountains, has been heard from and reports that he has not killed a snake this season. That this will be bad news for the friends of "Si" will be better understood when it is known that the killing of snakes is the crowning labor of "Si's" existence. He would "sooner kill a snake than fight Spaniards," not meaning any reflection on his loyalty, either. He is making money out of the rattlesnake business by extracting the oil from them and selling it as an infallible remedy for the rheumatism. He also sells the skins for belts, and "nobby neckwear," and, altogether, "Si" is an institution that Snaggy Mountain would do well to supply with snakes at all seasons for fear that he will go entirely out of the business. It is not stated that "Si" is the originator of the only bona fide American snake story, but he comes pretty near furnishing the subject for the championship snake story himself.—Baltimore Sun.

Gladstone's Long Service.

The length of Mr. Gladstone's political service can be measured by the fact that he entered Parliament at a time when Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, and retired from it when Mr. Cleveland began his second term. He held his first Cabinet office when Daniel Webster was also first serving in a like capacity in our National Government.

Lived a Century in One House.

A Mrs. Morley, who has died at Cotham, in England, in her one hundred and first year, had lived in the same house all her life, had never slept out of her native village and had never ridden in a train. Until eight years ago she managed a small dairy and personally attended market with her butter.

A Naval Hero's Story.

From the Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Late in 1861, when President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, L. J. Clark, of Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, was among the first to respond. He joined the mortar fleet of Admiral Porter just before the memorable operations on the Mississippi River began. It was at the terrific bombardment of the Vicksburg forts, that the hero of this story fell with a shattered arm from a charge of schrapnel.

After painful months in the hospital, he recovered sufficiently to be sent to his home at Warren, Ohio. Another call for troops fired his patriotic zeal and Clark soon enlisted in Company H, of the 7th Ohio Volunteers. In the army of the Potomac, he was in many engagements. Being wounded in a skirmish near Richmond, he was sent to the hospital and thence home.

A Wounded Hero.

Soon afterward he began the study and then the practice of veterinary surgery. Seeking a wider field than the Ohio village afforded, he went to Chicago where he now has a wide practice, is a member of Hatch Post, G. A. R., and lives at 4935 Ashland Ave.

Several years ago Dr. Clark's old wounds began to trouble him. He grew weak and emaciated, and his friends despaired of his life. He finally recovered sufficiently to be out but was a mere shadow, weighing only 90 pounds. The best medical attendance failed to restore his lost strength and vigor.

"A friend gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Dr. Clark, "and they helped me so much that I bought a half dozen boxes and took them. I soon regained my strength, now weigh 190 pounds and, except for injuries that can never be remedied, am as well as ever.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People the best remedy to build up a run down system, and heartily recommend them to everyone in heed of such aid."

Within the last ten years the number of German firms has grown from fifty-six to ninety-two in China, and from thirty-eight to fifty-seven in Japan.

Savannah, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West.

The Southern Railway and the F. C. & P. R. R., Florida Short Line, offers the quickest time between New York and Savannah, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West. Double daily service with through Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Tampa, leave New York 4.20 p. m. and 12.05 a. m. Dining Car on afternoon train from New York to Charlotte. Connections made at Tampa and Miami for Key West. For full particulars call on or address ALEX. S. THWEATT, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

In a civil-service examination in England there were 1866 failures in a class of 1972.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by aking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Scarlet flowers are said to stand dr ough better than any others.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder to shake in the shoes. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Orange County, Cal., expects to market 600 carloads of celery this year.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Manila is a city of 250,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1880.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Australia is twenty-six times as large as the United Kingdom, fifteen times as large as France, and almost equal to the United States.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

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There's nothing in Ivory Soap but soap, good, pure vegetable oil soap. There's nothing to make the linens streaky, no alkali to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash-day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it in the next wash. The price places it within reach of every one. Look out for imitations.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

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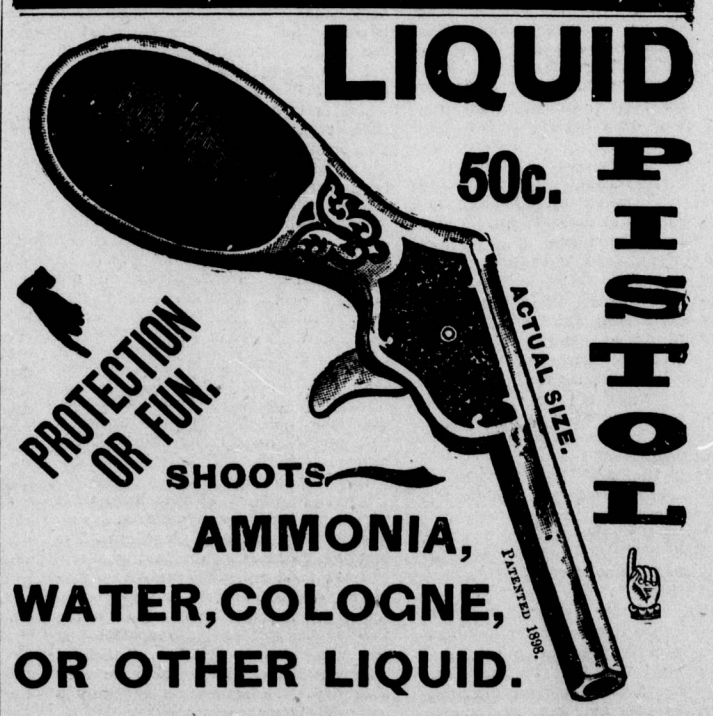

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