DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Self-Slaughter"—A Terrible Denunciation of Suicide—Assassination of Others a Mild Crime Compared With Assassination of Yourself.

TEXT: "Do thyself no harm."—Acts 16: 28.

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and, according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not much confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two sleergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden times, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orator. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and three times after his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself, rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of poison, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill that he was resuscitated. Times have changed, yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than in any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels towards the insane you may know from the way He treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which He hushed tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He was an elder in St. John's Presbyterian church. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Cromarty, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stone mason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in "The Old Red Sandstone." That man did more than any other being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he stuck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and "The Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he prayed day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith, who at the coroner's inquest was examined, it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller after that hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the brightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "O, For a Closer Walk With God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"—William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life, and went to the River Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at that very point on which he expected to spring, and went back to his home, and that night drew himself upon his own knife, but the knife broke; and then he hanged himself from the ceiling, but the rope broke.

While we make this merciful and rightful allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who, in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation 21, 8—"Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation 22, 15—"Without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say that all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in you and made you the custodian of your life, and He made you the custodian of none other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike down assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust; it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep; it is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God of the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when that servant declined, then the giant plants the hilt of his sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires—the coward, the suicide! Here is Ahitophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraceful life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, pratically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the Book of Samuel.

But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue of George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of His pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his hand hung up for the execration of all ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of the earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had, what with his destroyed property and his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections. There has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages and I challenge the universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is a business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity, which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity has always been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, sat down, and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world; you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of this world you will land safely, the Potomac would be so full of corpses the boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of the suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street car.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. He was a Christian. In his last will and testament he commends his soul to God through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life;" in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Have nothing to do with an infidelity so cruel, so debasing. Come out of that bad company into the company of those who believe the Bible. Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head—David Brewster, saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this religion, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness stand. "Chief Justice Chase, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try everything else in the court-room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go out back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness stand a President of the United States—John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading."

Young men of America, come out of the circle of infidels—mostly made up of cranks and imbeciles—into the company of intellectual giants, and turn your back on an infidelity which destroys body and soul.

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God, angels and men, stand up, thou monster! Thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with uncleanness, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster, Infidelity. Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit, and sup on the sobs and groans of those thou hast destroyed, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life, through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the Temple, but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it, have gone songfully on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations, your grave as well as your cradle. Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at eleven, and one o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting reward will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been a chain of iron. For the asking you may have the same grace that was given the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letters from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." And remember that this brief life is surrounded by a rim, a very thin, but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights up our northern Heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins slain by Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God! Whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

TO RENEW THE LOBSTER SUPPLY.

The Government's Effort to Propagate This Kind of Shellfish.

The United States Government is making great efforts, by scientific propagation, to restock the coast waters of Maine with lobsters. The United States Fish Commissioners' schooner Grampus, which has been at work along the coast for several months, has collected 1750 seed lobsters from which 18,000,000 eggs have been obtained and hatched out at Gloucester, Mass. Of these fry about 5,000,000 have been released in Casco Bay and the others are to be distributed at various places from Portland eastward.

The fry are very small, but through the thin and transparent shell can be seen the perfectly formed lobster, with the eyes especially prominent. Constant changes of water are necessary to keep them alive. It is likely that a lobster hatchery will soon be established on the Maine coast, and before many years these shellfish will be as plentiful and cheap as ever they were.

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY RESULTS.

Gratifying Reports From the Surgeons of the Navy.

Surgeon-General Van Reypen, of the United States, Navy has received a report from the Surgeons with the fleet, showing that in the many cases of wounded, some of them serious, not a rise of temperature or an accumulation of pus has appeared in any case.

From a medical standpoint this is said to be a marked advance from the conditions during the Civil War, and is attributed to the introduction of antiseptic treatment of wounds. It shows that no fever follows the wounds, and that with the absence of pus the wounds heal rapidly without complications.

Considering the great number of wounds to be treated, now and hereafter, this is regarded as a most satisfactory showing not only in medical science, but in the alleviation of suffering.

Brothers in Arms.

In Battery I, First Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers, now at Fort Warren, Boston, from the shoe town of Brockton, there are five pairs of brothers, the Allens, Churchills, Foyes, Holmes and Marshalls.

Boy Versus Goat.

They tell a good one on Adjutant Philip Yateman, of the Fourth Virginia, and how he parted with a crisp $5 bill on payday recently. One of the mascots of Camp Cuba Libre—a goat this time—prowled into the vicinity where Adjutant Yateman was comfortably seated entertaining his friends with some rich anecdotes. While goats, generally speaking, are repellent, this one was attractive, and became the topic of the conversation. Speaking of the goat's eccentricities, it was concluded by all, just as the stable-boy approached, no one could hold down a goat's head to the ground, and rub the goat's nose in the sand. "No, sir," said the adjutant. "I'll bet $5 it can't be done." The stable-boy stood, and asked:

"Do you mean that, captain?"

"I do," was the reply.

"And you will give me $5 if I do it?"

"Certainly," with a reassuring smile on his lips.

Then the stable-boy, with rolled-up sleeves, approached the goat. He had him by the horns, and then they tussled. Down, down, came his head, lower and lower, but the ground seemed a good way off yet; and then, in the miniature, there was enacted the scene of the fight of the Lygian with the bull, as described in "Quo Vadis." Every one was intensely interested and excited, and the goat and the boy furnished lots of sport. With the muscles of his little arms standing out like whipcords, the boy brought that goat's nose down to the sand and rubbed it good and well, until the dust flew as fast and furiously under his nose as it did from his pawing feet. Adjutant Yateman had added to his list a brand new $5 anecdote.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

A Curious Flower Wreath.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, writing in Popular Science News of the plants and flowers of Iceland, describes a curious sight which she witnessed in the lava fields near Reykjahlid. Noticing wreaths of steam issuing from the summit of a small volcano, she climbed up there, and found a band about two feet wide, of beautiful plants, bearing large flowers, encircling the interior line of the crater. The steam warmed the flowers and the rim of rocks protected them from the cold winds without.

Where the Statue of Liberty Is.

The Statue of Liberty stands on Bedloe or Bedlow's Island, which is geographically within the State of New Jersey, but legally within the State of New York.

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 taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

For calling a central telephone girl a silly goose and threatening to come and box her ears, a man was condemned in Vienna to fourteen days in jail.

Bicyclists and Dogs.

It frequently happens that a bicyclist would like to drive off an annoying dog, but doesn't want to kill the beast, run the risk of a bullet hitting a bystander, nor attract the attention which a cartridge explosion is certain to do. The dog is consequently encouraged to try his trick on the next rider. A soundless pistol, shooting water, ammonia or other liquid, is now mailed postpaid for 50 cts. in stamps by the Union Supply Co., 135 Leonard St., N. Y. City. One of these will drive off the most vicious animal, and still not really injure it. A few drops of ammonia in the eyes, nose or mouth of any animal give it something to think of other than bothering a cyclist. It is a boon to wheelmen and wheelwomen.

A perfectly formed face is one-third forehead, one-third nose and one-third upper and lower chin.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. *Adv.*

The raising of mushrooms for Parisians gives employment to 1200 persons, the sales amounting to $1,500,000 a year.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The heat has been so great in Melbourne Australia, recently that the asphalt streets have been melted and completely ruined.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Chicago doctor claims to have cured consumption by compressing the lungs with nitrogen, permitting self-healing.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

The inhabitants of Arran, where the maidenhair fern grows plentifully, employ it as a substitute for tea.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

One firm in Austria uses ten tons of phosphorus a year, and turns out 25,000,000,000 matches.

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

The engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile traveled.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave. Alleghany, Pa., March 19, 1894.

In Russia it is the custom for duelists to breakfast together before going out to fight.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Taking all the year round, the coldest hour of the twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

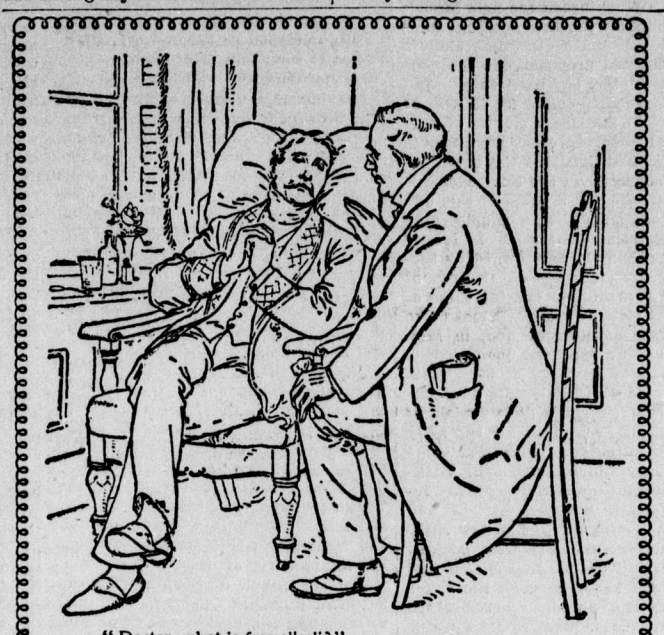
Chocolate is used in the interior of South America for a currency, as are nuts and eggs.

Where Consumption Thrives.

More cases of consumption appear among needlemakers and filemakers than among any other class of laborers.

An Old Shipyard.

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established over 1900 years ago.



"Doctor, what is free alkali?"

"The alkali used in the manufacture of soap is a strong chemical and is destructive of animal and vegetable tissue.

"Pure soap is harmless, but when the soap is carelessly or dishonestly made, alkali is left in it and it is then said to be 'free.' Soap containing free alkali should not be used where it may do damage.

"In the medical profession, in sickness, in surgery and in the hospitals we use Ivory Soap because it is pure and contains no free alkali.

"Ivory Soap is a powerful antiseptic, it is healing to a diseased surface and stimulating to a healthy skin."

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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.

A CURE FOR ALL

Summer Complaints,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycles

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MAKE HILL CLIMBING EASY.

Columbia Chain Wheels, $75
Hartfords, . . 50
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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVTS. NYNU—30

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

PAINT YOUR OWN WALLS & CEILINGS

CALCIMO FRESCO TINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of your grocer or Calcimo paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

BICYCLISTS NEED A

LIQUID PISTOL

SHOOTS WATER, AMMONIA, OR OTHER LIQUID.

50 CTS.

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FUN NOT A TOY

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