# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

**Subject: "Divine Direction" — Advice Aimed to Cheer Those Who Feel They Have No Especial Mission in the World —Follow God's Guidance.**

TEXT: "To this end was I born."—John xviii., 37.

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the centre of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end I was born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep Him down, He is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coroneted King of earth and King of heaven That is what He came for, and that is what He accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale, "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out of some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taken the brain of the greatest draftsman to design and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no other purpose and to execute no mission and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph, "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who, 100 years before you were born, may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine or melancholic or bilious or lymphatic or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England or the cotton plantations of Louisiana or on the banks of the Clyde or the Dneiper or the Shannon or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off, and besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decided for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships, or houses, or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats, and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for stupidity in boyhood or girlhood have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had memory but no judgment or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, O man, and let me look you squarely in the face! Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you. O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness! "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end I was born.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty or thirty years ago. But have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and the most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture my apology is what the apostle John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, eighty or 100 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much; but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and all the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped until on the morning of September 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, O ye souls besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel oneself born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed! Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light, and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

# A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

## THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

**The Politician's Plea to the Voter—The Value of Pure Diet and Natural Curative Agencies in the Treatment of the Disease of Drunkenness.**

To the brewers, bar-keepers, and brothels we give
The protection of law that permits them to live;
And we say to them softly, "stay by us and hold
On your way, to our gain, while we garner your gold!"
And we say to the pulpits—which meekly obey—
"Let the party alone and the party will pay;
Pour the gospel of love sweetly over the pews,
But the Decalog do not too widely diffuse!"

We are proud of the revenue records that tell
Of the toll-gates maintained on the highway to hell;
We delight in the leeches that suck the warm life
Of the heart of the home, of the mother and wife:
For the manhood betrayed and the womanhood slain
We hold up the red hands of a murderer's gain;
And we boast of our millions, to bribe you to sin
With your ballots again, that again we may win!

### Fruit vs. Alcohol.

A writer in an European temperance journal calls attention to the value of fruit as an antidote to the craving for liquor. He says: In Germany, a nation greatly in advance of other countries in matters relating to hygiene, alcoholic disease has been successfully coped with by the adoption of pure diet and natural curative agencies. I have said that the use of fresh fruit is an antidote for the drink crave, and this is true. I have met working men who have told me that fruit has often taken away the crave for drink; I met a clergyman recently, who assured me that a diet consisting largely of fruit had taken entirely away an hereditary craving that had troubled him for years. It may be asked, how can fruit and pure diet do all this? The explanation is simple. Fruit may be called nature's medicine. Every apple, every orange, every plum and every grape is a bottle of medicine. An orange is three parts water—distilled in nature's laboratory—but this water is rich in peculiar fruit acids medicinally balanced, which are specially cooling to the thirst of the drunkard, and soothing to the diseased state of his stomach. An apple or an orange eaten when the desire for "a glass" arises would generally take it away, and every victory would make less strong each recurring temptation. The function of fresh fruit and succulent vegetables is—not so much to provide solid nourishment as to supply the needful acids and salines for the purification of the blood. Once get the blood pure, every time its pure nutrient stream bathes the several tissues of the body, it will bring away some impurity, and leave behind an atom of healthy tissue, until in time the drunkard shall stand up purified in his right mind.

### The Drink Question in Belgium.

For some time past the drink question has been exciting among thoughtful persons in Belgium serious reflections, and the figures collected by M. Jules Le Jeune, ex-Minister of Justice, certainly justify them. The population of Belgium is still less than seven millions, although it will soon pass that total, but it can boast of 198,000 wine and beer shops, or one for every thirty-five persons, women and children included. The total drink bill of the country is valued per annum at £20,000,000. One-third of that sum is represented by gin in its several marketable forms alone. The compiler of these figures, the accuracy of which cannot be impeached, has no difficulty in showing that this expenditure does not represent all the loss to the country. To it have to be added the loss of time, the deterioration in the quality of the work, and the absolute incapacity for work that follow in the train of excessive drinking. But M. Le Jeune seeks to rivet public attention on the subject by producing other statistics to show that in seventy-four per cent. of the cases of convictions in criminal courts the cause of the crime is drink; that seventy-nine per cent. of the paupers living in the state were drunkards; that eighty per cent. of the suicides have a similar origin; and, finally, that forty-five per cent. of the lunatics were victims to what is called the alcohol habit. If the drink question reveals a serious flaw in the prosperity of Belgium, it must also be allowed that many of her public men are fully alive to the peril and seeking to combat it.—London Times.

### Ruined by Rum.

The list of persons who have killed themselves because they have been ruined by rum is a long one, and the list of those who have killed themselves by rum is much longer. Every day persons who have spent all their money in buying rum hang themselves, or make way with themselves by other methods; every day such persons are taken to insane asylums, almshouses and prisons; every day they are discharged from situations; every day they receive wounds without cause; every day their wives and children, in some cases their husbands and children, are made wretched by the spectacle of their drunkenness. Nevertheless, the people of the United States look with favor upon the saloon, because they are shortsighted enough to think that it keeps down taxes.—The New York Christian Advocate.

### Drunkards Weaken a Regiment.

Drunkards are like mill-stones attached to a regiment; its greatest weakness and drawback to its success and good name. When this excess abounds in a regiment there is a want of order and discipline, and a regiment without both of these can scarcely be called an integral part of the army. It is then the duty of a good soldier to live soberly, so that he may keep his oath, and act with justice to his comrades and for the honor of his regiment. It should be the pride of each individual to do his duty with exactness, punctuality and fidelity; a sober man only can do so.

### Degrading to the Intellectual Life.

Suppose a student on his walk to school should be assaulted by a ruffian that seized his books, tore them to rags, smashed his instruments and flung his manuscrips in the gutter, would you not be entitled to denounce him as a ruffian who had no regard for intellect or culture? But if instead of attacking the tools of a scholar, his assailant should attack his brain, stupefy the organ of thought and feeling, and paralyze every intellectual power, would not the injury be infinitely greater? Drink is such a degrading enemy to the intellectual life.

### Temperance Paragraphs.

Don't drink intoxicating liquor to "pick you up." You will find that, instead, it will throw you down.

The new German civic code disfranchises all citizens who can't provide for their familes because of the drink habit.

Washington City has a temperance barroom for bicycle women. It is on Pennsylvania avenue, three blocks from the Capitol, and is fitted exactly as a bar, except that the drinks served are non-alcoholic. Seventeen kinds of mixed temperance beverages are to be had by the thirsty bicycle maid after she has had a long spin.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It has been estimated that a single plant of the Russian thistle six feet in diameter produces 2,000,000 seeds.

Etherion is the name given by Charles F. Brush, an electrician, to an element which he thinks he has discovered in the atmosphere.

An inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 64,844 tons.

The beautiful colors seen in the soap bubble arise from the fact that the bubble, being very thin, reflects light from both the outer and inner surfaces of the film.

While lightning may be seen and its illumination of clouds and mist may be recognized when it is even two hundred miles distant, thunder is rarely audible more than ten miles. The thunder from very distant storms, therefore, seldom reaches the ear.

It has been shown that, acre for acre, water is capable of supplying a much greater quantity of nitrogenous food for man than land can supply. The cultivation of water areas is called agriculture, and its products, in contradistinction to those of agriculture, are fish, crabs, oysters, clams and other edible marine animals.

## A THRILL FOR AMERICANS.

**Two Stripes and Three Stars With the Crest of the Washingtons.**

In the little church of Wickhamford, near Evesham, in the most rural, unchanged part of England, is a shrine to which no American can repair without a thrill to the centre of his being, says a writer in the International. There, on the north side of the altar, is a tombstone on which are carved the Washington arms—two stripes and three stars—an eagle springing out of an antique coronet. The Latin inscription on the tomb is to Penelope Washington. The translation is as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of Penelope, daughter of that most distinguished and renowned soldier, Col. Henry Washington. He was descended from Sir William Washington, knight, of the county of Northampton, who was high in favor of those most illustrious princes and best of kings, Charles the First and Second, on account of his gallant and successful military achievements both in England and in Ireland. He married Elizabeth, of the ancient and noble stock of the Packingtons of Westwood, a family of untarnished loyalty and patriotism. Sprung from such famous ancestry, Penelope was a diligent and devout worshipper of God; of her mother (her only surviving parent) she was the great consolation; to the sick and needy she was an exceptionally ready and generous benefactress. Humble and chaste and wedded to Christ alone, from this transitory life she departed to her spouse.

"February 27, Anno Domini 1697."

In a little church not very generally known, the "Little Trinity," in the Minories, London, are to be seen the same "Stars and Stripes" of the old Washington family. They appear on one or more of the Dartmouth monuments, with which family the Washingtons were connected by marriage.

### Indian Lacemakers.

Lacemaking by the Chippewa Indian women is attracting attention because of the recent outbreak at Leech Lake, Minn., and the killing of Major Wilkinson and a number of soldiers of General Bacon's command.

In 1891 Miss Sibyl Carter of New York city conceived the idea of providing employment for the women of the Chippewa tribes of Indians which would make them self-supporting. There was no market for the beadwork which they made, and she hit upon the plan of teaching them lacemaking. In conjunction with the Episcopal mission, she established this department and sent Miss Pauline Colby to instruct the Indian women.

Almost from the beginning the experiment was a success, and during the following year a large quantity of the lace thus manufactured was sold to wealthy women of New York, the principal patrons being Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. C. P. Huntington and others, who purchase about all of the lace made. Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt are now having made for them some very fine lace bedspreads for which they pay $200 each.

Miss Pauline Colby has been remarkably successful with her pupils, and after an experience of eight years among these women she believes they are more deft with their fingers and more painstaking with their work than white women, although she says they are not as quick to learn as their white sisters. The Indian women are paid for their work at the rate of ten cents an hour. They are paid as soon as their work is completed.—New York Sun.

### Tests for a Good Husband.

"Lady," said a Scotch servant to her mistress, "I maun tell ye I am to leave your service and be marritt."

"Is not this very sudden, Mary?" inquired the lady; "who is the person you expect to marry?"

"It is John Scott, mistress."

"But you have known him but a short time; how can you trust a stranger?" persisted the woman, reluctant to part with a good servant.

"Yes, 'tis true; but he's ken himsel' mony years, and he says he's all right, and I believe he is, for I asked him, 'Did he know the Ten Commandments?' and he gave them ivery one. I asked him could he say the shorter catechism, and he had it ivery word; then I told him to grip his hands quick and hard, and then lady, I saw he was a strong man, and I'm goin' to gie him my hand."—San Francisco Argonaut.


### It Can Be Made to Go.

"The melancholy days have come;" has rheumatism come with them? It can be made to go right off by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which cures and leaves no trace behind.


Australasia possesses one-fifth of the world's stock of sheep.


### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. ☞ Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.


The first expedition to the south pole took place in 1567.


### 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.


About twenty new books are published daily in Great Britain.


### Coughs Lead to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.


No particular form of religion receives official recognition in Japan.


### Carry Them In Your Pocket.

Hoxsie's Disks will check any cough or cold in an hour. For singers and speakers they are invaluable. 25 cts.


Five hundred trading vessels leave the Thames daily for all parts of the world.


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.


The number of people at present who speak English is said to be 116,000,000.


### While You Sleep.

Do not have too much air blowing through your room at night, or neuralgia may creep upon you while you sleep. But if it comes, use St. Jacobs Oil; it warms, soothes and cures promptly.


### A Large Family.

A single young man heard the banns called in church one day. Perhaps he had not always been very attentive to the service, or perhaps marriages were more frequent than usual that season, for the ordinary announcement seemed to make an impressson on him. At dinner that day he observed thoughtfully, as if communing with himself:

"They must be a large family!"

"Who?" asked the company, for the speaker was a silent man, and one whose remarks were few and far between.

"Why, those Spinsters!" he answered, gravely. "There was another of them called in church to-day."

He thought it was a proper name. But he was right. The Spinsters are a large family.—Tit-Bits.


### English Victories.

In all their wars the English have won the splendid average of eighty-two per cent. of the battles. This is the world's record.

### Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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


Holland is the only country in Europe that admits coffee free of duty.


### No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.


The President of France receives $240,000 a year.


SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping.

You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

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