DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Coming Century"—What the New Cycle Will Usher In—Needs of the New Age—The-End-of-the-Century Watch Night.

TEXT: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."—Chronicles xii., 32.

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar! When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from steller conjunctions all about the seasons of the year, Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations, and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three colored flag—topaz, sardine and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as He ever addressed the ancients or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology, for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of farreaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6000 years ago and sent His Son to redeem it near 1900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreathe the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of its heroes and sound the rogues' march of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and dethronements. I hail it, I bless it, I welcome it, the twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it, and how shall we prepare for it, are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families, human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindliness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth century on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wreck of revolutions and the superstitions of ages. Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of Old World tyrannies; the "reign of terror," beque thing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism· the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram and Badajos. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty struck people of America sweating under the debt of $300,000,000, which the Revolutionary War had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement; Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after the Vice-President. The Government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States Government had taken only twelve steps on its journey, its Constitution having been formed in 1789, and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our Government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States Navy, under Captain Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle, and political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition, and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms and red with too many slaughters and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map so far as possible our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by procrastination and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa and Indiana and Brooklyn and Texas and Vesuvius and Oregon must be sent back to Southern waters or across to the coast of Spain to silence the insolence as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquendo and Maria Teresa and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong Hong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On the map it must be made evident that America is to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer. Free from the national religions of Europe on the one side and from the superstitions of Asia on the other side, it will have facilities for the work that no other continent can possibly possess. As near as I can tell by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, this continent has been ordained for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are on the same platform, and the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we present to the other continents this assortment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt of their selecting this religion of mercy and kindness and good will and temporal and eternal rescue. Hear it! America is to take this world for God!

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have very soon a railroad bridge across Bering Strait, those thirty-six miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia and India and China and Burmah intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall and there flamed the fires and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji Islands cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of all the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or minify some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about twenty-five years. How so? While we have been waiting for the law of the land to prohibit intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held thirty years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and damning? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law, or such a law will not be passed or if passed will not be executed?

Seven or eight years ago on the anniversary platform of the National Temperance Society in New York I deplored the fact that we had left politics to do that which moral suasion only could do and said on that occasion, "If some poor drunkard wandering along this street tonight should see the lights kindled by this brilliant assemblage and should come in, and finding the character of the meeting, should ask for a temperance pledge, that he might sign it and begin a new career, I do not believe there is in all this house a temperance pledge, and you would have to take out a torn letter envelope or a loose scrap of paper for the inebriate's signature." I found out afterward that there was one such temperance pledge in the audience, but only one that I could hear of. Do not leave to politics that which can be done now in 10,000 reformatory meetings all over the country.

Oh, save the young man of to-day and greet the coming century with a tidal wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of demijohns and beer barrels and rum jugs, and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder and abandonment in solution. Aye, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done!" That shows that you will be of no use in the work. "O ye of little faith!" Away back in early times President Davies, of Princeton College, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer. You can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge!" "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend, and with a loving arm around you will hold you up. When your appetite burns; and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house, sit down with me in the study or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied, "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davies which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and, though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all next day, the second night he had twenty guests, and he drank the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it twice to show his endurance; but, as he finished the last draft from the cup of Hercules the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Sardis and conquered Halicarnassus and conquered Asia and conquered the world, could not conquer himself, and there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of infamy, strong drink. Do not let the staggering and bloated and embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums and almshouses and delirium tremens and dishonored graves.

It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about 10 o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers and songs and sermons and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure 12, and then all bow in silent prayer, and the scene is mightily impressive until the clock in the tower of the church or the clock in the tower of the city hall strikes 12, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around.

But what a tremendous watch night the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at 12 o'clock of the 31st of December, of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlight or moonlit or dark with tempest! It will be such a night as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century long ago went to their pillows of dust. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch night; or, if between this and that any of us should be off and away, may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse, who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by Him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer."

Is China Retrogading?

The Chinese Government has notified all applicants for military service that they will hereafter be examined in archery and stone slinging.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

An Abstinence Alphabet—A Railroad Man's Reasons For Thinking That "This Treating Business" Has Got to Stop—A Non-Treating Society.

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.
C for Companion, who urges him on.
D for the Demon of drink that is born.
E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
G for the Guilt he afterward feels.
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeerings that follow his fall.
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for Liquors his appetite craves.
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say.
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R is the Ruins that he sees all around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs.
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.
W for Waning of life that's soon done.
X for his Xit regretted by none.
Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime.
Zealously turn from the tempter in time!
—Dr. Cyrus Edson, in North American Review.

The Custom of Treating.

A prominent railroad man says: "The men of our profession know every Tom, Dick and Harry from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We go into a place to get a drink, and before we can leave we have had half a dozen or more drinks that we have had to take as a treat, or join in as a treat to others." The consequence is that they get "full" without previous intent, simply out of good fellowship, and others get "full" with them for like reason. This good fellowship, therefore, leads to excessive drinking and drunkenness all around. Nor can this be avoided so long as treating is recognized as the expression of courteous treatment and good will among friends and chance acquaintances. Every railroad man feels that, so long as this custom prevails, he cannot maintain his standing among his boon companions and business associates without following it. To refuse to "stand treat" would belittle him in the eyes of his fellows, make him appear small and stingy, whereas railroad men are among the most generous men in the world, and justly pride themselves on their large-hearted generosity. Nothing hurts a generous man like the charge of meanness and stinginess.

What is thus true of railroad men is true of men, more or less, in the various ranks of business and of social life. From the country men go to the village or city, and "get full" solely because they have met acquaintances there with whom they have passed the compliment of good will too frequently. Had they drank only as their personal inclination prompted, they would have returned home comparatively sober, if not wholly so. In the city, after the day's work is ended, men go "down town" for recreation or shopping, with no thought or purpose of a carousal, and before midnight are beastly drunk, fighting crazy, or maudlin foolish—all as the fruitage of the treating custom. Young men everywhere are led into habits of drink through this method of induction, and even boys find this the entrance door into the wider fields of dissipation.

Three things result: Money is worse than wasted that otherwise might have been put to some beneficial and commendable purpose; lives are wrecked that otherwise might have been saved and made a blessing to the world; families are blighted that otherwise might have been ornaments in society; hence, out of it comes evil and only evil. Why, then, continue such a custom? If it be essential to express good fellowship, let it be expressed in some other way. Or, if we must treat our friends, associates and chance acquaintances to something, let us treat them to something that, at least, will not be ruinous to them, their families and to society. We ought to make men better, and not worse. It may be that we think we individually have a personal right to take an occasional glass of strong drink; but that cannot exculpate us from the woe pronounced upon him that "giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also."

Well might this railroad man, already referred to, say that "This treating business has got to stop." Wisely has he organized a non-treating society among the agents concentrating in Chicago. Wisely does he propose to push it until it has a chapter in every large city from Maine to California. Cheering is the success with which it is meeting. Five thousand buttons and cards were issued within the first few days; ten thousand more were ordered; and up to the present time the demand has exceeded the supply. Surely the time seems to be ripe for the movement. Why, then, not push it? Assuredly every lover of humanity ought to lend it a helping hand. And why stop with railroad men? Why not include every business man, professional man, social man, young man, men of every class where treating prevails and the curse of excessive drink extends? Who can say anything against a movement of this kind? Do away with the custom of treating, and more than half of the present drunkenness will cease. Who, then, will speak and act for it? Will you?—Christian Work.

A Fatal Remedy.

There was recently in the jail in New Brunswick, N. J., a woman who was arrested while participating in wild drunken orgies with a gang of tramps in the woods near the town. She appears to-day nothing but a besotted hag, but was only a short time ago the dutiful wife of a respectable man and the mother of three beautiful children. Her father, who is said to be living in a village in New York State, is a highly respected minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her children are in an asylum, and her husband is a wanderer in the West. The cause of her ruin was beer, prescribed for her by the family physician as a tonic. At first she refused to take it, having always been a teetotaler, but persuaded to obey the physician, she soon acquired a taste for the drink that speedily developed into the overmastering appetite, which has brought her and hers to this sad condition.

A Rumseller's Confession.

A man who had been rumselling for eleven years made this confession: "I have sold liquor long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterwards fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who cannot now buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth from $100,000 to $500,000 who are now without money, place or friends."—Baptist Argus.

Notes About the Crusade.

The death of each drunkard means the drafting of another boy to the ranks of the saloon.

The Royal Commission appointed by the British Parliament to investigate the rum business has finished taking evidence. It examined 160 witnesses.

The temperance question is co-extensive with human weakness, and at the most unexpected times and seasons occasions arise to help others by word and deed.

A parliamentary paper just issued shows that there are in Belgium no fewer than 183,000 liquor establishments of all kinds, or one to every twenty-nine of the population.

The Merrimac's Flag.

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, in his personal story of "The Sinking of the Merrimac" in the Century, says:

With regard to the ensign, I had asked Captain Miller about the ensign of the Merrimac. He said that he had already considered the matter, but had found that the strippers had taken off the ensign and the contents of the signal-chest, and even the signal-halyards. In fact, the men had been so keen for relics and souvenirs, that nothing seemed to have escaped. He said that he had, however, an enormous flag, blue field, or background, with "Maine" across it in large letters, which he proposed to have bent on. But I was particularly anxious for a large national flag, and put it down on the list of items for the executive officer to get us on the New York. I was a little afraid they would not let us have the flag, so I asked the executive officer not to say anything about it to the captain until we were gone, and told him that I should not hoist it while running in, or while doing so could in any way affect the success of the effort, but that I did wish very much to hoist it after firing the torpedoes as the vessel sank. The executive officer was not convinced, and his instinct of the risk involved was true; for though the captain let me have the flag without asking any questions, and it was bent on the halyards at the bridge ready for hoisting, it was never hoisted, for after the work was done, and the Merrimac was sinking, and a strong impulse set in to have the flag flying, it was clear, lying at the muzzles of the enemy's guns, that any move to hoist it would betray our position and cost the life of all. Responsibility for the group forbade the attempt.

A Preacher on Fire.

At Chacombe Church, Banbury, during the harvest thanksgiving services on a recent Sunday evening, according to the Westminster Gazette, the vicar, the Rev. G. J. Hammon, while holding forth with his usual stirring eloquence, was suddenly disturbed by several members of the congregation rising from their seats and exclaiming· "You're on fire, sir!" On putting out the fire with his hand the reverend gentleman thanked his informers and then proceeded with his discourse as if nothing had happened. Afterward it was found that the long lawn sleeve had been burned, the reporter pathetically adds, "beyond repair.' Congratulations were accorded to the vicar on his escape. The flames nearly reached his head before he discovered the cause of alarm.

Julius Cæsar Caught Scorching.

The announcement that Julius Cæsar was summoned for scorching on a bicycle must cause a smile upon the most serious face. There were many smiles at the Haywards Heath Petty Sessions.

Julius Cæsar did not appear at first, and the historic name seemed more out of place when bawled by a leather-lunged constable outside the court.

People began to think that a waggish cyclist had been playing larks with the rural constable, and had give a wrong name, but presently a young gentleman stepped into the box and all smiles ceased. "Are you Julius Cæsar?" quoth the clerk. "Yes, sir," replied the scorcher.—Sussex (England) News.

The Triumph of the Season.

A crop of sprains and bruises is harvested from outdoor sports. The cure is the crop St. Jacobs Oil delights in as the triumph of the season, the one that beats the record.

In olden times the English ate but three meals a day.

Knocks Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All druggists. 25c

Business failures in the United States for the past week numbered 178.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Trial by jury will be established in Siberia by recent ukase of the Czar.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

The first expedition to the South Pole took place in 1567.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29¾ Ohio Ave. Alleghany, Pa., March 19, 1894.

Many thousands of persons in Chicago wear wooden shoes.

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.

There are some tollgates still in Philadelphia, Penn.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Clubs for the study of the French language have been organized in Chicago.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them, to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
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NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

ST. JACOBS OIL cures Rheumatism.
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ST. JACOBS OIL cures Backache.
ST. JACOBS OIL cures Muscular Aches.

A calculation has been made showing that the war cost Spain $435,000,000 and the United States but $215,000,000.

Southern R'y Dining Car Service.

Commencing November 23d, additional Dining Car Service, Southern Railway Dining Cars, will be operated on the Southern Railway U. S. Fast Mail trains daily the year round, thus completing Dining Car Service on all trains of the Southern Railway, via Washington, to Florida, Atlanta, New Orleans, and points South and Southwest. The Dining Cars are all of the latest model and the markets are drawn upon liberally for the best and most seasonable supplies, while the cuisine and service are of the highest order. The Southern Railway is the only Southern Line operating Dining Cars the year round.—New York Office, 271 Broadway.

The Americans are the wealthiest people in the world per capita.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The movement of wheat and other breadstuffs continues large.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

A single human hair will support four ounces without breaking.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Willow wood is the most available for the use of powder manufacture.

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.

In Italy mushroom poisoning is of more than weekly occurrence.

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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—

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The History of JOHNSON'S HAPPY PILLS, for Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Liver Complaints, is unparalleled in the annals of a medicine. THEY CURE. — NO MERCURY. THE HAPPY MEDICINE CO., West New Brighton, S. I., Borough of Richmond, N.Y.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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INVENTION Wanted. Unpatented. First-class. ZERBE, 11 B'way, N. Y.

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Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning?

Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster protects the lungs from colds.

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