DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Power of Perseverance"—The Successful Are Not the Most Brilliant, But Those Who Everlastingly Stick to One Line of Endeavor.

TEXT: "But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left handed; and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon, the king of Moab."—Judges iii., 15.

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss. Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came pretending that he was going to pay the tax and asked to see Eglon. He was told that he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing fountains and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer house and said to Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waived out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the shaft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of liberty amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conquerer and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thine enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all Thy friends triumph!

I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use his left. Oh, the power of left handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, patient industry, all consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gather about them all their treasures, snuffing at the world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right handed men worse than useless—while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and started an influence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God world without end. Ah, me! It is high time that you left handed men, who have been longing for this gift and that eloquence and the other man's wealth, should take your hands out of your pockets. Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and asylums? Who has done the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand could throw a stone at a hair-breadth and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim and the next time you will strike the centre. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick he does not expect to put in a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board or drives a bit through a beam he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme he does not expect to chime "Lalla Rookh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if in your first efforts at doing good you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade. There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left handed men, to the work! Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! We are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to His service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and afterwards there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!"

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the struggle is fierce! It is store against store, house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandeliers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air. The voice of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded banners a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainment," but this may be said of you and me. "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christain, a friend to Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window, in the tinkle and dash of fountains, in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree branch, in the cool breeze that came up to shake the feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shrond, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer house. He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at the little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord, Jesus, come quickly!" Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff and give him the scepter! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here is a father in midlife. His coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! Death in the summer house!

Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked upon her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer house!

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury. When the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall, or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek or gentleness in the eye or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven. The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that the wrecked that have gone through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "Gate of Tears."

After the sharpest winter the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there comes the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the water rolls up they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human troubles Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosporescent track of His feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the car jolted the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was as gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to her father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits, and they refuse to pardon. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever! That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

A Foe to Fight—The Causes Which Have Produced an Era of Alcoholism—Alcohol a Moral, Physical, Intellectual and Social Poison—The Century's Curse.

We will fight the liquor traffic;
Yes, we'll fight it to the death,
We will lift our voice against it,
Just as long as we have breath.
We will not defend the rummies,
Nor for them apologize,
But expose their wretched business,
Till in misery it dies.

Would you tolerate a lion
Or a tiger in your street,
Which would trample or devour
Any child it chanced to meet?
Would you send your youth and children
Out upon that street to roam,
And you calmly sit indifferent
In the shelter of your home?

No, you would go out with weapons,
Every man in town would go
And with clubs and stones and bullets,
Give the beast a powerful blow;
There would be a great excitement,
You would boldly hunt him down,
And most certainly would kill him,
Or would drive him from the town.

Friend, do you esteem a lion
Or a tiger greater harm
Than saloons along your sidewalks?
Does it cause you more alarm?
See those rum shops unmolested,
Countless victims they destroy,
And they're waiting, surely longing
To ensnare your girl or boy.
—The National Advocate.

The Century's Curse.

The curse of modern society which strikes deep into every class is alcoholism. Alcoholism must not be confounded with drunkenness. says Dr. Bienfait, a Belgian scientist. Drunkenness always existed, but alcoholism, that passion of the masses for alcohol and its sad consequences for the individual, the family and society at large, was almost unknown a hundred years ago. How did this deadly passion take its rise? The dominant cause resides in the simple fact that formerly wine was dear and spirits anything but plentiful, whereas within the present century enormous quantity of alcohol have been dispensed everywhere. The result has been a perfect flood of distilled liquors all the world over within reach of the poorest. Very cheap at first, alcohol rose in price owing to the heavy duties placed upon it. Yet the consumption did not diminish. The laborer, however poor, still intoxicates himself at the cost of bitter privation to those dependent upon him. Man seeks in the use of spirituous liquors that happy dream state which brings oblivion to worry and casts a roseate hue over everything—not that condition of complete inebriation which sinks man lower than the beast, but the agreeable sensation experienced after partaking of even a small quantity of alcohol, and which gives the illusion of unwonted strength and energy. That is why the laborer, exhausted by his work and saddened by his present lot and gloomy future, has recourse to alcohol as to a wizard who, by a stroke of his magic wand, transports him beyond the borders of sordid reality. He does not stop to think, poor wretch, that the awakening will find him worse off than before.

Nor is the working class alone affected by alcoholism; intelligent and well educated people, who ought to set a good example, are also among its victims. The gin bottle accompanies the laborer, and the bottle of Burgundy, Bordeaux, rum or cognac is to be found on many a table. It is present at many a ceremony, many a discussion and numberless insipid conversations. This friend which gradually steals away health, reason and conscience is made the confidant of projects, hopes, despair, joy and sorrow. "Who cannot cite among the friends at the bar, in the army, in the civil service, and even in the medical profession," ask Dr. Bienfait, of Brussels, "such and such a person whose health is visibly undermined by abuse of liquor?" In Dr. Bienfait's opinion alcohol is a physical, moral, intellectual and social poison.—New York Herald.

Drunkards Barred Out.

She went reeling across the ladies' waiting room and fell in a senseless heap just inside the door. The great room was filled with the usual varied throng—smartly-dressed young women, intelligent-looking college girls, earnest, anxious mothers, quiet sisters of charity and others with the hard lessons of life written upon their tired faces—but not one among them all stepped forward to lend a helping hand to this fallen bit of humanity that lay, like a blot, upon the dusty floor. Even the big-hearted colored woman in charge drew herself up straight, with added dignity, and held herself aloof as, with curling lip, she touched the electric button at her elbow. A moment later an official appeared and smiled significantly as he raised the prostrate form and led it tottering from the room. No one followed, but all felt as if they had suffered an indignity, and so, shut out from the kind and the good, this frail sister went as if to her doom.

"Say, has Jenkins got a job yet?" we overheard one man ask another while waiting on the street for a car.

"No, course he hasn't," was the answer in gruff tones. "Doesn't deserve any. S'pose anybody's goin' to hire a man smellin' o' whisky half the time?"

The speaker was red-faced and bleary-eyed, but that did not seem to make any difference in the expression of his opinion.

In the popular mind there are few weaknesses or crimes that excite so little sympathy as the habit of intoxication. Man condemns his fellow-men without a hearing. Business methods demand sobriety and an unclouded brain. To the inebriate the hard world offers no place of trust or responsibility. "Out you go," is the decree of the employer to the employe who has made himself unreliable and incompetent by the dread curse. Could the tempted ones realize this truth, they would hesitate long before forging their chains.—Union Signal.

Notes of the Crusade.

The liquor traffic will never commit suicide.

Drink buries sorrow that rises again tomorrow.

Of 51,000 breweries in the world, 25,000 are in Germany.

The drink traffic practically bosses the political and commercial life of the country.

It appears that our army of occupation has introduced a new vice into Porto Rico, that of intoxication.

By a vote of the California Senate, no wine, beer, or other spirituous liquor was served at the inaugural ball.

Local-option contests in Georgia during the past year uniformly show increased majorities for no-license. The year 1898 shows a great gain of ten counties in the no-license column.

The indulgence in strong drink of fathers and mothers of families is the cause of much of the misery of childhood.

Strong drink qualifies you to become an undutiful child, an unnatural parent, a cruel husband or a disgusting wife.

The liquor law commission in Paul Krueger's Transvaal has recommended additional restrictions to the excise law and additional penalties for its violation. The last of the long list of punishments is thirty-five lashes.

Lord Kitchener, the Egyptian Sirdar, treats with great rigor the offense of drunkenness among his troops. Lord Kitchener's "cure" consists in compelling the offender to walk about for hours carrying in each hand a fifty-pound bag of shot.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDEFORD,
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

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. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

An Expensive Experiment.

A South Side man who is a clerk in one of the leading banks on this side of the river, was in a communicative mood last night. During a conversation about various things he took on a retrospective air and said: "There is nothing like the faithful discharge of one's duties, but it is sometimes an experiment."

On being questioned as to the cause of the remark he replied: "Well, it reminds me of an experience I had while employed in a prominent Fourth avenue bank. I don't mind telling it to you. The head bookkeeper was a character in many ways. Method was his hobby. He had a way of doing everything and he never varied from the rules he set down. Exactness in his accounts was a particular fad, and he spared no pains in carrying his ideas into effect. One afternoon in balancing our books it was found we was short one cent. We searched and searched, but when it came to the usual time for going home that cent was still missing.

"Do you think the head bookkeeper would allow us to go? Not much. Several of us had engagements we wanted to fulfill, but it made no difference. Supper time came and we were no farther ahead than when we started. Headed by the bookkeeper we repaired to a neighboring restaurant for supper and then returned to work. After several hours the missing cent was found and the accounts balanced. But in the figuring up it was discovered that in searching for the discrepancy of one cent the bank had incurred a bill for suppers to the amount of $7.50."

New Year's Day in China.

New Year is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the New Year. There are crowds, also, who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the Government.—London Mail.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package.

Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

TASTES GOOD CHILDREN LIKE IT
Dr. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL
ALL DRUGGISTS
25¢ A BOTTLE

Send Postal for Premium List to the Dr. Seth Arnold Medical Corporation, Woonsocket, R. I.

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.

Humanizing War.

A Russian chemist has discovered a most powerful anæsthetic, several times more powerful than chloroform. Experiments are being made at St. Petersburg to see if it cannot be inclosed in bombs, which would have the extraordinary effect of anæsthetizing instead of wounding the enemy.

Judge Pelton, of the Georgia Supreme Court, recently adjourned court because one of the witnesses preferred, instead of testifying, to keep an engagement to be married.

$27.50 Round Trip Rate, New Orleans, La., Mardi Gras Festivities, February 14th, 1899.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets to New Orleans at one fare for the round trip from Washington, $27.50. Tickets on sale February 7th to 13th, inclusive; final limit, February 28th, 1899. Double daily fast trains leaving New York 4.20 P. M. and 12.05 A. M. Through Pullman drawing room sleeping car, New York to New Orleans. Dining car service on both trains. The Mardi Gras festivities, which take place in New Orleans this year, will be more largely attended than any similar occasion heretofore. For further information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent 271 Broadway, New York.

Brazil raises about 360,000 tons of coffee annually.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much fa th in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Most of the phosphorous used in the world comes from bones.

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.

Russia's export of eggs exceeds 1,500,000,000 a year.

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.

Sleighing races are fashionable in Switzerland, especially at Arona.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

England gets $150,000 a year from the worn out uniforms of its army.

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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—

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stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free.
For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you sixteen medical books.

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We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently fit them for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
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BUY NORTHERN GROWN FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.
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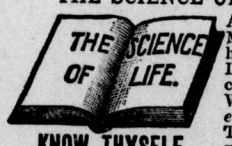

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