V. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Place to Begin."

TEXT: "Beginning at Jerusalem."—Luke xxiv., 47.

"There it is," said the driver, and we instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth. That city, crowned with temples and palaces and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjacent hills, was the capital of a great Nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Coronations of kings had rolled through it. Battering rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. No more interesting city ever built since men began to lay its first trowel or plumb line measure its first wall or royalty swung its scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great National heart whose throb sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said to the next to His disciples when He ordered them to start on the work of gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God is saying now in His providence to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Starting the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, try it. Taken that now and leave and give room for some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives and He is able to do all, as He says He will this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of Navesink to the Golden Horn, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ shall walk every lake, whether bestilled or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with the anthem of "glory to God and good will to men."

Again and again does the old book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser that takes America gloriously includes the world. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by His consecrated people it will be taken for Apollyon? The forces that will be on both sides are so tremendous that I regard the battle as a drawn battle. It is coming—Armageddon. Either the American Armada will perish and this Nation be hacked to bath with Herods and Hildebrands and Alva over to and Neros of baleful power, and Diocletians will reign, seated upon piled up alcoholism beer barrels, his mouth foaming with throne of domestic and National curse, and with dolift its unhindered knife of crime will and rattle keys of worst dungeon assassination torch of widest conflagration and wave cities be turned into Sodoms, and our mighty tempest of fire and waiting for and one tidal wave of brimstone will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on agent, or our ty, and the newspapers will be sanctified wings of benediction, and the apocalypse will be abandoned for lack of occupation, penitentiaries holiness and happiness, twin sons and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land and Christ reign over this Nation either in person or by agency so gloriously that the whole country will be one clear resounding echo of heaven. It will be one thing or the other. By the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever I declare it will be the latter. As the Lord will help me, as He aids. If the blessed be His glorious name—as He does—you saw a mighty work of grace will show Washington would have a tendency to begun at the whole continent to God, and to bring

[illegible] are this century

William the Conqueror ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell a midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of this century may not be sounded, and the fires be banked, and the lights extinguished as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century from the twentieth century until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of Him who is so glorious that William the Conqueror could not be compared to Him, even the One who rideth forth "conquering and to conquer."

Why should it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the North and the South. It is neither Northern nor Southern. It commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adamses Samuel and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the North and the other toward the South, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a National awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal thousands." It has often been said that the only way the North and the South will be brought into complete accord is to have a war with some foreign Nation in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls in which about 40,000,000 Northerners and Southerners shall be on the same side and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either Northern or Southern. This is neither, or rather it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives and other important places who are not fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart, but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the National Legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in the Senate or House of Representatives who were maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in Senate or House of Representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon this city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ. Do you say the effect would be elec-

More than that. It would be immediate. Do you say that such learned and gifted men are not wrought upon by religious influence? That shows you have not observed what has been going on.

Commodore Foote, representing the navy; General Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the Northern and Southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the Supreme Court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States Senate; William Pennington and scores of others, representing the House of Representatives, have surrendered to that gospel, which before this winter is out will in this capital of the American Nation, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the kingdom of God men of National and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another Pentecost. There are on yonder hill those who by the grace of God will become John Knoxes and Chrysostoms and Penelons and Bourdeleaus, when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heardin prayer meetings and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring 1000 or 10,000 other souls into the kingdom of God is worth 1000 times or 10,000 times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the Nation because it would reach all the States, cities, towns and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital!

Some of us remember 1857, when at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which 500,000 people were converted in different States of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago and was startled and thrilled and enchanted to read some words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian Church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Besides that, since then are the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as He comes to awaken and pardon and save these great populations.

People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at half past 7 o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal 3000 that I have referred to, but 30,000. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean Sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the Bible, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Let the battlecry be Washington for God, the United States for God, America for God, the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the ringing cry. Why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By Providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to north and south and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

This generation will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and spake in yonder National Legislature and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judicatory? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional cemetery. Ask the mausoleums all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon time prorogues parliaments and adjourns senates and disbands cabinets and empties pulpits and dismisses generations! What we would do we must do quickly or not do at all. I call upon people who cannot come forth from their sickbeds to implore the heavens in our behalf from their midnight pillows, and I call upon the aged who cannot, even by the help of their staff, enter the churches to spend their last days on earth in supplicating the salvation of this Nation, and I call upon all men and women who have been in furnaces of trouble, as was Shadrach, and among lions, as was Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as was Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and let the church of God everywhere lay hold of the Almighty arm that moves Nations. Then Senators of the United States will announce to the State legislatures that sent them here, and members of the House of Representatives will report to the Congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now and here engaged in the many departments of National service will write home, telling all sections of the country that the Lord is here and that He is on the march for the redemption of America. Hallelujah, the Lord is coming. I hear the rumbling of His chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of His lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow.

We want in this country, only on a larger scale, that which other centuries have seen of God's workings, as in the reformation of the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther and Philip Melanchthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan and Flavel and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant and Edwards and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening of 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop Macllvaine, the apostolic Episcopalian, and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others just as good in all denominations. Oh, will not some of those glorious souls of the past come down and help us? Come down off your thrones, Nettleton and Finney and Daniel Baker and Edward Payson and Truman Osborne and Earle and Knapp and Inskip and Archibald Alexander—that Alexander the Great of the Christian churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the gospel? Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us preach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith. Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all, and overwhelmed with reverent emotion, we ask it, come, Thou of tne deeply dyed garments of Bozrah; traveling in the greatness of Thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua, let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon and the moon above the valley of Ajalon until we can whip out the five kings of hell, tumbling them down the precipices as the other five kings went over the rocks to Bethhoron. Ha! Ha! It will so surely be done that I cannot restrain the laugh of triumph.

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock when he said, "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit; but, oh, how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters, "We seek the stars." Lord God, wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached, and it was said that men fell before the word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergyman, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will never be compelled to say as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion." But remember there is a human side as well as a divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising"—the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted: "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo, heave!"

With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives and mothers and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo, heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood vessels, the great beam went to its place and a wild hurra was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts, more Christian men to help—aye, more Christian women to reenforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together, men and women of God! Lift or die! The top stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do His part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the uses of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors enter the door of mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want Him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Oh, what news to tell, what news to relate to your old father and mother, what news to telegraph your friends on the other side of the mountains, what news with which to thrill your loved ones in heaven! It was of such news that a man read in a noonday meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript read:

Wherever we meet, you always say:
"What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?"
I have got good news to tell—
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you, too—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
"What's the news? What's the news?"
Oh, tell Him you you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

MEN GET EVEN.

They Give a Weird Function at Which No Ladies Are Allowed.

Society men of Shelbyville, Ind., attended a novel reception at the house of Mr. John C. De Prey, a wealthy business man. It was called a "Limburgerette," and was intended as a rebuke to the society ladies who insist on ignoring the men at afternoon teas.

Two hundred men most prominent in business and social circles attended. They went in full dress, but used as conveyances carts, drays, trucks, push carts and all manner of outlandish vehicles, until the assemblage blocked traffic around Mr. De Prey's residence. The reception was a take off on the usual afternoon tea. Limburger sandwiches and stogies were served by winsome dudes, who presided at their respective tables, and conversation turned chiefly on "horrid" girls and neckties. Coffee was served out of coal oil cans, and the guests ate off tin plates. All manner of pranks were indulged in. The affair was an immense success.

WILL DO QUICK WORK.

German Army to Be Supplied With a Terrible Rifle.

According to the latest news in military circles most of the guns and rifles now in use in the German army will soon find their way into old junk shops. Military authorities without exception are enthusiastic over the result of the recent trials of the Brand rifle.

A week or two ago a few facts were cabled regarding the efficacy of this death dealing weapon. It excels anything thus far contrived in portable arms. It will do all that the inventor claims for it. Volleys of fifty shots each can be fired in rapid succession, and one charge suffices for 2500 shots.

Herr Bronsard von Schellendorf, the Minister of War, speaks in high terms of praise of the new invention. He will ask for its immediate adoption after the trial shooting, which will take place in the near future and at which the Kaiser himself has promised to be present.

Snowstorm at Constantinople.

Constantinople has just had a snowstorm heavy enough to prevent trains from leaving the city and to suspend navigation in the port.

Where Bicycles Are Popular.

It is said that 10,000 bicycles were sold in Washington City during 1895, and that there are altogether 30,000 in the city.

THE DRUG CLERK'S STORY.

He Talks of Headaches and Nervousness and Gives a Cure for Both.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

It was the drug clerk's turn to tell a story of one of his experiences, and the reporter, expecting something good, as usual, settled himself comfortably in a chair prepared to give his undivided attention to the speaker. The latter was Henry Maier, who resides with his parents on Acqueduct Street, Newark, N. J., and who hands out medicine over the counter of Dr. Andrew F. Burkhardt's drug store at 271 Orange Street, this city.

"Perhaps I can do nothing better," he began, "than to tell you the secret of my good health. It is a story that I have told to many, recently, and as it resulted in good in each case, it may be worth your while to listen to it. To begin with, I was not always strong and robust, as I am now. Long hours of work and hard study had left me in a wretched condition. Frightful, lingering headaches found me a ready victim, and at times I was so nervous that the dropping of a pin would cause me to give a violent start, and then I would be seized with a fit of trembling that was, to put it mildly, exceedingly bothersome. Well, I began to doctor myself. Now I flatter myself that I know something of medicines; but with all my knowledge, I could find nothing that would cure those terrible headaches or put an end to my extreme nervousness. When I picked up a bottle my hand would shake as though I had the chills, and if it was a powder that I was handling I stood a good chance of sprinkling it all over these black trousers. Things went from bad to worse, and I soon realized that a man of my physical condition had better not attempt to mix any medicine.

"'Try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,' said Dr. Burkhardt, one day, and as you know the doctor's advice is always worth following, I got the Pink Pills and began to take them. Absinthe's lamp never performed the wonders of those pills. Would you believe it? Before I had taken the contents of one box my headache began to give me a day off occasionally, and soon it left me entirely. How about my nervousness? Well, the pills put an end to that with almost startling abruptness. You see I know enough about the business to appreciate the importance of following the prescribing physicians' directions, and by paying strict attention to those given by Dr. Williams' with each box of his Pink Pills, I was soon another fellow. Look at me now! A picture of health, eh? Well, that is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for a man, or a woman either. See, I can hold this glass of water out now without spilling a drop, but I couldn't do that two months ago and—"

"What is it, ma'm?" he asked of a neatly dressed woman across from the counter. "A box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" "Yes, sir, fifty cents, please. Thank you."

"These Pink Pills are great things," said Mr. Maier as he turned to the reporter again, and the latter, after all no longer, thought so too.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A Pennsylvania Farmer.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew last season over 200 bushels of Salzer's Silver Mine Oats from one measure I sent! How is that for old Pennsylvania? Over 30,000 farmers are going to try and beat this in 1896 and win $200 in gold! Then think of 116 bus. barley from one acre and 1200 big full bushels of potatoes and 230 bushels of Golden Triumph Corn!

What is tenable, and can't catch and spurry and 50 other rare things? Well, Salzer's catalogue will tell you. Largest growers of grasses, grains and farm seeds in America. Freights cheap to Pennsylvania and the east.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grain and grasses, including a new oats, free. (A.)

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Brooklyn man has been given a patent on ice cream.

When Dr. Miles' Electric Soap was first made to [illegible] it was a success. It [illegible] the most delicate and quality and doesn't cost much. Keep it at your grocer's and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

The latest invention in gloves is fitted with a palm mirror.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N.Y.

The 150,000 people of Kansas City, Mo., live on 13 1-2 square miles of land.

Throat Troubles. To allay the irritation that follows coughing, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." A simple and safe remedy.

The cinnamon gardens of Ceylon are said to have an area of 12,000 acres.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

The total capital invested in British railways is about 1,000,000,000 pounds sterling.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE PERRELL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '95.

A penny —or two

all extra profit.

That's the merchant's reason who urges an inferior binding for a costly skirt. It's not (*nothing is*) as good as

TRADE S·H·&M· MARK

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Look for S. H. & M. on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skilful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. R. L. Johns, of Selma, Ala., is in the habit of buying Ripans Tabules at White's Pharmacy at Selma. When interviewed at the time of a recent purchase, Mr. Johns said: "Ever since I was in the army, where I contracted indigestion and dyspepsia from eating "hard tack and sow belly," I have suffered much from those and kindred ailments. A son of mine who clerks for J. N. Harter in a drug store at Winfield, Kansas, told me while home on a visit, over year ago, to get a box of Ripans Tabules and take them. I did, and in a very short time I was benefited, and by the time they were half gone I was well, and since then I have felt better, ate more and relished it better than at any time since the war, and am doing more work now than I ever expected to do again. I tell you, they are the greatest medicine for a fellow's stomach I ever saw. This box is for a neighbor of mine out by me in the country. We always have them at home, and I never hesitate to recommend them when a fellow complains about his stomach hurting him.
(Signed), R. L. JOHNS."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (sixty cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, free.

PNCT 96

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

"Your BATTLE AX or your life"!
"Must have it"!

BattleAx PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents
and
The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

Work flies right along

when you take Pearline to it. So does the dirt. Every scrubbing brush seems to have wings.

You get through your cleaning in half the time you used to, and without any commotion or fuss.

Pearline saves rubbing. That means a good deal besides easy work, even in house-cleaning. Paint and wood-work and oil-cloth, etc., are worn out by rubbing.

Pearline cleans; with the least labor, and without the least harm, anything in the world that water doesn't hurt.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he is dishonest—*send it back.* 465 JAMES PYLE, New York.

SALZER'S VEGETABLE SEEDS

Are recognized as the best for all soils and climes, whether East or West, North or South, because they

Sprout Quickly, Grow Vigorously, Produce Enormously!

That is their record the world over. Being Northern-grown, they are bred to earliness. There is lots of money made in early vegetables, and we are going to make a bold statement here that the earliest, choicest vegetables in the world are produced from Salzer's Seeds. Our Catalogue tells you what, so if you wish to make money—that is, have vegetables in the market 10 to 20 days ahead of your neighbors—plant Salzer's Seeds. Send 4c. for market gardeners' wholesale list. 25c Lightning Cabbage is the earliest Cabbage variety of the world, 5 tons per acre; 2 1/2 lbs. for market in 60 days! Pkg., 15c.; oz., 25c.; 1/4 lb., 75c.; lb., $2.50.

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Our mammoth Plant and Seed Catalogue, containing a magnificent array of the choicest vegetables, with prices dirt cheap, is mailed to you upon receipt of 5c. postage, or Catalogue and Package of Early Red Radish upon receipt of 8c.

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