DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

The Different Lives Men Lead—Why Some Are Successful and Others Fail—A Life of Sin and Worldly Indulgence is a Dire Failure—The Life Worth Living.

TEXT: "What is your life?"—James iv., 14.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon, in his unhappy moments, says it is not, "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessings of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and generous salary and happily affianced and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tiptop of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say, "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands of those who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the noes would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" It answer, "I all depends upon the kind of life you live."

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in Government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apolexy, or more probably they have a telegraph or telephone in their own houses, so they catch every breadth of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her. She will not ride to their door. They send princely escort. She will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches. She will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate. She turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony. She will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these two nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse and the falsehood, and the caricature and the anathema, and the caterwauling and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that. Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir piled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling forty or fifty years when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living!

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil, is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstome this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am in the evening of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body, which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch the sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which after 6000 years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him."

The young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him; "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80 years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after awhile he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old: "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last office of respect. But as the farming son and the clergyman, and the Senator and the merchant and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door and said, "Let me go, let me go to my liebe mutter,"—major generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theatre in London offered her $100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you to-day. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah, my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to the people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rigidly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

WHEAT CROP SITUATION.

Estimated Deficiency of 14,000,000 Quarters in the World's Supply.

The Mark Lane Express, of London, reviewing the crop situation, says:

"The weather has been adverse to the completion of the harvest, and the quantity of grain still out is considerable.

"The French wheat crop is estimated at 31,000,000 quarters by the chief writers of the Paris press. Correspondents of English business firms state that the crop will amount to from 33,000,000 to 36,000,000 quarters. The Austro-Hungarian crop is stated to be 17,000,000 quarters. If this is true, it adds greatly to the gravity of the situation.

"The American crop is reckoned by careful judges to be 68,500,000 quarters, or 11,000,000 quarters improvement, to offset a decline of 9,000,000 quarters in Russia and 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 quarters in France.

"All the figures point, therefore, to a deficiency in the world's supply of 14,000,000 quarters. Should the demand be actually as large as this, the stores of old wheat will be used up, and a crisis of great seriousness will only be prevented by generally good prospects for the spring of 1898. We are not, however, entitled to argue that such prospects will be more than the average."

STUDENTS' AWFUL CRUELTY.

A Horrible Hazing Episode at the University of California.

There will be no more "rushes" at the University of California if President Kellogg's latest mandate is exercised.

Half dazed, his jaw broken, his face a bleeding mass, Benjamin Kurtz, a newly elected freshman, was found wandering about the campus after the rush between the two lower classes. In the struggle some one put his heel on Kurtz's face, and as a result he is disfigured for life and may have sustained injury of the brain. An examination showed that a piece of flesh had been torn from one nostril. The upper lip hung only by a shred and the rpgged nature of the scar made the injury all the more serious. The front teeth were gone. Four teeth had been knocked out of the lower jawbone, in which they had been embedded, and part of the bone was broken out with them.

Both the upper and lower jaws were smashed and the flesh of all the face crushed and bleeding. There were two other serious casualties.

HER SPECIALTY IS TWINS.

A Colored Wife, Under Eighteen, Has Given Birth to Four Pairs.

Not yet eighteen years old and the mother of four pairs of twins!

This is the record made by Pearly Bradford, a colored woman of East St. Louis, Ill. The remarkable young mother asked Dr. Woods, Supervisor of the Poor, for food to keep herself and children from starving. She has been a resident of East St. Louis five years, she says, having come there from New Orleans, where her husband is now trying to get employment. All but three of her children are dead. The live ones are healthful and strong, though quite young.

Mrs. Bradford is very black. She will not be eighteen years old, she says, until November 25 next, and is again approaching motherhood. She was married when a child.

Dr. Woods made a careful investigation into the statements made by Mrs. Bradford and found them to be correct and the woman honest and truthful.

Not Young, But They Married.

Isaac Selover, seventy-four years old, a widower and a wealthy farmer of Spottswood, N. J., and Miss Mary Phillips, a spinster, sixty years old, have just been married. Selover lived with his son, a married man, forty years old, but it is said that he and his son did not agree. So he thought he would get married again, and Miss Phillips agreed to become his wife. His children were opposed to the marriage, but Selover insisted that he knew his own business.

Mutineers Kill Fifty-Nine Men.

A mutiny has occurred among the troops of the Congo Free State in the Toro District of Africa. The mutineers, it is said, killed fifty-nine Belgian officers and men and destroyed all the forts, committing depredations right and left.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 19.

"Losing One's Life and Finding It." John xii 1-8, 20-26.

DAILY READINGS.

LOSING AND FINDING LIFE.

Sept. 13. Losing.—Like Pilate. Matt. xxvii. 11-26.
Sept. 14. Like Herod. Mark vi. 14-29.
Sept. 15. Like Felix. Acts xxiv. 22-27.
Sept. 16. Finding.—Like Paul. Acts xx. 17-25.
Sept. 17. Like Stephen. Acts vi. 8-15; vii. 54-60.
Sept. 18. Like John the Baptist. Matt. xiv. 1-12.
Sept. 19. Losing one's life and finding it. John xii. 1-8, 20-26.

Scripture Verses.—Ps. cxlix. 4; Prov. xviii. 12; xxii. 4; Matt. v. 5; xviii. 3, 4; xxiii. 12; Luke i. 48, 52; xviii. 14; Phil. ii. 9-11; Jas. iv. 10; I Peter v. 6.

LESSON THOUGHTS.

We can have only one life—a selfish, sinful, worldly life, which is ours by nature; or a "life hid with Christ in God." We can not have both, but we may begin the latter at once by the death of the former.

In the business world transactions are sometimes made with actual loss to the merchant, in the hope of a resulting future gain which will more than balance the loss. The eternal gain of heaven may be purchased by the sacrifice of the short pleasures that the world may offer.

SELECTIONS.

Many Christians at the present time could truly say to God, "Some of self and some of thee," and that is the reason why their lives are so joyless and so powerless. But when a Christian has reached the stage where he can say to his Lord, "None of self, but all of thee," then it is that his soul will be flooded with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, and a divine power will be made manifest in his life to all those that come into contact with him.

It is not hard to see, as other lives are studied, that blessedness entered them in proportion to the fulness of the surrender, just as the sunlight floods a room according to the number of the windows that are ready to receive it.

Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain!

No pain suffered, nor service rendered, nor work done for Christ, is lost. . . . The poorer we become for him, the richer we shall grow. The more we forget ourselves, the more will he remember us.

Labor World.

It is estimated that $40,000 a month will soon be paid to the raisin packers of Fresno, Cal.

American railroads are employing one hundred thousand more men than they were in 1896.

The striking coal miners doubt whether the sixty-five cents a ton rate will be accepted by the men.

A syndicate has been formed in Tient-sin, China, for erecting a large cotton manufactory in that place.

The Trades Union Congress, in Birmingham, England, pledged moral and financial aid to the striking engineers, and favored an eight-hour day.

The engineering strike in England may drive manufacturers to the Continent.

Many New England cotton and woolen mills which have been idle for a long time past, have started up, owing to the improved conditions of trade.

In New York on Labor Day there were no processions, no speeches, no demonstration to show the public the growing strength of labor organizations.

The Amoskeag Mills, Manchester, N. H., started on full time after a shut-down of one month. Eight thousand operatives returned to work. All the big mills in the city are now running.

Uninstructed delegates who favor accepting the operators' terms to end the coal miners' strike were selected in the Pittsburg district to attend the National convention at Columbus, Ohio.

William F. Cochran formally presented a fully equipped six-story club house to the workingmen of Yonkers, N. Y.

The Falls Company, of Norwich, Conn., manufacturers of cotton goods, started on full time in all departments, giving employment to 500 hands. The plant shut down August 14 for the annual repairs, but prior to the shut-down the concern had been operated short-handed.

Labor Day was celebrated in Louisville, Ky., by a parade of 6000 men. Business was largely suspended. The parade ended at Phoenix Hill Park, where a picnic was given during the afternoon and evening. Speeches were made during the evening by local leaders. The feature of the parade was the assignment of a section for the unemployed at the end of the Fourth Division. Strange to say, there was not one in this division.

The best burglar-proof safes are made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal, which are welded together. This combination will not yield to either drill or sledge-hammer.

The harbor of Rio Janeiro has 50 miles of anchorage, and is the finest in the world.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 271 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale at Middleburgh, Pa., by W. H. SPANGLER.

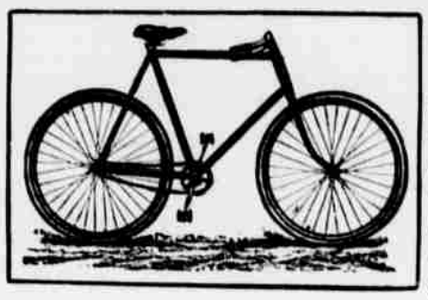
WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer.

"All the World Loves a Winner"

Our 'Ninety-Seven Complete Line of

Monarch Bicycles

are the Supreme Result of our Years of Experience



MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK LONDON

Retail Salesrooms: 152 Dearborn St. 87-89 Ashland Ave. Chicago

Baco-Curo The only scientific cure for the Tobacco habit.
Baco-Curo Has cured thousands where other remedies failed. (Write for proofs.)
Baco-Curo Does not depend on the will power of the user. It is *the* Cure. Vegetable & harmless.
Baco-Curo Directions are clear: *Use all the Tobacco you want* until Baco-Curo notifies you to stop.
Baco-Curo Is the *Original Written Guarantee* Remedy that refunds your money if it fails to cure.

Investigate Baco-Curo before taking any remedy for the Tobacco Habit.

All druggists are authorized to sell Baco-Curo with our iron clad written guarantee.

One box $1.00; 3 boxes (guaranteed cure) $2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, we will send it. Write for free booklet and proofs.
EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO., LaCrosse, Wis.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

WE MAKE Wheels, Quality Guaranteed the Best. Too!

STYLES: Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem.

The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.

THE ELDREDGE ....AND.... THE BELVIDERE.

We always Made Good Sewing Machines! Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!

National Sewing Machine Co., 339 Broadway, New York. Factory: Belvidere, Ills.

STOVE :: NAPHTHA

The Cheapest and Best Fuel on the Market. With it you can run a vapor stove for one-half cent per hour. Give us a call and be convinced.

W. E. STAHLNECKER, Middleburgh, Pa.

Chocolate Coated RIPANS TABULES are intended for children, ladies and all who prefer a medicine disguised as confectionery. They may now be had (put up in Tin Boxes, seventy-two in a box), price, twenty-five cents or five boxes for one dollar. Any druggist will get them if you insist, and they may always be obtained by remitting the price to

The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St. New York.

ONE GIVES RELIEF