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The Devoted Consumption Can be Cured.

Dr. A. Slocum, the Great Chemist and Scientist, will send to Sufferers, Three Free Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be finer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, Dr. A. Slocum, M. C., of New York City.

He has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, catarrhal affections, general debility and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away, and to make its great merits known, will send three free bottles of his newly discovered remedy to any afflicted reader of the Free.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The doctor considers it not only his professional, but his religious duty—a duty which he regards as suffering humanity—to donate his invaluable cure.

He has provided the "dreaded consumption" to be a curable disease beyond a doubt, in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of heart-felt testimonials of gratitude from those benefited and cured, in all parts of the world.

Catarrhal and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption and consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. Do not delay until it is too late. Simply write Dr. A. Slocum, M. C., 26 Pine Street, New York, giving express and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the doctor you saw his offer in the Free.

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Give prompt relief to insomnia, falling memory and the waste and drain of vital powers, incurred by indiscretions or excesses of early years. Impart vigor and potency to every function of the system.

Trace up the system. Give books and letters to the editor. One free remedy. 50 boxes at \$5.00 a complete cure or money refunded.

For sale in Middleburg, Pa., by Middleburg Drug Co., in Mt. Pleasant Mills by Henry Harding, and in Penn's Creek by J. W. Sumpell.

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A PEOPLE'S CHURCH.



Dr. Talmage in this sermon strongly advocates a place for worship where rich and poor meet alike, as in Catholic churches, and that the masses are not relegated to mission chapels.

He takes his text from Acts xvii, 9, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

There is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry: "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business! They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true, for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down as our glorious Christianity. The fact is that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears and meekness and fastidiousness, afraid of crossing people's prejudices, afraid of making somebody mad, with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a spiritual chloroform, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this represents the religion of Christ as robust and brave—ransacking and upsetting 10,000 things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought religion was peace." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—revolution!

The religion of the Bible will make a revolution in the family. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overthrown by it, while justice and band will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink as well as all the money that his wife makes, and some times sends the children's clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she will have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be subject to the husband. I know it, but that is a husband, not a masculine caricature. There is no woman or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle, it will give the dominancy to that one who is the most worthy of it.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not get out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud, and George will jump higher than he ever did before. I will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat nor hoop nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream upon it. The books of remembrance will record it, and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen where the prayer is long and a long chapter is read, with tedious explanation, and the exercise keeps on until the children's knees are sore, and their backs ache, and their patience is lost, and for the seventh time they have counted all the rungs in the chair, but I mean a family altar such as may have been seen in your father's house. You may have wondered far off in the paths of sin and darkness, but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt impugning God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty, joyful family altar in every domestic circle. You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple or a grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or a Mary and Martha and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits, as that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells, as in the house of Simon the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ, coming into the domestic circle, will overthrow all jealousies, all enmities, and peace and order and holiness will take possession of the home.

Again, Christianity will produce a revolution in commercial circles. Five hundred merchants, and you will have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You may say to some about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest, but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest, but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest, but he loans money on head and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage cannot be quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half price." Honest? When he loaned the money, he knew that he would get the homestead at half price. Honest? But he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life and tells the doctor that he is well when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest? Though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water, but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah, my friends, there is but one standard of the everlasting right and of the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible, and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses I believe that one-half of them will go over! The ruin will begin at one end of the street, and it will be crash! crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter? Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh, no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been an unaccountable panic?" "No." This is the secret: The Lord God has set up his throne of judgment in the exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before him. What was 1837? A day of judgment. What was 1857? A day of judgment. What was the extreme depression of two years ago? A day of judgment. Do you think that God is going to wait until he has burned the world up before he rights these wrongs? I tell you nay! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond upon bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid, and as he stands looking at it he thinks it can never be destroyed, but the Lord God comes and with his little finger pushes it all over.

Here is your money safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock and the ponderous door swings back. But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money safe may be, you cannot keep God out. He will come some day into your counting room, and he will demand: "Where did that note of hand come from? How do you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does this mean?" If it is all right, God will say: "Well, done, good and faithful servant. Be prosperous in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong, he will say: "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable in your iniquities in this life, and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves and horse jockeys and pickpockets."

The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in our churches. The noncommittal, do nothing policy of the church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work, but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man: "Your coat is too bad and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen where the church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright sunny days are not half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston in which, it is said, there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper and said it was not so at all; "they were elegant people and highly conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright, and when I laugh I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. It seems to me that you must be faring sumptuously every day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather you are priding yourself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath day I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance. You do not need the gospel so much as they. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have a pleasant time here. But these dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in position now, and if there be any consolation in Christ's gospel for God's sake give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The sanctimonious of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say that the present mode of conducting finances is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry revolution! It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down in one terrible crash the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the church lifeboat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout: "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a lifeboat. Those seats at the prow are \$1 apiece, those in the middle five cents and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up or else founder on a little longer till the mission boat whose work it is to save you penniless wretches shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat." The talk is whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, this truth plainly—that until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals they will beat you. In their cathedrals the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side. And until that time comes in our churches we cannot expect the favor of God or permanent spiritual prosperity.

Revolution! It may be that before the church learns its duty to the masses God will scourge it and come with the whip of omnipotent indignation and drive out the money changers. It may house and blackshop and factory and engine house, and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer meeting, in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In those days of which I am speaking there is to be a great day of upsetting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now.

In that future day of the reconstructed church of Christ the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun stained through painted glass until an intelligent auditor looks green and blue and yellow and copper colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday.

The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shot, where five hundred souls were born to God in one day—such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre and warehousing the services of the church of God will be more spirited. The ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they are going to lose their place in their notes, will get on fire with the theme and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditor, crying out to the righteous, "It shall be well with you," and to the wicked, "Woe! it shall be ill with you." In those days the singing will be very different from what it is now. The music will weep and wail and chant and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on "Windham" and "Ortonville" and "Old Hundred." Grandfather will find the place for his grandchild in the hymn book, or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna and together go climbing to the throne, and the angels of heaven will hoist, and it will be as when two seas meet—the wave of earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free.

Oh, my God, let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease or accident or wave of the sea to disappoint my expectations. Let all that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fall my ears rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountain top to catch the first ray of the dawn and when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot may we all be ready, with arches sprung and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way, and when Jesus dismounts let it be amid the huzzas! huzzas! of a world redeemed!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men, drinking wine. A messenger came in, bringing a letter informing him of a conspiracy to end his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but instead of opening it, put it into his pocket and said to the messenger who brought it, "Business to-morrow." The next day he died. Before he opened the letter the government was captured. When he read the letter, it was too late. To-day I put into the hand of every man and woman who hears or reads these words a message of life. It says, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say, "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee!

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Advertisement for 'Pain' medicine, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring a fisherman carrying a large cod fish on his back, and text describing its benefits for respiratory and general health.

Advertisement for Marble Works, listing services for granite and marble monuments, headstones, and cemetery lot enclosures.

Advertisement for Blood Poison treatment, describing a specialty cure for various skin and systemic conditions.

Advertisement for Jury List, listing names of grand jurors and petit jurors for the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Advertisement for a Common Danger, warning of health risks and promoting a specific remedy.

Advertisement for Union Steam Laundry, listing services and contact information for Adams & Youtz.

Advertisement for Faultless Linen, promoting high-quality laundry services and products.

Advertisement for Marble-Ya, featuring a large illustration of a marble monument and text describing its quality and availability.

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