DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOME.

(Preached at Grimsby, Canada.)

Text: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—Ruth i., 16 and 17.

Famine in Judah. Upon fields distinguished for fertility the blight came, and at the door of princely abodes want knocked. Turning his back upon his house and his lands, Elimelech took his wife, Naomi and his two sons and started for the land of Moab in search of bread. Getting into Moab, his two sons married idolaters—Ruth the name of one, Orpah the name of the other. Great calamities came upon that household. Elimelech died and his two sons, leaving Naomi, the wife, and the two daughters-in-law. Poor Naomi! in a strange land and her husband and two sons dead. She must go back to Judah. She cannot stand it in a place where everything reminded her of her sorrow. Just as now, sometimes you see persons moving from one house to another, or from one city to another, and you cannot understand it until you find out that it is because there were associations with a certain place that they could no longer bear. Naomi must start for the land of Judah; but how shall she get there? Between Moab and the place where she would like to go there are deserts; there are wild beasts ranging the wilderness; there are savages going up and down, and there is the awful Dead Sea. Well, you say, she came over the road once, she can do so again. Ah! when she came over the road before she had the strong arms of her husband and her two sons to defend her; now they are all gone. The hour of parting has come, and Naomi must be separated from her two daughters-in-law. Ruth and Orpah. They were tenderly attached, these three mourners. They had bent over the same sick bed; they had moved in the same funeral procession; they had wept over the same grave. There the three mourners stand talking. Naomi thinks of the time when she left Judah, with a prince for her companion. Then they all think of the marriage festivals when Naomi's two sons were united to these women, who have now exchanged the wreath of the bride for the veil of the mourner. Naomi starts for the land of Judah, and Ruth and Orpah resolve to go a little way along with her. They have gone but a short distance when Naomi turns around and says to her daughters-in-law: "Go back. There may be days of brightness yet for you in your native land. I can't bear to take you away from your home and the homes of your kindred. I am old and troubled. Go not along with me. The Lord deal gently with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." But they persisted in going, and so the three traveled on until after awhile Naomi turns around again and begs them to go back. Orpah takes the suggestion, and after a sad parting goes away; but Ruth, grand and glorious Ruth, turns her back upon her home. She says: "I can't bear to let that old mother go alone. It is my duty to go with her." And throwing her arms around weeping Naomi, she pours out her soul in the tenderness and pathos and Christian eloquence of my text: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Five choices made Ruth in that text, and five choices must we all make, if we ever want to get to heaven.

I. In the first place, if we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian's God. Beautiful Ruth looked up into the wrinkled face of Naomi and said: "Thy God shall be my God." You see it was a change of gods. Naomi's God was Jehovah; Ruth's God was Chemosh, the divinity of the Moabites, whom she had worshiped under the symbol of a black star. Now she comes out from that black-starred divinity, and takes the Lord in whom there is no darkness at all; the silver-starred divinity to whom the meteor pointed down in Bethlehem, the sunshiny God, of whom the psalmist wrote: "The Lord God is a sun." And so, my friends, if we want to become Christians, we must change gods. This world is the Chemosh to most people. It is a black-starred god. It can heal no wounds. It can wipe away no sorrows. It can pay no debts. It can save no undying soul. It is a great cheat, so many thousand miles in diameter and so many thousand miles in circumference. If I should put this audience under oath, one-half of them would swear that this world is a liar. It is a bank which makes large advertisement of what it has in the vaults and of the dividends that it declares, and tells us that if we want happiness, all we have got to do is to come to that bank and apply for it. In the hour of need, we go to that bank to get happiness, and we find that the vaults are empty, and all reliabilities have absconded and we are swindled out of everything. O thou black-starred Chemosh, how many are burning incense at thy shrine!

Now, Ruth turned away from this god Chemosh, and she took Naomi's God. Who was that? The God that made the world and put you in it. The God that fashioned the heaven and filled it with blissful inhabitants. The God whose lifetime study it has been to make you and all his creatures happy. The God who watched us in childhood, and led us through the gauntlet of infantile distresses, feeding us when we were hungry, pillowing us when we were somnolent, and sending his only Son to wash away our pollution with the tears and blood of his own eye and heart, and offering to be our everlasting rest, comfort, and ecstasy. A loving God. A sympathetic God. A great-hearted God. An all-encompassing God. A God who flings himself on this world in a very abandonment of everlasting affection. The clouds, the veil of his face. The sea, the aquarium of his palace. The stars, the dew-drops on his lawn. The God of Hannah's prayer and Esther's consecration, and Mary's broken heart, and Ruth's loving and bereft spirit. Oh, choose ye between Chemosh and Jehovah! The one service is pain and disappointment; the other service is brightness and life. I have tried both. I chose the service of God because I was ashamed to do otherwise. I felt it would be imbecile for me to choose Chemosh above Jehovah.

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
Oh Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

"Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

II. Again, if we want to be Christians like Ruth in the text, we must take the Christian's path. "Where thou goest I will go," cried out the beautiful Moabitess to Naomi, the mother-in-law. Dangerous promise that. There were deserts to be crossed. There were jackals that came down through the wilderness. There were bandits. There was the Dead sea. Naomi says: "Ruth, you must go back. You are too delicate to take this journey. You will give out in the first five miles. You cannot go. You have not the physical stamina or the moral courage to go with me." Ruth responds: "Mother, I am going anyhow. If I stay in this land I will be overborne of the idolaters; if I go along with you, I shall serve God. Give me that bundle. Let me carry it. I am going with you, mother, anyhow."

And if we want to serve God we must do as Ruth did, crying out: "Where thou goest, I will go." Never mind the Dead Sea. Afoot or horseback. If there be rivers to the way we must ford them. If there be mountains to scale, we must scale them. If there be enemies to fight, we must fight them. It requires grit and pluck to get from Moab to Judah. Oh, how many Christian there are who can be diverted from the path by a quiver of the lip, indicative of scorn. They do not surrender to temptation, but they bend to it. And if in a company there be those who tell unclean stories, they will go so far as to tell something on the margin between the pure and the impure. And if there be those who swear in the room and use the rough word "damn," they will go so far as the word "darn," and look over the fence wishing they could go farther; but as to any determination, like Ruth's, to go the whole road of all that is right, they have not the grace to do it. They have not in all their body as much courage as Ruth had in her little finger. Oh, my friends, let us start for heaven and go clear through! In the river that runs by the gate of the city we shall wash off all our bruises. When Dr. Chalmers printed his astronomical discourses, they were read in the haylofts, in the fields, in the garrets, and in the palaces, because they advocated the idea that the stars were inhabited. Oh, hearer! does not your soul thrill with the thought that there is another world beautifully inhabited? Nay, more, that you by the grace of God may become one of its glorious citizens?

III. Again I remark, if we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose the Christian habitation. "Where thou lodgest, will I lodge," cried Ruth to Naomi. She knew that wherever Naomi stopped, whether it were hovel or mansion, there would be a Christian home, and she wanted to be in it. What do I mean by a Christian home? I mean a home in which the Bible is the chief book; a home in which the family kneel in prayer; a home in which father and mother are practical Christians; a home in which on Sabbath, from sunrise to sunset, there is profitable converse and cheerful song and suggestions of a better world. Whether the wall be frescoed or not, or only a ceiling of unplaned rafters; whether marble lions are couchant at the front entrance, or a plain latch is lifted by a tow-string, that home is the ante-chamber of heaven. A man never gets over having lived in such a home. It holds you in an eternal grip. Though your parents may have been gone forty years, the tears of penitence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in your memory. Nay, do you not now feel hot and warm on your hands, the tears which that mother shed thirty years ago, when, one cold winter night, she came and wrapped you up in the bed and prayed for your welfare here and for your everlasting welfare before the throne?

O ye who are to set up your own home, see that it be a Christian home! Let Jesus make the wine at that wedding. A home without God is an awful place, there are so many perils to threaten it, and God himself is so bitterly against it; but "the Lord encampeth around about the inhabitation of the just." What a grand thing it is to have God stand guard at that door, and the Lord Jesus the family physician; and the wings of angels the canopy over the pillow, and the Lord of Glory a perpetual guest. You say it is important that the wife and mother be a Christian. I say to you it is just as important that the husband and father be a Christian. Yet how many clever men there are who say: "My wife does all the religion of my house. I am a worldly man; but I have confidence in her, and I think she will bring the whole family up all right." It will not do, my brother. The fact that you are not a Christian has more influence on your family than the fact that your wife is a Christian. Your children will say: "Father's a very good man; he is not a Christian, and if he can risk the future, I can risk the future." O father and husband! join your wife on the road to heaven, and at night gather your family at the altar. Do you say: "I can't pray. I am a man of few words and I don't think I could put half a dozen sentences together in such a prayer." You can pray; you can. If your child were down with scarlet fever, and the next hour were to decide its recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs and groans and paroxysms of earnestness. Yes, you can pray. When the eternal life of your household may depend upon your supplication, let your knees limber and go down, but, if you still insist that you cannot compose a prayer, then buy or borrow a prayer book of the Episcopal church, and gather your family, and put your prayer book on a chair and kneel down before it, and in the solemn and hushed presence of God gather up all your sorrows and temptations and sins, and cry out: "Good Lord, deliver us."

IV. Again I remark: If we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose Christian associations. "Thy people shall be my people," cried out Ruth to Naomi. "The folks you associate with I want to associate with. They will come and see me, and I will go and see them. I want to move in the highest of all circles, the circle of God's elect; and therefore, mother, I am going back with you to the land of Judah." Do you who are seeking after God—and I suppose there are many such in this presence—do you who are seeking after God prefer Christian society to worldly society? "No," you say, "I prefer the world's mirth, and the world's laughter, and the world's innuendo, and the world's paraphernalia." Well, this is a free country, and you shall have the right of choice; but let me tell you that the purest mirth, and the most untrammeled glee, and the greatest resilience of soul are inside Christian companionship, and not outside of it. I have tried both styles of companionship—the companionship of the world and the companionship of Christ, and I know by experience. I have been now so long in the sunshiny experience and society of Christian people, that when I am compelled to go for a little while amid intense worldly society I feel depressed. It is like going out of a June garden into an icehouse. Men never know fully how to laugh until they become Christians. The world's laughter has a jerk of dissatisfaction at the end; but when a man is consecrated to God, and he is all right for the world to come, then when he laughs, body, mind and soul crackle. Let a group of ministers of the gospel, gathered from all denominations of Christians, be together in a dining hall, or in a social circle, and you know they are proverbially jocund, O, ye unconverted people! I know not how you can stand it down in that moping, bilious, saturnine, worldly association. Come up into the sunlight of Christian society—those people for whom all things are working right now, and will work right forever. I tell you that the sweetest japonicas grow in the Lord's garden; that the largest grapes are from the vineyards of Canaan; that the most sparkling floods break forth from the Rock of Ages. Do not too much pity this Ruth of my text, for she is going to become joint owner of the great harvest fields of Boaz.

V. Once more: If we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian's death and burial. She exclaimed: "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I think we all, when leaving this world, would like to be surrounded by Christian influences. You would not like to have your dying pillow surrounded by caricaturists and punsters and wine bibbers. How would you like to have John Leech come with his London pictorials and Christopher North with his loose fun, and Tom Hood with his rhyming jokes, when you are dying? No! No! No! Let me have a Christian nurse in my last sickness. Let me have a Christian physician to administer the medicine. Let it be a Christian wife, or parent, or child, that watches the going out of the tides of my mortal existence. Let Christian men come into the room and read of the illuminated valley and the extinguishment of grief, and drown the hoarse blasts of death with the strains of "Mt. Pisgah" and "St. Martin."

In our last moment we will all be children. Said Dr. Guthrie, the famous Scotch clergyman, when dying: "Sing me a bairn's hymn." Yes, we will all be children then. In that hour the world will stand confounded around us. Our friends may cry over us; tears will not help us. They may look sad; what we want is radiation in the last moment—thinking it will help them die. In our last moment we want that bread which came down from Heaven. Who will give it to us? Oh, we want Christian people in the room, so that if our hope begins to struggle they may say: "Courage, brother! all is well! Courage!" In that expiring moment I want to hear the old songs we used to sing in church and prayer meetings. In that last moment I want to hear the voice of some Christian friend pleading that the sins and shortcomings of my life may be forgiven, and the doors of heaven may be opened before my entranced spirit.

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die:
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high."

Yes, Christian people on either side of the bed, and the Christian people at the foot of the bed, and Christian people to close my eyes, and Christian people to carry me out, and Christian people to look after those whom I leave behind, and Christian people to remember me a little while after I am gone. "Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Sometimes an epitaph covers up more than it expresses. Walking through Greenwood Cemetery I have sometimes seen an inscription which impressed me how hard the sculptor and friends were trying to make out a good story in stone. I saw from the inscription that the man or woman buried there had died without hope. The inscription told me the man was a member of Congress, or a bank President, or some prominent citizen, but said nothing about his soul's destiny. The body is nothing. The soul! The soul! And here by this inscription I see that this man was born in 1800 and died in 1875. Seventy-five years on earth, and no Christian hope! Oh, if in all the cemeteries of your city the graves of those who have gone out of this world unprepared should sigh on the wind, who would have the nerve to drive through such a place? If all those who have gone out of this world unprepared could come back to-day and float through the air, telling the story of their discomfiture, this audience would fall flat on its face, asking to be rescued from the avalanche of horror.

My hearers, do you wonder that this Ruth of my text made the Christian's choice and closed it with the ancient form of imprecation upon her own soul, if she ever forsook Naomi: "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." They were to live together. Come the jackals, come the bandits, roll on Dead Sea! My hearers, would you not like to be with your Christian friends forever? Have there not gone out persons from your household whom you would like to spend eternity with? They were mild, and loving, and gentle, and beautiful, while here. You have no idea that the joys of heaven have made them worse. Choose their Christ, and you may have their heaven. They went in washed through the blood of the Lamb, and you must have the same glorious ablution. With holy violence I put my hands on you to-day, to push you on toward the immediate choice of this only Saviour. Have him you must, or perish world without end. Elect this moment as the one of contrition and transport. Oh, give one intense, earnest, believing, loving gaze into the wounds opened for your eternal salvation!

Some of you I confront for the first and the last time until the judgment, and then we shall meet. Will you be ready?

Signs in Wearing Apparel.

An old saw says concerning the clothing:

At Easter let your clothes be new
Or else be sure you will it rue.

In the north of England it is believed by the people that the rooks will spoil their clothes on Easter Sunday if they are not entirely new. As once a year is not, in most cases, too often to renew the clothing, this superstition is not as baleful as many.

An old superstition pertaining to clothing is that before putting on new clothes a sum of money must be placed in the right-hand pocket, which will insure its always being full. If by mistake, however, it be put in the left-hand pocket, the wearer will never have a penny so long as the clothes last.

If an article of dress is put on inside out, it is good luck.

Chambers's "Book of Days" says that when William the Conqueror, in arming himself for the battle of Hastings, happened to put on his shirt of mail with the hind-side before, the bystanders were shocked by it, as being a ill omen, till William claimed it as a good one, betokening that he was to be changed from a duke to a king.

It is said of the cast-off clothes of the dead that they never last very long, but that as the body decays so do the garments. In Denmark a corpse is never allowed to be buried in the clothes of a living person, lest as the clothes rot in the grave that person to whom they belong should waste away and perish. So in the Netherlands even the rings of the dead are never given away.

The apron is not without its superstitions. Women turn them before the new moon to insure good luck for the ensuing month. In Yorkshire, a town in England, when a married woman's apron falls off it is a sign that something is coming to vex her; when, however, the apron of an unmarried girl drops down she is frequently the subject of laughter, as it is a sure sign that she is thinking of her sweetheart. If a young woman's petticoats are longer than her dress, it is proof that her mother does not love her as much as her father, a notion which extends as far as Scotland. If the stocking is put on wrong side out, it is lucky, but unlucky to turn it. To clothe the left foot before the right one is a sign of misfortune.—*New York Commercial.*

Senator Gorham's Nutmeg.

United States Senator Gorham tells the following story on himself: For many years he has been a sufferer from regular attacks of neuralgia. On some occasions he has been confined to his home a day or two, so intense was the pain. An old lady friend once called upon him while he was suffering from one of his attacks. She displayed so much sympathy that she almost forgot to name the request she had to make—but she did not. Upon leaning that the Senator was troubled with neuralgia she volunteered to give him an infallible remedy, provided he would promise not to laugh at her or accuse her of being a believer in conjuration, spells, etc. The Senator, in a good-natured way, informed her that he was under treatment of an eminent physician who sometimes afforded him temporary relief. The old lady finally prevailed upon the Senator to give her remedy a fair trial, whereupon she suggested that he should get an ordinary nutmeg, such as is used in cooking, drill a hole through it, attach it to a piece of string or ribbon, and wear it around his neck continually.

The Senator while suffering one day, determined to give the nutmeg remedy a trial. He followed the old lady's directions, and in a few hours felt greatly relieved. He has worn the nutmeg ever since, and is seldom troubled with neuralgia. He has consulted several physicians on the subject, and they state that the nutmeg posses certain virtues which may have effect on neuralgic pains.—*Baltimore Sun.*

An invention has been perfected for concentrating the heat of the sun and using it instead of fuel to warm rooms.

BILL NYE ON EXPLORERS.

THE HUMORIST TACKLES THE SUBJECT OF ARCTIC DISCOVERIES

Some Historic Information From the Time of Erik the Red Down to Lieutenant Greely.

Let us for a moment look back across the bleak waste of years and see what wonderful progress has been made in the discovery of the pole. We may then ask ourselves who will be first to tack his location notice on the gnawed and season-cracked surface of the pole itself, and what will he do with it after he has so filed upon it.

Iceland, I presume, was discovered about 860 A. D., or 1,026 years ago, but the stampede to Iceland has always been under control, and you can get corner lots in the most desirable cities of Iceland and wear a long, ricketty name with links in it like a rosewood sausage, today, at a low price. Naddodr, a Norwegian viking, discovered Iceland A. D. 860, but he did not live to meet Lieutenant Greely, or any of our most celebrated northern tourists. Why Naddodr yearned to go north and discover a colder country than his own, why he should seek to wet his feet and get icicles down his back in order to bring to light more snowbanks and chilblains, I cannot at this time understand. Why should a robust viking roam around in the cold trying to nose out more frost-bitten Esquimaux, when he could remain at home and vike?

But I leave this to the thinking mind. Let the thinking mind grapple with it. It has no charms for me. Moreover, I haven't that kind of a mind.

Octher, another Norweigian gentleman, sailed around North Cape and crossed the Arctic circle in 890 A. D., but he crossed it in the night, and didn't notice it at the time.

Two or three years after, Erik the Red took a large snow-shovel and discovered the east coast of Greenland. Erik the Red was a Northman, and he flourished along about the ninth century and before the war. He sailed around in that country for several years, drinking bay rum and bear's oil and having a good time. He wore fur undercloths all the time, winter and summer, and evaded the poll tax for a long time. Erik also established a settlement on the southeast coast of Greenland in about latitude sixty degrees north. These people remained here for some time, subsisting on shrimp salad, sea-moss farina, and neat's-foot oil. But finally they became so bored with the quiet country life and the backward springs that they removed from there to a land that is fairer than day, to use the words of another. They removed during the holidays, leaving the axle grease and all they held dear, including their remains.

From that on down to 1380 we hear or read varying and disconnected accounts of people who have been up that way, acquired a large red chilblain, made an observation, and died. Representatives from almost every quarter of the globe have been to the far North, eaten their little hunch of jerked polar bear, and then the polar bear has eaten his little hunch of jerked explorer, and so the good work went on. The polar bear, with his wonderful retentive faculties, has succeeded in retaining his great secret regarding the pole, together with the man who came out there to find out about it. So up to 1380 a large number of nameless explorers went to this celebrated watering place, shot a few pemmican, ate a jerked whale, shuddered a couple of times, and died. It has been the history of Arctic exploration from the earliest ages. Men have taken their lives and a few doughnuts in their hands, wandered away into the uncertain light of the frozen North, made a few observations—to each other regarding the backward spring—and then cached their skeletons forever.

In 1380 two Italians named Lem took a load of sun-kissed bananas and made a voyage to the extreme North, but the historian says that the accounts are so conflicting, and as the stories told by the two brothers did not agree and neither ever told it the same on two separate occasions, the history of their voyage is not usdd very much.

Years rolled on. Boys continued to go to school and see in their geographies enticing pictures of men in expensive fur clothing running sharp iron spears and long, dangerous stab-knives into ferocious white bears, and snorting around on large cakes of cold ice and having a good time. These inspired the growing youth to rise up and do likewise. So every nation 'neath the sun has contributed its assortments of choice, white skeletons and second-hand clothes to the remorseless maw of the hungry and ravenous North.

And still the great pole continued to squeak on through days that were six months long and nights that made breakfast seem almost useless.

In 1477 Columbus went up that way but did not aucceed in starving to death. He got a bird's-eye view of a large deposit of dark-blue ice, got hungry, and came home.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the northern nations of Europe, and especially the Dutch, kept the discovery business red-hot, but they did not get any fragments of the true pole. The maritime nations of Europe, together with other foreign powers, dynasties, and human beings, for some time had spells of visiting the polar seas and neglecting to come back. It was the custom then, as it is now, to go twenty rods farther than any other man had ever been, eat a deviled boot leg, curl up, and perish. Thousands of the best and brightest minds of all ages have yielded to this wild desire to live on sperm oil, pain killer, and jerked walrus, keep a little blue diary for thirteen weeks, and then feed it to a tall, white bear with red gnms.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News.*

Business Traits.

A selfish fellow—The fish vender.
A man of mettle—The stove dealer.
Is clever at taking people in—The stage driver.
Worse than a gross man—A grocer.
A hard laboring man with a brief career—The lawyer.
Always in a hole—The grave digger.
His life a perpetual grind—The miller.
A well-bred man—The baker.—*Life.*

Gray hair, however caused, is restored to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Persons suffering from Ague of long standing will find a specific in Ayer's Ague Cure.

The editor of the Corsicana, Tex., *Observer*, Mr. G. P. Miller, had a severe attack of rheumatism in his left knee, which became so swollen and painful that he could not walk up the stairs. He writes that after a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil, the pain entirely disappeared, and the knee assumed its normal proportions.

Scotland has experienced the heaviest rainstorm ever known.

Summer coughs and colds general y come to stay, but the use of Red Star Cough Cure invariably drives them away. Safe, prompt, sure.

The Treasury Department has decided that cotton ties cut from bales in foreign countries and returned to the United States cannot be admitted free of duty, as they are not 'returned in the same condition as exported,' but being cut must be regarded as old scrap iron.

One kind of medicine will not cure all kinds of diseases: Dr. Kilmer's Prepartions are Specifics—a remedy for each disease. They are the result of a successful practice since 1859. *Guide to Health (Sent Free) Binghampton, N. Y.*

England will abandon the isle of Port Hamilton.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York, Sold by druggists.

Turkey is preparing for war.

The great success of many agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, is a pretty good evidence of the excellence and popularity of the books they offer to sell through their agents. This is a reliable house, and any contract made with them you can depend on will be faithfully carried out.

Fully 25,000 men were in line in the Artizan's Day parade of the Knights of Labor in Baltimore.

Can Consumption Be Cured?

We have so often seen fatal results follow the declaration that it can be cured, that we have unconsciously settled down in the belief that this disease must necessarily prove fatal.

It is true that occasionally a community has witnessed an isolated case of what may appropriately be termed spontaneous recovery, but to what combination of favorable circumstances this result was due none have hitherto been found able to determine.

We have now the gratifying fact to announce that the process by which nature effects this wonderful cuange is no longer a mystery to the medical profession, and that the changes brought about in the system under favorable circumstances by extrinsic causes may be made as certainly and more expeditiously by the use of the proper remedy. In other words, nature is imitated and assisted.

Tuberculous matter is nothing more or less than nourishment imperfectly organized. Now, if we can procure the organization of this food material so that through the process of elective affinity it may take its place in the system, we can cure the disease. This is just what Piso's Cure for Consumption does. It arrests at once the progress of the disease by preventing the further supply of tuberculous matter, for while the system is under its influence all nourishment is organized and assimilated. It thus controls cough, expectoration, night-sweats, hectic fever, and all other characteristic symtoms of Consumption.

Many physicians are now using this medicine, and all write that it comes fully up to its recommendations and makes Consumption one of the diseases they can readily cure.

The forming stage of a disease is always the most auspicious for treatment. This fact should induce persons to resort to the use of Piso's Cure when the cough is first noticed, whether it has a consumptive diathesis for its cause or not, for this remedy cures all kinds of coughs with unequaled facility and promptness. In coughs from a simple cold, two or three doses of the medicince have been found sufficient to remove the trouble. So in all diseases of the throat and lungs, with symptoms simulating those of Consumption, Piso's Cure is the only infallible remedy.

The following letter recommending Piso's Cure for Consumption, is a fair sample of the certificates received daily by the proprietor of this medicine:

ALBION, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1885.

I had a terrible Cough, and two physicians said I would never get well. I then went to a drug store and asked for a good cough medicine. The druggist gave me Piso's Cure, and it has done me more good than anything I ever used. I do not beleive I could live without it. LEONORA VERMILYEA.

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