REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

Subject: "The Overthrow of the Monster."

TEXT: *"He will swallow up death in victory."*—Isaiah xxv., 8.

About eighteen hundred and fifty-three Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, and sways a more jeweled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. Unusually welcome this year because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snow-bank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hailstorms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle axe of casualty. With bony hands he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the Generals and Commanders-in-Chief, and all Presidents and Kings and Sultans and Czars drop under the feet of his war-charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take Him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take Him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely khan of the Arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre: We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospeck Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glodified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula Bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus, and Blandida, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated—and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting-places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can He not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can He not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of focus can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mould and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross, that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block were found flower seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveler says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago; He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk market of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities. Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as He does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at 4:30 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days' total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said: "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille? Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hinderment, and the injury of a toe-joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has never been able to tell what they are for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbins had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified! That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupoled and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not pity it? or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying: "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying: "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that to-day we swathe this house with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary: "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain." "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text: "He will swallow up death in victory."

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet thriumphant now,
Hail the resurrection Thou!"

General Lee's Demijohn.

A short time after the battle of Fredericksburg the soldiers observed a servant carrying a big demijohn into General Lee's tent. Visions of toddy flitted before the eyes of the General's staff. At twelve o'clock General Lee walked out and with a twinkle in his eyes remarked "Perhaps you gentlemen would like a glass of something?" The verdict was unanimous. Everything was arranged, the gentlemen drew near; the cork was drawn and the steward poured out—but—termilk.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Almost a Hint.

Esmeralda Longcoffin's parent says to young Mr. Staylate—"I may be an old man, and an ugly old man, but if you don't go home I'll show you that I still possess the fire of youth, for I'll fire a youth out of this house, and you will be the youth."

Young Staylate—"Mr. Longcoffin, is this a hint for me to go?"—*Siftings.*

A leading Real Estate Agent and Private Banker, Mr. Ira Brown, Chicago, Ill. writes: "I feel it my duty to say of St. Jacobs Oil that I lay on my back three months with rheumatism. I tried it, was cured and have never been troubled since."

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Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Debevoise Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. says: "I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and found St. Jacobs Oil very efficacious.

An experienced mother, who had brought up a large family of children with eminent success, was once asked by a younger one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were too anxiously educated; and her reply was: "I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect!"

A Hard Fate

it is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising reader and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

To cure the toothache, try a bit of soda in the cavity.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T——K—— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—— K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J—— S—— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

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Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

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The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY. JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON. MRS. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER. MRS. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS. MRS. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co. Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.
Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

JEALOUS DOCTORS. **A Marvelous Cure.**—MRS. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. Its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses), **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.