

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

Preached to Soldiers From Thirty-One States at the National Drill Encampment in Washington.

TEXTS: "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," Clm. xx, 33; and "Every one could sling stones a hair's breadth and not miss," Judges xx, 16.

Companies of infantry, cavalry, artillery and zouaves, please notice the first Scripture passage applauds the soldiers of Zebulun, because they were disciplined troops. They may have been inefficient at the start and laughed at by old soldiers because they seemed so clumsy in the line, but it was drill, drill, drill, until they could keep step as one man. "Fifty thousand which could keep rank." The second Scripture passage applauds a regiment of slingers, in the tribe of Benjamin, because they were dextrous marksmen. When they first enlisted they may have been an awkward squad and all their fingers were thumbs, but they practiced until when they aimed at a mark they always hit it. "Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss." Both texts combine to show us that if we must fight we should do it well.

There is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between twenty and fifty years of age were enrolled in the army and then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt: those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and had not yet been married; those who were so nervous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled, and could not look upon blood but they faint.

The army was in three divisions—the center and right and left wings. The weapons of defense were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offense were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult—which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could carry. The catapult was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The shields were made of woven willow-work with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level, all these shields touched each other, making a wall, moving but impervious, and then when they attacked and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling of the missiles. The breastplate, was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces fastened with buttons or clasps.

The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that the warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that contained the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had an iron boot. When a wall was to be assaulted a battering ram was swung up. A battering ram was a great beam swung in an equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction.

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with its heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses so when they went about the sword thrust and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried flags of various colors. Tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; tribe of Reuben, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with cherubim. The noise of the host, as they moved, was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields and the rumbling of wheels, and the shouts of the captains, and the vociferation of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advancing all these years, you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an unaccountable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture, showing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my text expresses it, they were "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," and "Every one could sling stones a hair's breadth and not miss."

I congratulate you, the officers and soldiers of this national encampment; that if a foreign attack should at any time be made you would be ready, and there would be millions of the men of the North and South like the men of my first text "which could keep rank," and like the men of my second text, that would not miss a hair's breadth.

At the national drill when thirty-one States of the Union were represented, and between the decoration of the North and the Southern dead, which took place a few days ago, and the decorations of the graves of the Northern dead, which shall take place to-morrow, I would stir the Christian patriotism and gratitude not only of this holiday here present but of all the people by putting before them the difference between these times when the soldiers of the sections met in peace and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional amity in 1887. At the first date the South had banished the national air, the Star Spangled Banner, and the North had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The Northern people were "mudsills" and the Southern people were "white trash." The more Southern people were killed in battle the better the North liked it. The more Northern people were killed in battle the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars if delivered on either side of the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms of saying four and the North and South did not hate each other. To estimate how very dearly they loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled and the carbines that were loaded and the cavalry horses that were mounted. North and South facing each other all around in the attempt to kill. The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayer of the Northern and Southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, President of the Oglethorpe University in Georgia. He was about the grandest man I ever knew and as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers, which prayer, if I am not wrong, said, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way and the ministry at the South prayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and the South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming hate.

But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment, the cavalrymen, the artillerymen, the spearmen, the musketeers, the musketeers, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially blessed to bear their tread, Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fife, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodino, Marathon or Thermopylae, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balacava, Sedan or Gettysburg; from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Aholai led the last man surrendered to Gernot Wolsley at Tel-el-Kebir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the Judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we were all marching in the right regiment, and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander, all heaven, some on Amethystine battlement and others standing in the shining gates, some on pebbly shore and others on the tarred heights giving us the resounding, million-fold cheer. "More than conquerors, blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

completes accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New York was held to raise money to build a Home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and the leg lost so hurt that it does not amount to anything. The Boston Exhibition held not long ago at Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of Northern people, and by General Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans Exhibition held by way of an even, the Southern State was represented. A thousand-fold kinder feeling after the war than before the war. No more use of gunpowder in this country except for rifle practice or Fourth of July pyrotechnics or at a shot at a rook or at the Southrons. The Southern States in the Southern Confederation, making their fortunes as lawyers in the northern cities, Rivers of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war—Fort Sumter and Moultrie and Lafayette and Pickens and Hamilton sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi Statue on Bedloe's Island, figure of Liberty with uplifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in. Instead of war antipathies, when you could not cross the line between the contestants with fighting you way you way you way or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than deep sleep. These years of time began their roll has been ever been in about two decades such an overmastering antipathy as between the war time of complete bitterness and this time of complete sympathy?

Contrast also the domestic life of these times with the domestic life of these times. Many of you were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letters. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray! Whether you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landing. The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sobs. Don't you remember those charges to write home often and take care of yourself, be good boys, and the good-bys which they thought and you thought might be forever. Then the homesickness as you faced the river bank on a starlight night in picket duty and the stars which you could see off when you heard a group of the camp fire singing the plantation song about the old folks at home. The dinner of hard tack on Thanksgiving day and the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital so different from the sickness when you were with mother and sister at the bedside, and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine, and that forced march when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and, more than all, your heart ached. Home sick when you were it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war, who heartlessly wrote home to his mother:

"I do not want to see any more crying letters from the Crimea. I have received I have received I put into my rifle after loading it and I have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to have a strong dislike of them. If you have seen as many killed as I have, you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have."

You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in our American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand tens of thousands of homesick waiting for news or dropping under the announcement of bad news. Speak, ye warriors of Chickahominy and midnight lagoons and fire-rafts of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and villages and rivers and lakes of North and South Jeremiah's of war times that have never been syllabled.

Beside that domestic perturbation and homesickness of those days put the sweet domesticity of to-day. The only camp fire you now ever sit at is the one kindled in stove or furnace or hearth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a repast of luxury, you assume partaken of by loving family circles in secret confidences. Oh, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write and that you were so particular to put in the mail without anyone seeing you lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to get back. Though the old people have gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences of filial and brotherly and lovely heartbreaks, with your present of desolation, which is the privilege of the young. God spared you to get back. Though the old people have gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences of filial and brotherly and lovely heartbreaks, with your present of desolation, which is the privilege of the young.

Living soldiers of the North and South, take new and special ordination at this season of the year to garland the sepulchres of your fellow comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private gardens and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Murrefreesboro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field and hospital receive these floral offerings of the living soldier.

But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly military reviews, such as took place in Paris, in the time of Marshal Ney, in London, in the time of Wellington, and in our own land; but the things which are compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I do not know but some of the old cavalry horses of the battle of Gettysburg that were wounded and went out in service may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and enabled, they would be resurrected for the grand review of the Judgment Day. If it would take any more power to resurrect the dead, it would take no more to resurrect the living. I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment. They come up. All the armies of all lands and all centuries, on which ever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus and Sennacherib, and Joshua and David, leading forth the armies of Scriptural times. Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians. Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians. Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan followed by the armies of Asia. Gustavus Adolphus, and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1780 and 1812 and the millions of the Southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The six million fallen in Napoleon's battle, the twelve million Germans fallen in the thirty years war, the fifteen million fallen in the war under Sesostris, the twenty million fallen in the war of Justinian, the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars, the eighty million fallen in the crusades, the 180 million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks. The thirty-five billion men estimated to have fallen in battle, the twenty million fallen in the wars of Justinian, the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars, the eighty million fallen in the crusades, the 180 million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks. The thirty-five billion men estimated to have fallen in battle, the twenty million fallen in the wars of Justinian, the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars, the eighty million fallen in the crusades, the 180 million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks.

And over these much-fused doth make; Doth now mistake the weeds for flowers And flowers for weeds.

The weeds he waters night and morn,
And over these much-fused doth make;
Doth now mistake the weeds for flowers
And flowers for weeds.

When to his folly he awakes,
He is an irritated man,
And with anathemas he makes
The air curulean.

—Boston Courier.

Scarfs and neckties of metal are a new German invention.

For Ricketts, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,
SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Ricketts and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."
—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

America's Pride.
True American men and women, by reason of their strong constitutions, beautiful forms, rich complexions and characteristic energy, are envied by all nations. It is the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic which brings about these results.

It Established the Public.
to hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

A new process of deodorizing furs makes certain kinds much more desirable.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers.
Send for Pamphlet on Female Diseases, free, securely sealed. Dr. J. R. Marchesi, U.S.A., N.Y.

Piles Cured for 25 Cents.
DR. WALTON'S CURE FOR PILES IS GUARANTEED TO CURE THE WORST CASE OF PILES. Price 25 cents. At druggists, or mailed (stamps taken) by the
WALTON REMEDY CO., CLEVELAND, O.

"Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"
Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a dragging-down feeling, the back aches, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Friendship is a golden coin that brightens with the using.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation, enclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all drug gists.

The Indians at Vancouver, British Columbia, have a band of seventeen pieces.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Pisco's Cure for consumption.

WISE WORDS.

Aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. The heavens are as deep as our aspirations are high.

Serene and safe from passion's stormy rage, how calm they glide into the port of age.

Truth is not progressive; though finite beings may be forever progressive in acquiring truth.

Philosophy consists not in airy schemes or idle speculations; the rule and conduct of all social life is her great province.

It is very true that charity should begin at home. This is the divine order. But if it ends there, it is not true charity, but selfishness.

Neatness and simplicity are the best ornaments, good habits are better than fine clothes, and the most elegant manners the kindest.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on with your duty, and she will come to you.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than the sparrow grasps the message through the electric wire on which it perches.

One of the sweetest joys of life is to pour forth a stream of beneficent love and labor, thought and impulse, of which no one but God knows the source.

Men who complain most loudly about the inequalities of the human lot are generally a little blind to those great stores of wealth and blessings that no class can monopolize, and no wealth can buy.

A Curious Pronunciation.

You cite the remarkable instance of the family name of Enroughy being called "Darby," says a letter to the New York Post. As a native of Henrico county, Virginia, in which the Enroughy families have lived for generations, I can give you the local explanation of the anomaly. It is relating that the first Enroughy who settled in Henrico county became so incensed and resentful at the mispronunciation of his surname—some calling it Enroughy, others Enrooty, and others again Enrooty—that he insisted, whenever spoken to, that he should be called "Darby." It is not stated that he told, or was aware of the reason (that his family belonged to the sect called Derbyites) mentioned by the learned divine to whom you refer. Whatever the origin of "Darby," the family has ever been tenacious of the name of Enroughy and equally tenacious of the name of "Darby," and if a stranger should happen to call any of them by any other name than by the last given, he would immediately be requested to say "Darby." In all writing, bank accounts and pool-books—indeed, wherever it is necessary to write the true name—it is spelled Enroughy, but invariably pronounced "Darby." We read in official reports of the operations of Grant's and Lee's armies below Richmond, of "the battle of Darbytown," but, in truth, the locality was Enroughy-town.

Traits of Criminals.

An Italian scientist, Marro, finds that criminals are more apt than normal people to be the descendants of very young and of very old parents in opposition to parents of middle age; and the same is true of the insane. In a table founded on 1,805 normal men, 456 criminals and 100 insane, 8.8 per cent. of normal men were born of parents in the growing period of life, 66.1 per cent. of parents in the period of maturity, and 24.9 per cent. of parents who had already reached the declining period of life. Similar percentages for criminals are 10.9, 56.7 and 33.2; and for the insane, 17.0, 47.0 and 36.0. The same writer also finds that the bodily temperature of criminals is slightly higher than that of normal persons, being about 37 degrees .07 C. in thirty cases which he examined. —Science.

The World a Baseball Field.

It is a piteable thing to see a man stand at the home base with a club in his hand, whack at the ball thrown to him by the pitcher—and miss it. The baffled effort and the waste of strength disappoint us even though the striker belong to the visiting nine, and they disgust us if he belongs to the home club. In the world fortune is tossing men opportunities constantly, and the bungler spreads his legs, swings his club—and beats the air. He never seems to hit anything, and after a while he misses his last chance and retires sick of himself and despised by the spectators. The world's a baseball field and all the men and women merely players. —Rochester Post-Express.

'Tis Ever Thus.

The man who craves his leisure hours
Employs in sowing garden seeds,
Doth now mistake the weeds for flowers
And flowers for weeds.

When to his folly he awakes,
He is an irritated man,
And with anathemas he makes
The air curulean.

—Boston Courier.

THE ONLY TRUE
HARTER'S
IRON TONIC

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and give you the BEST OF YOUR LIFE. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition.

LADIES—A safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition.

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR \$1
To introduce new and remarkable pills. Full particulars for the Perfect Cure of all diseases. A valuable secret, names and addresses of Agents in every city and you can sell them over and over again. Send \$1. For all to Canada Supply Agency, Montreal, Canada.

PENSIONS to Soldiers and Heirs. Send for circular. E. H. GELSTON & CO., Washington, D. C.

OPMORPHINE HABIT CURED FREE
Maplewood Opium Institute, Loveland, Ohio.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 341 road, 14 Pills.

ROUGH ON RATS
This is what killed your poor father. Don't let it kill you. It is a powerful and reliable rat poison. It is the only rat poison that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition.

ROACHES
This is what killed your poor father. Don't let it kill you. It is a powerful and reliable roach poison. It is the only roach poison that cures the most distressing diseases and restores the system to its normal condition.

DESTRUCTORS POTATO BUGS
For Potato Bugs, insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken in a bag of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c, 25c, and \$1 Boxes. Agr. Chem. Co., New York.

ROACHES, BED BUGS, FLIES.
Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, sparrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers, etc.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
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 the afflicted utterances 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 one hundred dollars to physicians without benefit. 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. CHORON HENGER, of Westford, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to poor suffering women."

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. I had 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 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. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great number of replies, I have received over four hundred letters. Many 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."

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 Nunda, Ontario, Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: 'Having taken several bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' I have gained 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.'

JEALOUS DOCTORS.
A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPHAGNE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea, 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 all sorts of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicine, which I was loath to do, but he would do it for me. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicine, I would try it against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who time, I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

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 and there, and in fact for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, while, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some one disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until he has exhausted the patient, and the patient, 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.

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 druggist's Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting 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. Many 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."

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