THE REV. DR. TALMAGE,

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Hunting for Souls."

TEXT: *"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."*—Genesis, x., 9.

In our day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrow with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel hunting, by which those who are flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in His sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man in this congregation who shall begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of the service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread: it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees!" So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men! Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told me that story; but he looked into the fire-place, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep are.

The archers of old times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The books gave special directions as to how the archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of his right. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his righ hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that we might learn the art of doing good and become "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross, heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying: "Oh, Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

In the armory of the Earl of Pembroke, are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior, and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man in this house, if he had enough faith in him, could bring a hudred souls to Jesus—perhaps five hundred. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it! What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance! There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert, covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Renan is the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle is only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied, and helped, and contented in his skepticism, and I will take the car to-morrow and ride five hundred miles to see him. The full power of the Gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this Gospel after a while catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday-schools and the lay preaching stations, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow. Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value to the Church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar, yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributer and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in Schermerhorn street, expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the Church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the Church wants now is to lift their feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The Church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves, and put on the hunting shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the Church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm! If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cries in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the seventy thousand people of Brooklyn who they say come to church. What are we doing for the seven hundred thousand that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths of Brooklyn a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our Christian churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eye to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the Church of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, He will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, missionary Church, that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in Gospel hunting you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there."

Courage, O ye spiritual hunters! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us ride under the church pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years has it been filled. But, as I looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—eight hundred hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds four million five hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep three hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christians courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform. I think it was in 1780 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels, and horses, and elephants. On some, princes rode, and royal ladies, under exquisite housings, and five hundred coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, and deer, and elephant, fell under the stroke of the sabre and bullet. After a while the party brought back trophies worth fifty thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity to our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men. Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord.

I remark again: If you want to be successful in spiritual hunting, you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout, and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak, and fin, and antler.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the Church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in, do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers, and sympathies, and help. That is the meaning of the Church of God—help. Oh, ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went in-doors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls. If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre, with a hand out, the fingers outstretched, and then the King could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought not we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say, you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer; if it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing, in preparation for Christian work, is personal consecration.

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper; just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. Oh, ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst. Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons; that heals; everlasting mercy. Is there in all this house anyone who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God!

There is a forest in Germany, a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags about eighteen yards apart, between, a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap," because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now, his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successively. Let him try, Jump! Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what should we call that place of awful catastrophe! Let it be known for ever as "The Sinner's Death Leap."

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by three armies of the Saracens in the Pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet, and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror; but at the third blast of the trumpet this instrument broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips; and I blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the Second—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. "Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time now is the day of salvation. "Does not the host of your sins fall back! But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God, a sympathetic God, a loving God; and that more to Him than the anthems of heaven, more to Him than the throne on which he sits, more to Him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of his Father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor from the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing at that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of 150 feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Bird Stories.

An eagle measuring eight feet six inches from tip to tip of its wings was killed near Atlanta while fleeing before a flock of twenty angry crows.

In a great storm of snow and sleet last winter, in England, the wings of rooks froze fast to their bodies and hundreds of the birds were killed by falling trees, being unable to fly.

Viscount Arbuthnot, of London, has a brown eagle that has been in his possession caged for more than twenty years. He always supposed it to be a male until it laid an egg on April 5.

A correspondent of the London *Field* tells of a robin that built its nest on a shelf in his dressing-room and has laid three eggs in it. He says of the mother robin and her mate: "A small window is always open a few inches, and of a morning when dressing one or the other of the birds will be at the opening watching me and enter the room the moment I leave it."

Mr. A. S. Floyd is owner of a cottage at Long Branch. A pair of fish hawks built their nest in the chimney of the cottage and Mrs. Floyd brought down upon her head the protestations of all the old women of Oceanville by announcing her purpose to expel the feathered intruders. An old lady of seventy walked more than three miles to see Mrs. Floyd and warn her against the "awful ill luck" which follows the destruction of a fish-hawk's nest.

The Pistol in Mexico.

Almost any Mexican would as leave go out-doors without his coat as without his pistol. He wears it to church, to the opera, to see his best girl—in short, wherever he goes you may see a glistening bit of nickel-plated steel sticking out from under his coat tail. Every day when my teacher of Spanish (a swarthy young man in jacket of yellow kid and pointed-toed boots with enormously high heels) comes to give me the customary lesson he is obliged to unbuckle his belt and deposit a big revolver upon my table before he can sit down to business.—*Mexican Letter.*

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King-bolt in rear of axle, prevents accidents from broken king-bolts, never rattles and leaves axle full strength. Before you buy a buggy send for free pamphlet describing this valuable improvement.
THE HERBRAND CO., Fremont, O.

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, leucorrhœa 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 leucorrhœa, 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. If 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.