THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "*Given to Hospitality.*"—Romans, xii., 13.

There is danger that the multiplication of large and commodious hotels in our towns, and cities, and villages, will utterly exterminate that grace which Abraham exhibited when he entertained the angels, and which Lo' showed when he watched for guests at the gate of the city, and which Christ recognized as a positive requisite for entering heaven, when he declared: "I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

I propose to speak this morning of the trials and rewards of Christian hospitality. The first trial often comes in the whim and eccentricity of the guest himself. There are a great many excellent people who have protuberances of disposition, and sharp edges of temperament, and unpliability of character, which make them a positive nuisance in any house where they stay. On short acquaintance they will begin to command the household affairs, order the employes to unusual service, keep unseasonable hours, use narcotics in places offensive to sensitive nostrils, put their feet at unusual elevations, drop the ashes of their Havana on costly tapestry, open bureaus they ought never to touch, and pry into things they ought never to see, and become impervious to rousing bells, and have all the peculiarities of the gormandizer or the dyspeptic, and make excavations from poor dentistry with unusual implements, and in a thousand ways afflict the household which proposes to take care of them. Added to all, they stay too long. They have no idea when their welcome is worn out, and they would be unmoved even by the blessing which my friend Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, asked one morning at his breakfast table, on the day when he hoped that the long protracted guests would depart, saying: "O Lord, bless this provision, and our friends who leave us to-day!" But, my friends, there are alleviations to be put on their side of the scale. Perhaps they have not had the same refining influences about them in early life that you have had. Perhaps they have inherited eccentricities that they cannot help. Perhaps it is your duty, by example, to show them a better way. Perhaps they are sent to be a trial for the development of your patience. Perhaps they were to be intended as an illustration of the opposite of what you are trying to inculcate in the minds of your children. Perhaps it is to make your home the brighter when they are gone. When our guests are cheery, and fascinating, and elegant, it is very easy to entertain them; but when we find in our guests that which is antagonistic to our taste and sentiment, it is a positive triumph when we can obey the words of my text and be "given to hospitality."

Another trial in the using of this grace is in the toil and expense of exercising it. In the well regulated household things go smoothly, but now you have introduced a foreign element into the machinery, and though you may stoutly declare that they must take things as they find them, the Martha will break in. The ungovernable stove, the ruined dessert, the joint that proves to be unmasticable, the delayed marketing, the perplexities of a caterer, the difficulty of doing proper work, and yet always being presentable. Though you may say there shall be no care or anxiety, there will be care and there will be anxiety. In 1694 the Captain-General provided a very grand entertainment, and among other things he had a fountain in his garden—a fountain of strong drink. In it were four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, thirteen hunredweight of Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmeg, three hundred toasted biscuits, and a boat built on purpose was placed in the fountain, and a boy rowed around it and filled the cups of the people who came there to be supplied. Well, you say that was a luxurious entertainment, and of course the man had no anxiety; but I have to tell you, that though you had, or propose, an entertainment like that, you have anxiety. In that very thing comes the Divine reward. We were born to serve; and when we serve others we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one who, on a hot day, preaches the Gospel. We may serve God with plate, and cutlery, and broom, as certainly as we can serve Him with psalm-book and liturgy. Margaret, Queen of Norway, and Sweden, and Denmark, had a royal cup of ten lips, on which was recorded the names of the guests who had drunk from this cup. And every Christian woman has a royal cup, on which are written all the names of those who have ever been enteriained by her in Christian style—names not cut by human ingenuity, but written by the hand of a Divine Jesus. But, my friends, you are not to toil unnecessarily. Though the fare be plain, cheerful presidency of the table, and cleanliness of appointments will be good enough for anybody that ever comes to your house. John Howard was invited to the house of a nobleman. He said: "I will come on one condition, and that is, that you have nothing but potatoes on the table." The requisition was complied with. Cyrus, King of Persia, under the same circumstances, prescribed that on the table there must be nothing but bread. Of course these were extremes, but they are illustrations of the fact that more depends upon the banqueters than upon the banquet. I want to lift this idea of Christian entertainment out of a positive bondage into a glorious inducement. Every effort you put forth, and every dollar you give to the entertainment of friend or foe, you give directly to Christ. Suppose it were announced that the Lord Jesus Christ would come to this place this week, what woman in this house would not be glad to wash for Him, or spread for Him a bed, or bake bread for Him? There was one of old who washed for Him, drawing the water from the well of her own tears. He is coming, He will be here to-morrow. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it to Me." In picture galleries we have often seen representations of Walter Scott and his friends, or Washington Irving with his associates; but all those engravings will fade out, while through everlasting ages, hanging luminous and conspicuous, will be the picture of you and your Christian guests.

You see we have passed out from the trials into the rewards of Christian hospitality; grand, glorious, and eternal. The first reward of Christian hospitality is the Divine benediction. When any one attends to this duty, God's blessing comes upon him, upon his companion, upon his children, upon his dining-hall, upon his parlor, upon his nursery. The blessing comes in at the front door, and the back door, and down through the skylights. God draws a long mark of credit for services received. Christ said to His disciples: "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me; and he that giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward." As we have had so many things recorded against us in heaven, it will be a satisfaction to have written on unfailing archives, the fact that in the month of May, or June, or September, or December, 1887, we made the blissful mistake of supposing that we were entertaining weak men like ourselves, when lo! they showed their pinions before they left, and we found out that they were angels unawares.

Another reward comes in the good wishes and prayers of our guests. I do not think one's house ever gets over having had a good man or woman abide there. George Whitefield used to scratch on the window of the room where he was entertained a passage of Scripture, and in one case, after he left, the whole household was converted by the reading of that passage on the window pane. The woman of Shunem furnished a little room over the wall for Elisha, and all the ages have heard the glorious consequences. On a cold, stormy winter night, my father entertained Trueman Osborne, the evangelist, and through all eternity I will thank God that Trueman Osborne stopped at our house. How many of our guests have brought to us condolence, and sympathy, and help! There is a legend told of St. Sebald, that in his Christian rounds he used to stop for entertainment at the house of a poor cartwright. Coming there one day, he found the cartwright and his family freezing for the lack of any fuel. St. Sebald ordered the man to go out and break the icicles from the side of the house and bring them in, and the icicles were brought into the house, and thrown on the hearth, and they began to blaze immediately, and the freezing family gathered around and were warmed by them. That was a legend; but how often have our guests come in to gather up the cold, freezing sorrows of our life, kindling them into illumination, and warmth, and good cheer. He who opens his house to Christian hopitality, turns those who are strangers into friends. Years will go by, and there will be great changes in you, and there will be great changes in them. Some day you will be sitting in loneliness, watching a bereavement, and you will get a letter in a strange handwriting, and you will look at the post-office mark, and say: "Why, I don't know anybody living in that city;" and you will break the envelope, and there you will read the story of thanks for your Christian generosity long years before, and how they have heard afar off of your trouble. And the letter will be so full of kindly reminiscences and Christian condolence, it will be a plaster large enough to cover up all the deep gashes of your soul. When we take people into our houses as Christian guests, we take them into our sympathies for ever. In Dort, Holland, a soldier with a sword at his side stopped at a house, desiring lodging and shelter. The woman of the house at first refused admittance, saying that the men of the house were not at home; but when he showed his credentials that he had been honorably discharged from the army, he was admitted and tarried during the night. In the night-time there was a knocking at the front door, and two ruffians broke in to despoil that household. No sooner had they come over the door-sill than the armed guest, who had primed his piece and charged it with slugs, met them, and telling the woman to stand back, I am happy to say, dropped the two assaulting desperadoes dead at his feet. Well, now there are no bandits prowling around to destroy our houses; but how often it is that we find those that have been our guests become our defenders. We gave them shelter first, and then afterwards in the great conflicts of life they fought for our reputation; they fought for our property; they fought for our soul.

Another reward that comes from Christian hospitality is in the assurance that we shall have hospitality shown to us and to ours. In the up-turnings of this life, who knows in what city or what land we may be thrown, and how much we may need an open door? There may come no such crisis to us, but our children may be thrown into some such strait. He who is in a Christian manner hospitable has a free pass through all Christendom. It may be that you will have been dead fifty years before any such stress shall come upon one of your descendants; but do you not suppose that God can remember fifty years? And the knuckle of the grandchild will be heard against the door of some stranger, and that door will open; and it will be talked over in heaven, and it will be said: "That man's grandfather, fifty years ago, gave shelter to a stranger, and now a stranger's door is open for a grandson."

Among the Greeks, after entertaining and being entertained, they take a piece of lead and cut it in two, and the host takes one-half of the piece of lead and the guest the other half as they part. These two pieces of lead are handed down from generation to generation, and from family to family; and after awhile perhaps one of the families in want or in trouble go out with this one piece of lead and find the other family with the corresponding piece of lead, and no sooner is the tally completed than the old hospitality is aroused, and eternal friendship pledged. So the memory of Christian hospitality will go down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and the tally will never be lost, neither in this world nor the world to come.

Mark this: the day will come when we will all be turned out-of-doors, without any exception—bare-foot, bare-head, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we will go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities will open before us, and if we will be received into everlasting habitations? Francis Frescobald was a rich Italian, and he was very merciful and very hospitable. One day an Englishman by the name of Thomas Cromwell appeared at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobald afterward lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered up into England; and one day he saw a procession passing, an lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England; and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended in Italy. The Lord Chancellor at the first glance of Frescobald, recognized him, and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him, embraced him paid his debts, invited him to his house, and said: "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are four hundred ducats. Take them and be well." So it will be at last with us. If we entertain Christ in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country, we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will pour all the wealth of heaven into our lap, and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And O, how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal munificence which Christ will display before our souls in heaven! I was reading the account which Thomas Fuller gives of the entertainment provided by George Neville. Among other things for that banquet they had three hundred quarters of wheat, one hundred and four tuns of wine, eighty oxen, three thousand capons, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred plover, one hundred quail, one hundred curlews, fifteen hundred hot pasties, four thousand cold venison pasties, four thousand custards—the Earl of Warwick acting as steward—and servitors one thousand. O, what a grand feast was that! But then compare it with the provision which God has made for us on high: that great banquet hour; the one hundred and forty and four thousand guests; all the harps and trumpets of heaven as the orchestra; the vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankards; all the fruits of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord for cup-bearers, and the once-folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene, while seated at the head of the table shall be the One who eighteen centuries ago declared: "I was a stranger and ye took Me in." Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities!

Buttermilk as a Popular Drink.

"Buttermilk has become an exceedingly fashionable drink," said one of our restaurant keepers the other day. "It is healthy and refreshing, and the public are catching on to it right briskly. When properly made it is just what the overheated system seems to crave. Through the churning the first process of digestion is accomplished, making it the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice and contains properties that readily assimilate with it with very little wear upon the digestive organs. I do quite a business in dispensing buttermilk."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The famous Dismal Swamp is no longer used as a shelter for runaway negro slaves, of course, but it is believed to be the hiding place of at least 100 white men who, for various reasons, was to retire to private life for a spell.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Physique of American Women.

Mr. Higginson, in his "Common Sense About Women," is very angry with the "physiological croakers" who represent the American woman of to-day as having lost the plump form and robust constitution of her grandmother. He quotes a French tourist in American, the Abbe Robin, who wrote in 1782, that "at twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth;" and another, L. F. de Beaujour, who wrote that "at the age of twenty-five their form changes, and at thirty the whole of their charms have disappeared." Mr. Higginson is convinced that the physique of American men and women to-day is better than was that of their grandparents who lived in this country; and he attributes this improvement to "the great increase of athletic games; the greatly increased proportion of seaside and mountain life in summer; the thicker shoes and boots of women and little girls, permitting them to go out more freely in all weathers," and the increased habit of dining late, which secures the professional and mercantile classes more time to digest their principal meal.—*Epoch.*

The Quiet Girl.

The quiet girl never wears high colors on the streets; you do not see her flaunting in brilliant plaids, when they happen to be the style; when high hats are "in" she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky; she does not wear an exaggerated bang when the bang is in vogue, nor the biggest bustle in town, nor the longest train to her tea-gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign. But because she does not chatter and giggle, and make herself conspicuous in horse-cars or at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and all subjects, and profess her admiration at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas or convictions or enthusiasms; that she moves along like a star in the heavens, which obeys the laws of gravitation without selecting its course, or objecting to its orbit. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her conditions, or because she is maturing that power. In the meantime it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing-machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Woman's Conversation.

What a woman should aim at in conversation is not only to entertain by giving her own thoughts, but at the same time to draw out those of others, especially the bashful, and particularly the bashful men. Nothing pleases a man so much, nothing gives him such an idea of his superiority, as to allow him an opportunity of imparting information, though he may not have penetration enough to discern that it is the tact of the woman that entices him into talking about what perhaps he knows less than she. I remember hearing it remarked of Mrs. Cleveland that she was a charming conversationalist, because she always chose topics which she knew would interest others, and in this lies the whole secret of the art of conversing. A celebrated French woman, who had neither wealth, beauty nor position to elevate her in social circles, rose to the highest rank among the court during the latter days of royalty, simply by her art of pleasing in her conversation. Brilliancy in conversation is not the essential characteristic. Some of the most charming talkers are anything but witty or learned; but the truth is we love to hear those speak who really feel what they say, whose words are choice without being studied, and natural and easy without being childish or slangy. We love to listen to those whose purity of soul shines in their conversation, and we feel that words are but the personification of the beauty within.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Fashion Notes.

Printed flannels make convenient and pretty costumes for young ladies.

All shades of yellow are used to brighten the effect of dark fabrics.

Jackets have close coat sleeves, with buttons and buttonholes at the wrist.

New hats in felt and beaver or hatter's plush come in all the new dark and light colors.

Cocks' plumes, much curled, are seen in quantities on importations of hats and bonnets.

Black silk costumes are stylishly trimmed with Chantilly piece and edging lace.

The *Railway Age* says: "It is probable that the number of miles of new road constructed in the United States during 1887 will be about 12,000. This figure is the greatest on record. It has never been approached except in 1882, when the total was 11,568 miles. Track-laying for 1887, up to September 1, aggregates 6,462 miles. Kansas still continues far in the lead over the other States in the work of railway construction."

A Man With Electric Fingers.

Anton Saverne, a Belgian cabinet-maker employed at a Kensington shipyard, has the wonderful power of producing electric sparks by rubbing his fingers. Saverne is a little, swarthy fellow, about forty years old, with a bushy head of black hair, keen blue eyes—very rare among his countrymen—and very small hands. His motions prove that he is excessively nervous, and his senses of hearing, sight, and smell, as he assured a reporter of the *Daily News* yesterday, are unusually acute. His parents still live on a farm in Belgium, near Brussels, and he is the youngest of a family of eleven children.

"I know not how I do it," he said last evening, as the reporter saw sparks shoot from Saverne's fingers. The cabinet maker rubbed his finger tips rapidly up and down upon his trousers. Then, holding his hands out with the fingers widely extended, jets of tiny yellow flames, or long sparks, shot out. They seemed propelled by some unseen force ten or twelve inches into the air, when they vanished. The right hand appeared more charged with electricity, if the sparks are electric, than the left. The lamp in Saverne's front room was put out so that the sparks might be seen in all their brilliancy. It was a wonderful sight. Again and again did the bushy-headed Belgian rub his fingers and hold them out while tiny showers of bright sparks darted out as if from toy fireworks.

"I was not always so," said Saverne, lighting the lamp and his black pipe, filled with villainous tobacco at the same time. "When I had been sick ten years ago it was said I would die. I lay so weak one night in my father's house when there came up a storm. Such thunder and lightning I never knew before. And my body had such queer sensations. While I lay, covered up with bedclothes, my mother sat holding her face in her hands by my side, and I seemed to feel a thousand needles pricking my limbs and chest and the soles of my feet. It was not so painful, for queer thrills came with every prick, and when the thunder rolled away and the rain stopped I rose up, leaned back, and put out my hand to take that of my mother's. My eyes were closed, but I heard her cry, 'Anton!'

"'What?' I gasped weakly.

"'Your hand.'

"I looked at it. The one nearest to her. It was all aflame. I was terrified. My cry brought my father and sisters to the room. They looked at me in horror. I took my other hand from the clothes to rub the right. Sparks shot from the fingers of the left. Soon they died away, but I have only to rub my hands as you have seen and the lights come."

Saverne told of the hardships brought upon him by his singular faculty. The neighboring peasants in Belgium avoided him and told awful stories of his being in league with the devil. Men would not hire him to plow or in harvest time. His own family clung to him, but the farm was small and he came to this country five years ago. Here he learned the cabinet-making trade and got employment at finishing ship interiors. But when his companions saw his faculty or infirmity they treated him coldly. His ignorant neighbors in Schleswig street regard him as possessed of an evil spirit. Saverne's electric fingers are the curse of his existence.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Government of Colombia offers a reward of $10,000 in silver to any one who will discover a new merchantable article of export.

Professional Etiquette

prevents some doctors from advertising their skill, but we are bound by no such conventional rules and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663, Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The truly good man is he who does not lose his child heart.—*Menicus.*

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierces "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegtable*, no particular care it required while using them. By druggist.

The Polish people never swear in their own language, but always in Russian.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. It teaches successful self treatment.

The hay crop is the leading crop of the United States.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers.

Send for Pamphlet on Female Diseases, free, securely sealed. Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N.Y.

Extraordinary but nevertheless true. We refer to the announcement of B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, in which they propose to show working energetic men how to make from $100 to $300 a month over and above expenses.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Lung Troubles and Wasting

Diseases can be cured, if properly treated in time, as shown by the following statement from D. C. Freeman, Sydney: "Having been a great sufferer from pulmonary attacks, and gradually wasting away for the past two years, it affords me pleasure to testify that Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Soda has given me great relief, and I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering in a similar way to myself. In addition, I would say that it is very pleasant to take."

From $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 worth of gold is used annually in the shape of foil for gilding, lettering, edging of books, sign and ornamental painting and denistry, gilding taking the greater share.

Pis's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50 cts

What Is the Use

Of your dragging yourself around, day after day, without any life or activity, feeling all tired out and miserable, when you might be as quick and lively and strong as ever? Take care of yourself at once, or in the depleted condition of your system, a complaint otherwise trivial may fasten upon you with serious or fatal results. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to build up your entire system, to purify and quicken your blood, and to give you appetite and strength.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint, with the best results."—D. B. Saunders, 31 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.

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

S N U--40

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

During the last year you furnished me with 97,000 "Tansill's Punch." This month you have sold me 21,000, almost all of which have been sold, from one to five to each person. You will please ship 6,000 every Saturday until further notice.

C. S. Prowitt, Druggist, Denver, Col.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

THOUSANDS say that **Ely's Cream Balm** cured them of **HAY-FEVER**

Apply Balm into each nostril

$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. AGENTS preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main St., Richmond, Va.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

FLORIDA HOMES AND ORANGE GROVES FREE

10 Orange Grove Tracts of 40 acres.
20 Orange Grove Tracts of 20 acres.
40 Orange Grove Tracts of 10 acres.
330 Orange Grove Tracts of 5 acres.
400 Orange Grove Tracts of 2½ acres.
100 City Building Lots.

We are giving away a portion of our lands that the remainder may be greatly increased in value. Advertising space costs too much to give full particulars here; but send your full name and postoffice address to our Northern office, where all deeds are made, and we will send you by return mail, *in a sealed envelope*, a

NUMBERED Land CERTIFICATE FREE

Which certificate will enable you to secure one of the above divisions of valuable Florida property, free, *No charge of any kind is made for either the Numbered Land Certificate or the Property it designates.* ALL FREE. Address W. H. Whetstone, Sec'y, 227 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YOU WILL BE A TRAITOR to your own interests and to those dependent on you if you fail to avail yourself of this Great Free Land Offer. Secure it for your children.

Send your application not later than two weeks from the date of this paper.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.

MOORE'S SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY ATLANTA, GA. THE BEST PRACTICAL BUSINESS SCHOOL IN THE SOUTH. SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

PENSIONS to Soldiers and Heirs. Send for circulars. No fee unless successful. E. H. GUEST & CO., Washington, D. C.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34; round, 14 Pills.

AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE in every County. A rare opportunity for new beginners. Unprecedented success. $5 to $12 a day easily made. GEO. A. BAKER & CO., Charleston, S. C.

GOLD is worth $500 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve $1,000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

Rubber TAMPS to mark your linen. Send 2c Stamp for circulars. Address, H. S. Hanner, Lock Box 10 Branford, Fla

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR **INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.**

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM,

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhœa, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DYGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N.Y.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 87 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'b'd 1858.

DALY HAMMERLESS. MANHATTAN HAMMERLESS. DALY THREE BARREL. PIEPER BREECH LOADERS.

Send for Catalogue of Specialties.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, 84 and 86 Chambers Street, New York.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SIZE OF PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. Hausner, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., *2302 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Eli Robbins, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

GOES DIRECT TO WEAK SPOTS WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER KILLS MALARIA

Don't allow yourself to break. Keep up Youth, Health, Vigor. At first signs of going back, begin use of Wells' Health Renewer. For weak men, delicate women. Renews energy. Cures Dyspepsia, Mental or Physical Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Fever and Ague. Nice to take, true merit, unequaled for **TORPID LIVER** and **NIGHT SWEATS,** Leanness, Nervous Prostration, heavy labored or restless sleep, exhausted, tired, languid, faint, "ALL GONE" feeling, distress in the back or head. Wind on bowels or stomach. $1., 6 for $5. Druggists or Express. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

OPIUM Habit Cured satisfactory before any pay. Prof. J. H. Bartos, 254h Ward, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell NOVELTY RUG MACHINES and RUG PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Tidies, Hoods, Mittens, etc. Machine sent by mail for $1. Send for late reduced price list. E. Ross & Co., Toledo, O.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

A Great Medical Work for Young and Middle-Aged Men.

KNOW THYSELF.

PUBLISHED by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. WM. H. PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Exhausted Vitality, Impaired Vigor, and Impurities of the Blood, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantial embossed binding, full gilt. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only $1 by mail, postpaid, and concealed in a plain wrapper. *Illustrative sample free if you send now.* Address as above. *Name this paper.*