THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject:—"A Strait Up and Down Religion."

TEXT: *"And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb line."* —Amos vii., 8.

The solid masonry of the world has to me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, 400 or 600 years old, and see them stand for centuries, as erect as when they were builded, walls of great height not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers, and stone masons, and carpenters, in the building of walls, use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes, and where it bulges out, and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and in that way measuring it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

What the world wants is a straight up and down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is horizontal with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into the perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. If they play cards, we play cards. If they dance, we dance. If they read certain styles of books, we read them. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb-line of other lives and reject the infallible test which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are 10,000 plumb lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination, and by extra braces and various architectural contrivances it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little aslant? Why not have the pillar of truth a leaning tower? Why is not an ellipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as straight up and down? My friends, we must have a standard; shall it be God's or man's?

The divine plumb-line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down an article lower and lower, and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he had purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck, and how he had outwitted the merchant. Proverbs xx, 14: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way then he boasteth." So utterly askew is society in this manner that you seldom find a seller asking the price that he expects to get. He puts on a higher value than he proposes to receive, knowing that he will have to drop. If he wants fifty he asks seventy-five. And if he wants 2,000 he asks 2,500. "It is naught," saith the buyer. "The fabric is defective; the style of goods is poor; I can get elsewhere a better article at a smaller price; it is out of fashion; it is damaged; it will fade; it will not wear well." After a while the merchant, from over-persuasion or from desire to dispose of that particular stock of goods, says: "Well, take it at your own price," and the purchaser goes home with light step and calls into his private office his confidential friends, and chuckles while he tells how that for half price he got the goods. In other words, he lies and is proud of it. Nothing would make times as good, and the earning of a livlihood so easy, as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be in according to the sample, and what, with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding to Canada, and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid all the pressure and does right is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men who, without any complaint or bannered processions through the street, are enduring a stress of circumstances terrific. The fortunate people of to-day are those who are receiving daily wages or regular salaries. And the men most to be pitied are those who conduct a business while prices are falling, and yet try to pay their clerks and employes, and are in such fearful straits that they would quit business to-morrow if it were not for the wreck and ruin of others. When people tell me at what a ruinously low price they purchased an article it gives me more dismay than satisfaction. I know it means the bankruptcy and defalcation of men in many departments. The men who toil with the brain need full as much sympathy as those who toil with the hands. All business life is struck through with suspicion, and panics are only the result of want of confidence.

The pressure to do wrong is all the stronger from the fact that in our day the large business houses are swallowing up the smaller, the whales dining on bluefish and minnows. The large houses undersell the small ones because they can afford it. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assured they can make it up on others. So a great dry goods house goes outside of its regular line and sells books at cost, or less than cost, and that swamps the booksellers; or the dry goods house sells bric-a-brac at lowest figures, that swamps the small dealer in bric-a-brac. And the same thing goes on in other styles of merchandise, and the consequence is that all along the business streets of all our cities there are merchants of small capital who are in terrific struggle to keep their heads above water. The Cunarders run down the Newfoundland fishing smacks. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage. To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reinforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience and their courage, and their Christian consistency, and after a while their turn of success will come. The owners of the big business will die and their boys will get possession of the business, and with a cigar in the mouth, and full to the chin with the best liquor, and behind a pair of spanking bays they will pass everything on the turnpike road to temporal and eternal perdition. Then the business will break up, and the smaller dealers will have fair opportunity. Or the spirit of contentment and right feeling will take possession of the large firm, as recently in the case of A. A. Low & Co., and the firm will say: "We have enough money for all our needs and the needs of our children; now, let us dissolve business and make way for other men in the same line." Instead of being startled at a solitary instance of magnanimity, as in the case just mentioned, it will become a common thing. I know of scores of great business houses that have had their opportunity of vast accumulation, and who ought to quit. But, perhaps, for all the days of this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the overshadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your equilibrium, and your honesty, and your faith, and throw over all the counters, and shelves, and barrels, and hogsheads, and cotton bales, and rice casks, the measuring line of divine right. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb line."

In the same way we need to measure our theologies. All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion and their chief work is with ghosts, and others a religion of political economy proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is a humanitarian religion that looks after the body of men and lets the soul look after itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by enactment of better laws, and there is an æsthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformities, and religions of all sorts, religions by the peck, religions by the square foot, and religions by the ton—all of them devices of the devil that would take the heart away from the only religion that will ever effect anything for the human race, and that is the straight up and down religion written in the book, which begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation, the religion of the skies, the old religion, the God-given religion, the everlasting religion, which says: "Love God above all and your neighbor as yourself." All religions but this one begin at the wrong end and in the wrong place. The Bibie religion demands that we first get right with Go1. It begins at the top and measures down, while the other religions begin at the bottom and try to measure up. They stand at the foot of the wall up to their knees in the mud of human theory and speculation, and have a plummet and a string tied fast to it. And they throw the plummet this way and break a head there, and they throw plummet another way and break a head there, and then they throw it up, and it comes down upon their own pate. Fools! Why will you stand at the foot of the wall measuring up when you ought to stand at the top measuring down? A few days ago I was in the country, thirsty after a long walk. And I came in, and my child was blowing soap bubbles, and they rolled out of the cup, blue, and gold, and green, and sparkling, and beautiful, and orbicular, and in so small a space I never saw more splendor concentrated. But she blew once too often and all the glory vanished into suds. Then I turned and took a glass of plain water and was refreshed. And so far as soul thirst is concerned, I put against all the glowing, glittering soap bubbles of worldly reform and human speculation one draught from the fountain from under the throne of God, clear as crystal. Glory to God for the religion that drops from above, not coming up from beneath! "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb-line."

I want you to notice this fact, that when a man gives up the straight up and down religion in the Bible for any new fangled religion, it is generally to suit his sins. You first hear of his change of religion, and then you hear of some swindle he has practiced in Colorado mining stock, telling some one if he will put in $10,000 he can take out $100,000, or he has sacrificed his chastity, or plunged into irremediable worldliness. His sins are so broad he has to broaden his religion, and he becomes as broad as temptation, as broad as the soul's darkness, as broad as hell. They want a religion that will allow them to keep their sins, and then at death say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and tells them: "All is well, for there is no hell.' What a glorious heaven they hold before us! Come, let us go in and see it. There is Herod and all the babes he massacred. There is Charles Guiteau, and Jim Fisk, and Robespierre, the friend of the French guillotine, and all the liars, thieves, house burners, garroters, pickpockets and libertines of all the centuries. They have all got crowns, and thrones, and harps, and scepters, and when they chant they sing: "Thanksgiving, and honor, and glory, and power to the broad religion that let us all into heaven without repentance and faith in those disgraceful dogmas of ecclesiastical old fogyism."

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a useful word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stonemason or a bricklayer is a plumb line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be a deflection in the wall it cannot further on be corrected. Because by the law of gravitation a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected. One of the best friends I ever had died of delirium tremens at 60 years of age, though he had not since 21 years of age—before which he had been dissipated—touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in a street on a hot summer day he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better. And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite, and he entered the first liquor store, and stayed there until thoroughly under the power of rum. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters fleeing from his presence, until he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quiet nearly forty years, and that one spark ignited the conflagation. Remember that the wall may be one hundred feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live 100 years, and do right the last eighty years, you may, nevertheless, do something at twenty years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for youselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundations? A man before thirty years of age may commit enough sin to last him a lifetime. A cat that has killed one pigeon cannot be cured. Keep it from killing the first pigeon. Now, John, or George, or Charles, or William, or Alexander, or Andrew, or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me. I am going to start right and keep on right. God help me, for I am very weak. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plumb line!"

Lord Nelson's general direction when going into naval battle was, no man can do wrong that places his ship close alongside that of the enemy. My friend, you will never do wrong if you keep your life close alongside the Ten Commandments. Do right, and you can be as brave as Maria Theresa, who rode up the Hill of Defiance and shook her sword at the four corners of the earth.

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath, and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when, ten years ago, with commissioner of police and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet though I never was intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness, restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy, I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet in the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel, a tree whose dews are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest Christian life. The Chippewa, wanting to see God, blackens his face with charcoal and fasts till he has a vision of what he calls God. My God I can see best when I take my hat off and let the sunshine blaze in my face, and after a reasonable breakfast. He is not a God of blackness and, starvation, but of light and plentitude, and the glory of the noonday sun is Egyptian midnight compared to it. There they go—two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church, one Sunday morning, during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and be my pardon and my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled heaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be, is just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing rod in this summer vacation he was just as skillful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good jokes, and has plenty of fun, first-class fun, glorious fun. But his brother is going down hill. In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right, or decency, or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth rate boarding house, cursing God, and calling for his mother, and fighting back demons from his dying pillow, which is basweated and torn to rags, he plunges out of the world with the shriek of a destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind of fun! It is remorse. It is despair. It is blackness of blackness. It is woe unending and long reverberating, and crushing as though all the mountains of all continents roll on him in one avalanche. My soul, stand back from such fun. Young man, there is no fun in shipwrecking your character, no fun in disgracing your father's name. There is no fun in breaking your mother's heart. There is no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute. There is no fun in the profligate's death-bed. There is no fun in an undone eternity. Paracelsus, out of the ashes of a burnt rose said he could recreate the rose, but he failed in the alchemic undertaking, and roseate life once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom.

Oh, this plumb line of the everlasting right! God will throw it over all our lives to show us our moral deflections. God will throw it over all churches to show whether they are doing useful work or are standing instances of idleness and pretense. He will throw that plumb line over all nations to demonstrate whether their lives are just or cruel, their rulers good or bad, their ambitions holy or infamous. He threw that plumb line over the Spanish monarchy of other days, and what became of her? Ask the splintered hulks of her overthrown armada. He threw that plumb line over French imperialism, and what was the result? Ask the ruins of her Tuileries, and the fallen column of the Place Vendome, and the grave trenches of Sedan, and the blood of revolutions of different times rolling through the Champs Elysees. He threw that plumb-line over ancient Rome, and what became of the realm of the Cæsars? Ask her war eagles, with beak dulled and wings broken, flung helpless into the Tiber. He threw it over the Assyrian Empire of a thousand years, the thrones of Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, and Shalmaneser, of twenty-seven victorious expeditions, the cities of Phœnicia kneeling to the scepter, and all the world blanched in the presence. What became of all the grandeur? Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad and the corpses of her 185,000 soldiery slain by the angel of the Lord in one night, and the Assyrian sculptures of the world's museums, all that now remains of that splendor before which nations staggered and crouched. God is now throwing that plumb line over this American republic, and it is a solemn time with this nation, and whether we keep His Sabbaths or dishonor them, whether righteousness or iniquity dominate, whether we are Christian or infidel, whether we fulfill our mission or refuse it, whether we are for God or against him, will decide whether we shall as a nation go on in higher and higher career or go down in the same grave where Babylon, and Nineveh, and Thebes, and Assyria are sepulchered.

"But," say you, "if there be nothing but a plumb line what can any of us do, for there is an old proverb which truthfully declares: 'If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.' What shall we do when, according to Isaiah, God shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet? Ah, here is where the Gospel comes in with a Saviour's righteousness to make up for our deficits. And while I see hanging on the wall a plumb line, I see also hanging there a cross. And while the one condemns us the other saves us, if only we will hold to it. And here and now you may be set free with a more glorious liberty than Hampden, or Sidney, or Kosciusko ever fought for. Not out yonder, nor down there, nor up here, but just where you are you may get it. The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies, and she went to Baden-Baden and tried those waters, and went to Carlsbad and tried those waters, and went to Homburg and tried those waters, and instead of getting better she got worse, and in despair she said to a physician: "What shall I do?" His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have one chance in the waters of Pit Keathly Scotland." "Is it possible?" she replied. "Why, those waters are on my own estate!" She returned, and drank of the fountain, and in a few months completely recovered. Oh sick, and diseased, and sinning, and dying hearer, why go trudging all the world over, and seeking here and there relief for your discouraged spirit, when close by, and at your very feet, and at the door of your heart, aye, within the very estate of your own consciousness, the healing waters of eternal life may be had, and had this very hour, this very minute, this very Sabbath? Blessed be God that over against the plumb line that Amos saw is the cross, through the emancipating power of which you and I may live and live forever!

Canine Reasoning.

General George H. Sharpe lately told me a capital story. The hero of it was a dog belonging to the General's son-in-law, Congressman Ira Davenport. The family supplied the dog with a basket in which a nickel was daily deposited. Seizing the handle of the basket with his teeth he would trot to the butcher's, buy himself five cents' worth of meat and trot home again. Then having eaten all the meat that his appetite craved he prudently proceeded to bury the rest. Up to this point there is nothing novel in the incident. Many a dog has been trained to do its own marketing, while nothing is more common than to see a dog burying meat for a rainy day. But listen to the rest of the story. General Sharpe says that one morning the dog, instead of bounding away as usual after his basket had been handed to him, paused in a contemplative attitude and then, overturning the basket, seized the nickel in his mouth and going off to one corner of the garden proceeded to bury that. "You can see," the General added, "how the dog reasoned. It occurred to him that if a nickel was good for a piece of meat, he might as well bury the one as the other." It seems to me I never met with a better example of canine appreciation of cause and effect.—*New York Tribune.*

Paid in Gold Coin.

In Dec., 1886, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., offered eight premiums payable in gold coin, which they say created a great interest among people who kept hens, so much so, in fact, that they authorize us to say that they shall offer Nov. 1st, 1887, another list of premiums for the bests results from the use of Sheridan's Powder to Make Hens Lay. Of course all who compete cannot get one of the premiums, but some of the last year's reports sent us show that the parties ought to have been well satisfied if they had not received any other benefit than the increase of eggs they got while making the trial. For example the first premium was twenty-five dollars taken by C. A. French, Washington, N. H., who fed thirty hens the Sheridan's Powder for eight weeks. The first week he got only ten eggs; the third week the hens laid 201 eggs, and the eighth week 208 eggs. During the eight weeks trial he got 1308 eggs which, at the price of eggs in Boston or New York markets in mid-winter, would have yielded $46.60, or $1.55 for each hen in eight week's time. Considering the small expense of keeping a hen no animal on a farm will pay like that. The fourth premium, which was ten dollars, went to Mrs. E. B. Carlin, Conklin Centre, N. Y., who in the eight weeks received from forty hens 1707 eggs. The first week she only got 36 eggs, but the last week 277 eggs.

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Reuben Briggs, of Armstrong, Mo., has an Ohio Chester white sow which has had three litters of pigs, as follows: First litter, sixteen pigs; second, thirteen, and third, eighteen pigs; total, forty-seven.

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, 10 cents in stamps. Worl l's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Surnames were first adopted in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

A Washington physician has successfully performed the operation of implanting teeth.

Astronomy was cultivated in Egypt and Chaldea, 2800 B. C.; Persia, 3209; India, 3101, and in China, 2952.

The first voyage of discovery was that patronized by Necho, in which some Phœnicians left Egypt by the Red Sea and returned by way of Gibraltar.

In 1687 the sea retired from the coast of Peru and returned in mountainous waves which destroyed everything on the coast, among other places Callao.

A straight line can be drawn through seventy-five miles of the Indian River, Florida without touching shore. It is called the straightest river in the world.

An Oconee (Ga.) man has a gander that follows him around like a dog, and will sound the alarm when a stranger enters the yard, and attacks the intruder with his wings and beak.

The first bread was made by the Greeks, and the first wind-mills by the Saracens. Turnpikes were originated in 1267, the sum of one penny having to be paid for each wagon passing through a certain manner.

The first record we have of coal is about three hundred years before the Christian era. Coal was used as a fuel in England as early as 852, and in 1234 the first charter to dig for it was granted by Henry III. to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It is a curious fact that the name of Daniel Webster appears upon none of the rolls of the counsellors of the Supreme Court, nor is there anywhere a record of his admission to the bar of that court. It is probable that he was already so distinguished as a lawyer when he argued his first case in the Supreme Court that if any one thought of it, it was taken for granted that he had taken the oath and signed the roll, and no one raised the question.

Every trace of the Colorado beetle has been destroyed in Germany by the timely use of disinfectants and tilling of the fields in which the pest appeared.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

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CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

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