TEXT: The Queen Vashti refused to come.

Esther 1, 12

If you will accept my arm I will escort you into a throne room. In this fifth sermon of the series of sermons there are certain younnly excellencies which I wish to commend, but instead of putting them in dry abstraction, I present you their impersonation in one who seldom, if ever, gets sermonic recognition.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are affame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and

light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of process and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole seems of the state of the seems. that the whole round of splendors is ex-hausted. Each such is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, ranston. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement, Golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque. Hrngings of embroidered work, in which mingle the blanness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. Tapeatries hing on silver rings, wedding together the pilars of marble. Pavillons reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant cou less, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where Kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, smoset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst, and jacinth, and topaz, and chrystoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's lattlements upon this metropolis of Persia. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden, and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with tainbows talling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny by, it seems as if a heavenly vis chamels of marble and widening our serving the fine pools swiring with the finey tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with sariet answers, hypericums, and many colored rangements. Meats of rarset bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricols and almonds. The basket gibed up with apricots, and basket piled up with apricots, and dates, and figs, and oranges and pomegran-ates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The tright waters of Euleus filling the of acacia. The bright waters of Euleus filling the urns, and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and Bly shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankaris of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revely breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and probability. uched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the histough of the inebriates, the gabble of Tools, and the song of the drunk-

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persin at a bunquet. Drunken Abasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately short to obey the king's com-mand, but there was a rule in Oriental seci-ety that no ways or with the mental but ety that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a maniate, that no one dare dispute, de-manding that Vashti come in unveiled before ltitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the revenue of Persia, which commanded her to disobey the order of the King; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises un into one sublime refresh. one sublime refusal. I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course, Anasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in joverty and rum to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the appliance of analysis. of after generations, who up to a limite this martyr to ence. Well, the last vestige of gone; the last garrand has faded;

dicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a reaim as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jowels! And yet, my friends, the blaze of her jowels! And yet, my friends, the first of the precenty. When I see a woman with stort faith in God, patting her joot upon all meanness, and selfishness, and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service. I say "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the lattlements upon the coronation; and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the lashionable source. I great her with the ashionable square, I greet her with the hout: "All half! Queen Vashti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary, of Scotland; or Elizabeth, of England; or Margaret, of France, or Catharine, of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory!—or of that woman mentioned in the giory!—or of that woman mentioned in the cariptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury!—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unsclish patriotism?—or of Abigail who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband;—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naonn!—or of Mrs. Adonram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of burmah—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her whole sole in words which will be forever associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and is add hour, and late's throb, and curfew's kindl at the dying day!—and scores and handreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the bungry, and medicine to the sick, and smites to the discouraged—their footsteps heard to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane, and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison gate! There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will units with these sheets. unite with the crackling lips of fever struck Lospital and plague blotched lazaretto in reeting her as she passes: "Hail! hail!

Among the queens whom I honor are the female day school teachers of this land. I just upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of our towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endowments. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. nese persons, some of them, come out from offluent homes, choosing teaching as a useful profession: others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teach-ing to lighten his load. But I tell you the history of the majority of the female teach s in the public schools when I say: "Father dead." After the estate was settled, the milly, that were conflortable before, are rown on their own resources.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this

Within a stone's throw of this building there died years ago one of the principals of our public schools. She had been twenty-five years at that post. She had left the touch of refinement on a multitude of the young. She had, out of her slender purse, given literally hundreds of dollars for the destitute who came under her observation as a school teacher. A deceased sister's children were thrown upon her hands, and she took care of them. She was a kind mother father, while them. She was a kind mother to them, while she mothered the whole school. Worn out with nursing in the sick and dying room of one of the household, she herself came to die. She closed the school book and at the same time the volume of her Christian idelity; and when she went through the gates they cried: "These are they who came cut of great tribus." "These are they who came out of great tribu-lation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

lation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Queens are all such, and whether the world acknowledges them or not, Heaven acknowledges them or not, Heaven acknowledges them. When Scarron, the wit and ecclesiastic, as poor as he was brilliant, was about to marry Mme, de Maintenon, he was asked by the notary what he proposed to settle upcn mademoiselle. The reply was: "Immortality! The names of the wives of kings die with them; the name of the wives of Scarron will live always." In a higher and better sense, upon all women who do their duty Gol will settle immortality! Not the immortality of earthly fame, which is mortal, but the immortality celestial. And they shall reign forever and ever! Oh, the opportuity which every woman has of being a queen! The longer I live the more I admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my ppinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man has a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to this rule. The vritings of Goethe can rever have any such attractions for me as Shakespare, he asse nearly all the womanly womans. exception to this rule. The NTLINGS of Goevie can rever have any such attractions for me as Shakespeare, be ause nearly all the womanly characters of the great German have some kind of turpitude. There is his Mariana with her clandestine scheming, and his Mignon of evil parentage, yet worse than her ancestors, and his Theresa the brazen, and his Aurelia of many intrigues, and his Thilina the termagant, and his Melina the tarnished and his Baroness, and his Countess, and there is seldom a womanly character in all his volumirous writings that would be worthy of residence in a respectable coal cellar, yet pictured, and dramatized, and emblazoned till all the literary world is compelled to see. No. no! Give me William Shakespeare's idea of woman; and I see it in Desdemona, and Cordelia, and Rosalind, and Imogen, and Helena, and Hermione, and Viola, and Isabella, and Sylvia, and Perdita, all of them with enough faults to prove them human, can never have any such attractions for me a with enough faults to prove them human, out enough kindly characteristics to give us the author's idea of womanhood his Lady Macbeth only a dark background to bring out the supreme loveliness of his other female

out the supreharacters.

characters.

Oh, woman of America! rise to your opportunity. Be no slave to pride, or worldfiness, or sin. Why ever crawl in the dust when you can mount a throne? Be queens unto God forever. Hail Vashti!

Again: I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahashuerus and his court on that day, with her face unjovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she yome, in their sober moments would have some, in their sober moments would have is pised her. As some flowers seem to thrive sest in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sim does not seem to reach them, so fool appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbral at the front of a host, or a Marie Antometre to quell a French mob, or a Deborah os stand at the front of an armed battalion, rying out: "Up! up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when women are called to such utloor work, end to such heroic positions, fool prepares them for it; and they have from in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as some, in their sober moments would have trength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire, and all the harpies of hell sink down to their dungeons at the stamp of their womanly indignation. But these are exceptions. Generally Decreas would rather make a garment for the Doreas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecea would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Habrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naa man's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phoebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired Apostle: Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptwould rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of Godand admire the divine portrait of Vashti the Queen, Vashti the select. Washti the seerifice, Vashti the stelect. In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the Junean A hine ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a second or service of the world with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unblushing bodhess, loud voiced, with a voice of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti in the footsteps of him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti the stee a woman of unblushing bodhess, loud voiced, with a voice of infinite clitter clatter." masculine swing, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery. I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil?" When I see a woman

struggling for political preferment, and re-jecting the duties of home as insignificant, and thinking the offices of wife, mother and daughter of no importance, and trying to

ontigater of no importance, and trying to force her way up on into conspicuity, I say:

"Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of advoitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of the high social position, yet moving in society with super-

ciliconsess and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle, and strut, and rodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homocopathic infintees.

mals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of sig-nificant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her vail." prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say:

"Vashti has lost her veil."

But do not misinterpret what I say into a depreciation of the work of these glorious and divinely called women who will not be understood till after they are dead, women like Susan B. Anthony, who are giving their life for the improvement of the condition of their sex. Those of you that think that women have under the laws of this country an equal chance with men are ignorant of the laws. A gentleman writes me from Maryland, saying: Take the laws of this state. A man and wife start out in life full of hope in every respect; by their joint efforts, and, as is frequently the case, through the economic ideas of the wife, succeed in accumulating a fortune, but they have no children; they reach eld age together, and then the husband dies. What does the law of this State do then: It says to the wildow: "Hands off your late husband's property; do not touch it; the State will find others to whom it will give that; but you, the wildow, must not touch it as the same has a sufficient to the sufficient to the same has a sufficient to the same whom it will give that; but you, the widow, must not touch it, only so much as will keep life within your aged body, that you may live to see those others enjoy what rightfully should be your own." And the State seek, the relatives of the deceased husband, whether they haven or far, whether they haven or far, whether they

the relatives of the deceased husband, whether they be near or far, whether they were ever heard of before or not, and transfers to them, singly or collectively, the estate of the deceased husband and living widow.

Now, that is a specimen of unjurt laws in all the states concerning womanhood. In stead of flying off to the discussion as to whether or not the giving of the right of voting to woman will correct these laws, let me say to men, be gallant enough, and fair enough, and God loving enough to correct these wrongs against women by your own masculine vote. Do not wait for woman suffrage to come, if it ever does come, but so far as you can touch ballet boxes, and Legislatures and Congresses begin the reforma-

suffrage to come, if it ever does come, but so far an exprown on their own resources.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women—their health are so runged, their arms not so strong their opportunities fower. These persons effor trendlingly going through the order of an examination as to their qualifications to teach, half be wildered step over the sill of the public school to do two things—instruct the young and earn their own bread. Her work is wearing to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and in tractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their vices and the vices for the harness of life, so many wild coits for the harness of life, so that all of the viary people in our cities for five nights of the week, then are none more weary than the public school teachers. Now, for Goi's sake, give them fair chance. Throw no obstacle in the way, if they come out ahead in the race, cheer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers they can take up the cadgels for themselves. But keep your hands off of defenceless woman. Father may be dead, but there are enough brothers left to demand and see that they get instice.

Lapithæ. The house full of outrage, and cruelty, and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes represented in this house this morning that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh Ahasuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their hands at them as they pass down the street, and say. "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness. God forbid that any evil spirit, born of the wine cup or the brandy flask, should come forth and unroot that garden, and, with a blasting, blistering, all consuming curse, shut for ever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

Oh the women and men of sacrifice are going to take the brightest coronals of heaves! This woman of the text gave up palatial residence, gave up all for what she considered right. Sacrifice! Is there anything more sublime! A steamer called the Prairie Bludso, the engineer, declared he would keep the bow of the boat to the shore till all were eff, and he kept his promise. At his post, scorched and blackened, he perished, but he saved all the passengers. Two verses of pa-thetic poetry describe the scene, but the verses are a little rough, and so I changed a word or two:

Through the hot black breath of the burning
Jim Bludeo's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his stubborness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sare's you're born they all got off
Afore the smokestacks feli:

He weren't no saint, but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it there and then,
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti
the silent. You do not hear any outcry from
this woman as she goes forth from the palace
gate. From the very dignity of her nature
you know there will be no vociferation.
Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a
retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to
resist; but there are crises when the most
triumphant thing to do is to keep silence.
The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waited for the coming of
more intelligent generations, willing that
men should laugh at the lightning rod,
and cotton gin and steamboat—waiting for
long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent
silence. Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured
everywhere, yet waiting and watching with
his telescope to see the coming up of stellar
re-enforcements, when the stars in their
courses would fight for the Copernican systen; then sitting down in complete blindness
and deafness to wait for the coming of the
generations who would build his monument
and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a
nillory, the slow fires of public contempt rated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylin-ders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth

of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudrs of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to sooth the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence, and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when—

Angels thronged his charlot wheel,

Angels througed his chariot wheel, And here him to his throne: Then swept their golden harps and sung The giorious work is done.

n Arcti: explorer found a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs, and going on board he found that the captain as frozen at his log book, and the helms man was frozen at the wheel, and the men on man was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the lookout were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Their silence was louder than thunder. And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn, and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies, and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

I thank God that the mightest influences are the most silent. The fires in a furnace of

I thank God that the mightest influences are the most silent. The fires in a furnace of a factory, or of a steamship, roar though they only move a few shuttles or a few thousand tons, but the sun that warms a world rises and sets without a crack. or faintest sound. Travelers visiting Mount Ætna, having heard of the glories of sunrise on that peak, went up to spend the night there and see the sun rise next morning, but when it came up it was so far behind their anticipations they actually hissed it. The

mightiest influences to-day are like the planetary system—completely silent. Don't hiss the sun!

O, woman! does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the secrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the lartiships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through he blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates, or never go at all. he blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates, or never go at all.

When Rome was besieged the daughter of its ruler saw the golden bracelets on the left arms of the enemy, and she sent word to them that she would betray her city and surrender it to them if they would only give her those bracelets on their left arms. They accepted the proffer, and by night this daughter of the ruler of the city opened one of the gates. The army entered, and keeping their promise, threw upon her their bracelets, and also their shiel is, and under the great weight she died. Alas, that all through the ages the same folly has been repeated, and for the trinkets and glittering treasures of this world men and women swing open the portais of their immortal soul for an everlasting surrender, and die under the shining submergement. under the shining submergement.

Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus

Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Vashti.

Aman'

## The Wind Lifts a Train.

Mr. C. W. Woodward, a traveling man hailing from New York, related an interesting story vesterday of a trip from Buffalo to this city in the storm Thurs day night. He is a guest at the Forest City house, and narrated his experience to a small circle of friends. "After leaving Dunkirk," he said, "the wind was so severe that we proceeded along at a snail's pace. At times the force of the hurricane lifted one side of the train several inches from the track, and then it would descend to the rails again with a startling thump. We were asked by the conductor to sit on one side of the cars to balance them. A number of Cleveland passengers left the train at Erie, preferring to remain in that city over night rather than to risk riding any further. It was the first time in seven teen years' traveling that I was ever alarmed in a railway train."-Cleveland

## A Draft For One Cent.

Professor John W. Greaton, of New York, has in his possession the smallest draft ever uttered by the United States Government. The following is its form: ASSAY OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES.
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### Content vs. Discontent

One, satisfied with what must be her lot-Twas not a corner lot—serenely meant ever to wander from her humble cot, Made beautiful by wise and sweet content

And one, dissatisfied with all he had, Roved from his place into the world's mad whirl. What did be find? Well, it was not so bad-The fellow found that cottage and that girl —The Century.

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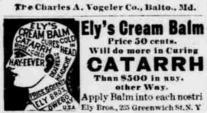
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that the cloth would make a tent that

a ring of more than 168 acres in the

Happy Homes.

The large number of graves scattered

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the moving of a body once properly buried will, in the opinion of a mission-

ary, prevent any railroad building in the Celestial Empire for many years.

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The Debilitated

URES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Much has been written and said about how to make home pleasant. The moralists and the preacher have hackneyed this theme until it would seem nothing more remained up be said. But the philosophers have gone far out of their way to account for the prevalence of ill-assorted couples and unhappy homes, and have over-looked the chief cause. Most of the unhappiness of married life can be traced directly to those functional derangements to which women are subject. In nine cases cut of ten the irritable, dissatisfied and unhappy wife is a sufferer from some "female complaint." A trial of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will produce more domestic happiness than a million sermons of philosophical treatises. It cures all those peculiar weak nesses and ailments incident to we men. It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle. "For many months I suffered greatly. My whole system seemed to be be entirely run down, my am-bition was gone, had pains la my back, and a feeling of lassitude which I could not throw off. I was treated unsuccessfully for kidney trouble. One day at by brother's I saw a bottle of Ho d's Sarsapurilla and determined to try it. Before the first bottle was taken I candidly s. y I was relieved. I have used the medicine off and on ever since, and recommend it for kidney or liver complaints." Mrs. W. H. Strang, spot on him now, and I consider him perfective cured." Wm. H. E. Ward, Downington, Penn.

Hood's Sarsaparina is prepared from Sars, Dandellon, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berri other well known vegetable remedies, in sure liar manner as to derive the full medicinal cach. It will cure, when in the power of erofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, ping 1 - 11 dyspepsia, biliousness, siet headache complaints. It overcomes that extreme tire !

### Purifies the Bioori

"Seven years ago, while my little boy was playing in the yard, he was bitten by a spider. The place entered his blood, and sores soon broke our about his body; they itched terribly and caused him indeas suffering. Several times we succeeded in booking the sores up, but in sails of all several times we succeeded in booking the sores up, but in sails of all several times we succeeded in booking the sores up. but in sails of all several times we succeeded in booking the sores up. sores up, but in spite of all we could do

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

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FARS.
Boot Cough Syrup. Trates good. Use
in time. Sold by druggista.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. Dowrld, Editor Enquirer, Eden-ton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

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The BEST COUNTY
CIDE IS PISO'S C

The BEST Cough Medicine is Piso's CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf \$3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without racks or nails. As stylish and durable as these costing \$5 or \$5, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt to feet makes them as comfortable and well sitting as hand sewed aboe. Buy the best. Note genuine an less mamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe warranted."

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ARE YOU SICK?

Do you feel Gull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miscrable, both physically and mentally: experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the merning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent bearlaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, bot flushes, altermating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant,

David G. Lowe, Esq. of St. Agathe, Monitoba, 1 Mrs. 1. V. Webber, of Yorkshire, Cattaraneas

BILIOUS
ATTACK.

Devid G. Lowe, Esq., of St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the beart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER
On. N. Y., Webber, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus
Co., N. Y., writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

## "FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all blumors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in the standard section of the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing the conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ui-invigorating med

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and all skin and blood diseases, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-REUM

\*\*COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887.

\*\*TION, 63 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.:

\*\*Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggrave relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, selves, ointments and bandares, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rhoumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the sak-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by per physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but defer the sufferer from salt-rheum. She commensed taking it at once, and the suffering the winter from salt-rheum. She commensed taking it at once, and the suffering the winter from salt-rheum. She commensed taking it at once, and the control was defered from salt-rheum. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she from the salt-rheum of either salt-rheum of either salt-rheum of either salt-rheum of either salt-rheum of return of either salt-rheum of return of either salt-rheum of return of either salt-rheum from her system. The 'Discovery' she physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but defered the salt-rheum might chance to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his "Golden Medical Discovery' and other medic

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak tions, it is a sovereign remedy. While it

CONSUMPTION.

SOLOMON BUTTS, of North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your vife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now.'

GAINED 25 POUNDS.

Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 101), Summerside, Prince Educard Island, Can., writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery," I was not able to weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 eat four or five if I dared to."



GOUGH OF
FIVE YEARS'
STANDING.

Mrs. N. W. Rice, of Newfane, Vermont, says: "I feel at Riberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two Ecttles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cored a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my

WORTH \$1000

A BOTTLE

W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of Bellville, Florida, writes: "I have taken your wonderful Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and

Discovery \$1.00, Six Bottles for \$5.00; by Bruggiste. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 683 Majo