DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject:—"The Star Wormwood, or Brilliant Bitterness."

TEXT: *"There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."* Revelations viii, 10-11.

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and other commentators agree in saying that the Wormwood of my text was Attila, the king of the Huns. He was a star, and he was brilliant as a star, and his Wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject this hour calls us to gaze at the Star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man referred to in my text, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at be[illegible] called liberators or the merciful or the good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him the scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 [illegible]cops, mounted on Cappadocian horses [illegible] swept everything from the Adriatic [illegible] He put his iron heel on [illegible] Greece and Thrace. [illegible] Padua and [illegible] Venice [illegible] Byzantine [illegible] silver table and [illegible] A city captured by him [illegible] were brought out and put [illegible] The first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were [illegible] to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood, 300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer; and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God;" and all the people took up the cry: "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrence he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army inspired with the same occurrence resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins—the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried at night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted in the burial were massacred so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds, the waters are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: Is your life to others a benediction or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood the mountains and valleys of our sin cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope.

But some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering [illegible] and though it could not [illegible] through the [illegible] ness of your [illegible] for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond circlet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying, "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times and is suppressed by them until it [illegible] no longer and all barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, when high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the millstream, but afterward has swelled under and which [illegible] earries all before it with irresistible [illegible] not be too much offended at the [illegible] children now make. It will be time enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known [illegible] for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children where children are put on the limit and whacked and cuffed and [illegible] and ceaselessly called to order and answers sharp and suppressed until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and [illegible]

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence?

I will suppose that your [illegible] a star of wit. What kind of [illegible] do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? [illegible] the college of humorists. The man that [illegible] laugh is my benefactor. I do not ask everybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. God [illegible] all sallow pessimists, all repartees, all expounders of ingenious conundrums, all who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtapositions of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach. They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their false god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying: "Cry aloud for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Job, who with healthful sarcasm showed loathing, hypocritical Pharisees, by suggesting that such perfect people like them need no improvement, saying: "Thou art a physician, but they thy [illegible]

[illegible] you making of your wife? Is [illegible] with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at the pitiful [illegible] for which the victims are [illegible] powers of mimicry [illegible] contempt? Is it a bolt [illegible] effective? Is it a fun at others' misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and [illegible] put drop by drop into a cup? Is it the squeezing of a[illegible] drought already distressfully [illegible] that you are the star of [illegible] the fun of a rattlesnake trying how quick it can strike [illegible]

But I will change this and I will suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stable, the highway, by introducing a higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievements in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest the disheartiful [illegible] of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand [illegible] for the winter from [illegible] church. You can put [illegible] on that [illegible] a world. A [illegible] Can you tell me [illegible] a Willow [illegible] doing [illegible] a city, [illegible] glorious [illegible]

But suppose you are [illegible] of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila, and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds, of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons accompanying them. The clumsy pall bearers may make the gates of your sepulcher quake by striking your silver handled coffin against them, but the world will feel no jar as you go out of it.

There is an crroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them; that is, men and women who have special adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great, it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a quoit. There are thousands of geniuses here this morning, and in some one thing you are a star. What kind of a star are you? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic, or social, or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the tree of life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch? Dear Lord, send us all out on thy mission. All around us embittered lives, embittered by persecution, embittered by prosperity, embittered by poverty, embittered by pain, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smiles, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty council, by prayer, by gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and otherwise bitter. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company: "If you could have three wishes gratified what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be. First—More of the grace of God. Second—More of the grace of God. Third—More of the grace of God. In the door yard of my brother, John, missionary in Amoy, China, there is a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted by a rose bush it grows a little higher than the bush, and spreads out above the crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree might overshadow all your lives! Are you lovely in disposition or circumstance, putting over you its crown; are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown. Oh for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood?

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels, from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, [illegible] Chilmad, where the [illegible] of her towers, where the [illegible] the fishermen who [illegible] stood, let the [illegible] rush [illegible] barrenness where [illegible] admiration of all nations, [illegible] who set their rude [illegible] palaces glittered, answer thy [illegible] was a star, but by her own [illegible] wormwood and has fallen.

Heathen [illegible] bes—for all time to be the study of [illegible] and hierozlyphist; her stupendous [illegible] spread over twenty-seven miles; her [illegible] sculptures presenting in figures of warriors [illegible] chariot the victories [illegible] kings of Egypt [illegible] obelisks and columns; Carnac and [illegible] stupendous temples of her pride. When [illegible] engulfed the greatness of Thebes in the [illegible] when the hippodrome rang with her [illegible] and foreign royalty flowed at her shrine [illegible] other avenues roared [illegible] in the wake of [illegible] that dashed down the vision [illegible] and temples and thrones! What hand pulled down the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced the sculpture and broke obelisks and left her [illegible] temples great [illegible] that spirit of desolation [illegible] of wild beasts in her [illegible] taught the miserable [illegible] to lay to build huts in the courts [illegible] and ruin [illegible] and dodging [illegible] against the columns [illegible] under the arches and creeping [illegible] which go mournfully [illegible] carrying the tenants [illegible] the river [illegible] silver in the [illegible] gates and shutters [illegible] ruin. Responding [illegible] Tyre [illegible] terrible to God [illegible] and forest [illegible] she turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Babylon [illegible] and her [illegible] walls, the pride of [illegible] with her palaces, her hanging [illegible] built by Nebuchadnezzar to please [illegible] bride Amyitiss, who had been brought up [illegible] mountainous country and could not endure a [illegible] Babylon, those hanging gardens built, terraces above terraces, till the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the flat top a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold, or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" While saturnine grandeur smote the walls! What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon; and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's ax forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes and on the seas, cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of eastern coal. Furs from the north pass on the rivers fruits from the south. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 60,000,000 of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall put on millennial era, and when Christ comes again He will set His throne somewhere between the Alleghenies and the Sierra Nevadas. But be not deceived. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn a saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and besimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitals will fall more disastrously than when Sampson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which [illegible] mankind. It had many [illegible] justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down all despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Ahs, so would we have it," while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the wind carrying on its wings the echo of their exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

A Wealthy Old Lady Taken From Her Home by Two Unknown Men.

A dispatch from Wichita, Kansas, says: "A sensation has been caused here by the abduction of Mrs. Eliza Nixon, an aged and wealthy lady from her residence, No. 322 North Morley avenue. Mrs. Nixon is 63 years old, and has a large amount of real estate and other property. She has been living with a niece, her nearest relative, for a number of years, and is quite infirm. Wednesday morning the niece says, a strange man came to the house and had a talk with Mrs. Nixon, concerning a law suit begun against her for $5,500 in a land controversy. This stranger went away and soon returned with another man and a cab. The second stranger wore a star, and from this the niece supposed he was an officer, and that they were at the house concerning the law suit. The niece says she did not pay any particular attention to the men or her aunt, and that she first missed them upon going into the room where they had been talking, and found them all gone. A neighbor woman saw the two men carrying Mrs. Nixon into the cab and drive rapidly away. It was not long before the authorities were informed of the abduction, and search was begun. Not the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the old lady has thus far been obtained. Some think she was removed by friends to avoid a law suit, while others think she was stolen with the object of ransom for her return.

HORSE THIEVES LYNCHED.

Caught By a Committee of Citizens and Either Hanged or Shot.

A dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., says: Reports reached here to-day of the lynching of eight horse thieves in Southwestern Indian Territory. The particulars are hard to get, and all that is known about the affair is the news which Deputy Sheriff Reynolds, of Boyer county, Texas, brought in.

He says that the thieves were surprised by a posse of citizens and a running fight ensued, in which four of the posse was killed.

The entire gang of thieves was finally surrounded and either shot or hanged. The depredations of horsethieves have been very frequent during the past winter. Bill Higgle, alias "Scar Face," and "Curley Frank" are the only thieves known to have been killed. The names of the others are not known.

Three Murderers Killed.

A report from Calhoun county, W. Va., says a man who was away selling cattle, on returning home in company with a pedlar discovered a light in the window and when he looked in saw his wife and three children lying dead on the floor. He also saw four men in the room. The pedler drew his revolver and was told to make a noise at the back of the house. The men inside rushed out and three of them were killed outright, the fourth being badly wounded.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, $3.00 a$3.75; Wheat—Southern Bulk, 90a85cts; Corn—Southern White, 62a63cts, Yellow 61 62 cts.; Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 33a43cts.; Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 73a75cts.; Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 1630a $1700; Straw-Wheat, $00a$9.00; Butter, Eastern Creamery 30a33cts., near-by receipts 31a24cts; Cheese—Eastern Factory Cream, 12½ a12¾cts., Western, 11½a11¾cts; Eggs—12a13 Cattle—$4.00a5.00; Swine—6¼a6¾cts.; Sheep and Lamb—4a4½ cts; Tobacco—Lugs Inferior, 1a$2.50; Good Common, 3.50a $4.50; Middling, 5a$7.00 Good to fine red, 7a$9 Fancy, 10a$12.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Common to fair extra, $3.30a$4.00; Wheat—No. 1 White, 93 cents.; Rye—State, 54a56c.; Corn—Southern Yellow, 54a55cts.; Oats—White State, 37a38 cts.; Butter—State, 17a28 cts.; Cheese—State, 11a12½ cts.; Eggs—12a13 cts.

PHILADELPHIA—Flour—Pennsylvania, fancy, $3.00a$4.; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 83a85 cts.; Rye—Pennsylvania 57a58 cts.; Corn—Southern Yellow, 62a63 cts. Oats—41a42 cts.; Butter—State, 26a27 cts.; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 11a12 cts.; Eggs—State, 12a13 cts.

Queen Victoria and Liszt.

The whole court assembled at the chateau of X— (I forget the name), not far from Bonn; there were also a great number of illustrious guests; and Liszt, together with several celebrated artists, had promised to help at the concert to be given in the evening. The Queen of England, with her husband Prince Albert, was also at the castle; but, from what the courtiers said, "the most sympathetic sovereign in Europe," as the master called her, was not at all in a pleasant temper. It is well known how passionately she loved her husband, and how she never could get over to the inferior rank of her adored consort when the inflexibility of court etiquette compelled her to notice it. She suffered dreadfully at it, and being young and passionate, she was quite unable to hide her grievance. On this occasion, also, fate had played her a sorry trick when it brought on to the scenes an Austrian archduke. Of course he took precedence to Prince Albert, and this irritated the young woman to such an extent that it spoilt the whole entertainment for her. She abused the ladies in waiting, she got an "attack of nerves," and took a gloomy view of everything.

The evening came and the court began. Queen Victoria arrived rather late, and did not appear to be herself at all. Liszt was to play an "Introduction," but he had scarcely seated himself at the piano before the Queen complained of the heat, at which a chamberlain ran to open a window. In about two minutes the Queen found the draught insupportable. Then the chamberlain hurried off again and shut the window. This produced a bustle and a going to and fro capable of ruining the effect of the finest performance in the world. When the "Introduction" was finished the master, instead of playing the piece itself, got up, made a bow, and went out into the park to smoke a cigar. When, half an hour afterward, he came back to the hall, King Frederick William got up from his place and said to him: "You ran away just now. What was the matter?" "I was afraid," replied Liszt, "of disturbing her Majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders." The King laughed heartily, and begged him to continue his programme, which he did in the midst of respectful silence, Queen Victoria having left the hall shortly after his disappearance. —*B. P. Ward.*

The Career of William Pitt.

I was reading the story of William Pitt but yesterday, who undertook to fight the whole of Europe and to fight everything in England which pointed to a purer representation and plain common rights. He not only engaged with Napoleon at every point, and all the friends and allies of Napoleon, but he put down the petition and right of meeting in England and finally he found that everywhere he was a beaten man. Austerlitz struck him in one spot, Ulm struck him in another. He howled, "Oh! my country," and went out and died at the early age of forty-seven. He had been twenty five years in Parliament, which he entered as a mere boy, had fought France for thirteen years, had ruled England absolutely for twenty-three years. Yet almost every measure of this man was negatived by his country, finally. The Reform bill was passed in spite of him. The basis of representation in the country was revolutionized as has been done in America. Freedom and not despotism prevailed. The protection given to France and the general movement of liberty at that time by the influence of William Pitt remain in the large standing armies of the different nations there, and the socialism and anarchism which seems to have no fear of czars and kaisers, though they make a small showing in the light of republican opinion in this country—*Gath.*

A Good Investment

Is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like it—headache to-day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what in get returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

A sailor generally feels tired after a day's port.

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

"Another Cuban outrage," said Col. Sozzle, after vain efforts to make a 20-cent cigar draw.

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

The woman question: "What are you going to trim it with?"

If You Feel Tired

Weak and weary, worn out, or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar tonic, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs that I ever tried. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good." J. W. WILLSON, Quincy, Ill.

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

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Head of CATARRHAL VIRUS, Allays Inflammation, HEALS the SORES, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N.Y.

"OSGOOD"

U. S. Standard Scales. Sent on trial. Freight paid. Fully Warranted. **3 TON $35.** Otherwise proportionately low. Agents wanted. Illustrated Catalogue free. Mention this Paper. OSGOOD & THOMPSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

HERBRAND FIFTH WHEEL. Latest Buggy and Carriage improvement. HERBRAND CO., Fremont, O.

$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.

PALMS' Business College, Phila., Pa. Situations furnished. Life Scholarship, $40. Write

"PNEUMONIA."

Why not Call this Terrible Scourge by Its Rightful Name?

(*New York Telegram.*)

Many a strong well-built man leaves home to-day; before night he will have a chill and in a few hours will be dead!

This is the way the dreaded pneumonia takes people off.

The list of notable men who are its victims is appalling.

It sweeps over the land like a scourge and destroys poor and rich alike.

Everyone dreads it. Its coming is sudden, its termination usually speedy.

What causes it?

Pneumonia, we are told, is invited by a certain condition of the system, indicated if one has occasional chills and fevers, a tendency to cold in the throat and lungs, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, extreme tired feelings, short breath and pleuritic stitches in the side, nervous unrest, scalding sensations, or scant and discolored fluids, heart flutterings, sour stomach, distressed look, puffy eye sacs, hot and dry skin, loss of strength and virility.

These indications may not appear together, they may come, disappear and reappear for years, the person not realizing that they are nature's warning of a coming calamity.

In other words, if pneumonia does not claim as a victim the persons having such symptoms some less sudden but quite as fatal malady certainly will.

A celebrated New York physicial told the *Tribune* that pneumonia was a secondary disorder, the exposure and cold being simply the agent which develops the disease, already dormant in the system, because the kidneys have been but partially doing their duty. In short, pneumonia is but an early indication of a bright's diseased condition. This impaired action may exist for years without the patient suspecting it, because no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity, and often it can be detected only by chemical and microscopical observations.

Nearly 150 of the 740 deaths in New York City the first week in April (and in six weeks 781 deaths) were caused by pneumonia.

The disease is very obstinate, and if the accompanying kidney disorder is very far advanced, recovery is impossible, for the kidneys give out entirely, and the patient is literally suffocated by water.

The only safeguard against pneumonia is to maintain a vigorous condition of the system, and thus *prevent its attacks*, by using whatever will radically and effectually restore full vitality to the kidneys, *for if they are not sound pneumonia cannot be prevented.* For this purpose there is nothing equal to Warner's safe cure, a remedy known to millions, used probably by hundreds of thousands and commended as a standard specific wherever known and used. It does not pretend to cure an attack of pneumonia, but it *does remove the causes of and prevent that disease if taken in time.* No reasonable man can doubt this if he regards the personal experience of thousands of honorable men.

When a physicician says his patient has either bright's disease or pneumonia he confesses his inability to cure, and in a measure he considers his responsibility ended. In many instances, indeed, persons are reported as dying of pneumonia, heart disease, apoplexy and convulsions, when the real cause of death, and so known by the physicians, is this kidney consumption. Thousands of people have it without knowing it and perish of it because their physicians will not tell them the facts! The same fate awaits every one who will not exercise his judgment in such a matter.

An apartment house which does not yield any profit must be classed among the "flat failures."

$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gentlemen's sizes, which are of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely **FREE.** These watches have been deposited on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, selling the **Solid Gold Watch** and large line of valuable sample FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality always results in a large order for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $200 to $5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great deal more of interesting work and information. You, the most honorable of all women, are equally well adapted to succeed as any man. Address, TRUE & CO., BOX 400, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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

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Ask any one who has used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets as to their merits. They will tell you that pimples, blotches and eruptions disappear; that constipation—that breeder of disorders—is relieved; that the appetite is restored; that the whole system is renovated and regulated beyond any conception by these little wonder-workers. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless; being composed of concentrated, active ingredients, they are powerful. Purge and purify the system and disease will be unknown. Of all druggists.

A last resort—The shoemaker's shop.

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And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk; easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M.D., Manchester, O.

At the outset matrimony is a tie-game.

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To bequeath to your children is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth, because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weaknesses, bringing their systems into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

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But always keeps a stock on hand.

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CONSTANCE.—Hotels and Pensions, Inselhotel and Constanzerhof—first-class, magnificent situation bordering the lake.

EINSIEDELN.—Peacock Hotel and Pension. Splendid way on the railways delicious air; 910 metres above the sea; celebrated Church and monastery; post, telegraph, electric lights in the house; omnibus at the station. K. GYRZENNER, Proprietor.

GENEVA.—Grand Hotel de la Paix. First-class. Lift, electric lights, and Best position. FREDERIC WEBER, Proprietor.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.—At Neuhausen, near Schaffhausen, the finest waterfall in Europe; grand and striking scenery. HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF—delightfully situated (a beautiful) in opposite to and commanding splendid views of the falls and mountains. One of the largest and most excellent Swiss hotels in Switzerland; extensively patronized by the best class of Americans; charming service.

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ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, Switzerland.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping Cars from Ostend to Milan; balcony carriages; safety brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations and at Cook's and Gaze's offices.

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