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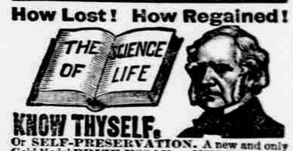

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THE PALM BRANCHES.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S REGULAR SUNDAY SERMON.

A Discourse Based on the Text, "They Took Branches of Palm Trees and Went Forth to Meet Him"—Text, John xii, 13.

BROOKLYN, April 10.—This day is recognized as Palm Sunday throughout the world, and that fact gave direction to Dr. Talmage's sermon. Among the hymns sung was the hymn—

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand.

Text, John xii, 13, "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him."

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old time palm grove, and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead sea. Let woodmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem today. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken, and I have no doubt fractious at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people gripped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mounting. The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent, and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phocea in the far east, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red hot ball of iron and threw it into the sea and said they would never return to Phocea until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstration in the text. As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on.

THE PALM TYPICAL OF TRIUMPH.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while, at least, had palms strewn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnæus calls it "the prince of vegetation." Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them—one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance. Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks? Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of enlowments such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow God says, "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar he says, "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree he says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree he says, "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.'" Oh, Lord God, give us more palm trees; men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions all abloom; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted, they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed, they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out, they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded, they are ready to lift them. People who say, "Yes! Yes!" when they are asked for assistance by word or deed, instead of "No! No!" Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me because I adjourn them, but the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss insurances. They suggest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life instead of pulling in the traces they are lying back in the breechings. They are the everlasting No. They are bramble trees; they are willows always mourning, or wild cherry trees yielding only the bitter, or crab apple trees producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness. But, how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the after part of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little an angel of God needs to exert himself to see it at all.

ALL THINGS ARE OF USE.

Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above, in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this springtime, and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eye and sleep, for who cares for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no time to sleep." The snowflake comes straggling down. "Frail, fickle wanderer, why comest thou here?" "I am no idle wanderer," responds the snowflake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no straggler, for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots of the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and the ingle fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toss me from your muffler and crush me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfill what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and when my work is done and God shall call in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the fiery courses of the sun." "What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to the flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me sustenance from the soil and breath from the air, and he who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green."

"For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that, like me, they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At eventide on the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron and the purple and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the judge of heaven and earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh with clouds!' Oh, my friends, if everything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious pillar in the eastern gardens, as seen in olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the Old Testament says of it to lessen my emphasis of what John the Evangelist says of it in my text.

A LAWFUL ROBBERY.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt, and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else. Brooklyn bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated the one slain by his toils and the other for a lifetime invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches had, in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between, which were the hemorrhages of the nation. The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphant way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make emerald his way?

A FEW LEAVES FROM OUR BRANCHES.

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn today? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 130 or 139, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it. I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need and his children should be well educated and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime, and that the wolf of hunger should never put the paw on his domain, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the pathway of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and these have been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem. What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she might not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out.

Yes, look at both her hands and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing. Yes, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midnight watchings when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household. Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining? I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoe? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locusts, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot today, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear? It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes to town, and, because his manners are a little old fashioned, try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor and say, "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable, a lord derisively cried out, "I remember you when you blacked my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and did I not do it well?" Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree. I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved on over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet and they will strew all the way until we lie down in the same slumber. Self sacrifice! What a thrilling word! Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a coward. But when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and, though the waves were rough, the sailor swimming with one arm carried the child on the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all honored at the scene of daring and self sacrifice.

When, recently, Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it $100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire, and said to herself, "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Brave! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resource under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

HOW MUCH ARE WE WILLING TO GIVE UP?

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them. Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and, until, I recollect, I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'" And, when a gentleman came into the office and said, "Mr. Finney, you are in pain!" he replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

By heaven, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Then Christ who then rides on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers and our self sacrifices and our consecrations and our consecration, throw palm branches in the way. Bring my hands at the coming victory. I feel this morning as did the Israelites when on their march from Canaan they came not under the shadow of one palm tree but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees."

Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present today. Behold it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the rapture which I shall feel when, our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitude St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves, and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

Electric electric lights are successfully used in the city, making the presence of very one. Fractious visible when they won't be harmless escape notice.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

of the Democratic Party of North Carolina.

Rooms of the State
Dem. Executive Committee,
Raleigh, N. C., March 2, '92.

The following is the plan of organization heretofore adopted by the State Democratic Committee for the guidance of the party:

TOWNSHIP ORGANIZATION.

1. The unit of county organization shall be the township. In each township there shall be an executive committee, to consist of five active Democrats, who shall be elected by the Democratic voters of the several townships in meetings called by the county executive committee. And said committee so elected shall elect one of its members as chairman, who shall preside at all committee meetings.

2. The several township executive committees shall convene at the meetings of the several county conventions, or at any time and place that a majority of them may elect, and shall elect a county executive committee, to consist of not less than five members, one of whom shall be designated as chairman, who shall preside at all of said committee meetings.

3. In case there shall be a failure on the part of any township to elect the executive committee for the period of thirty days, the county executive committee shall appoint said committee from the Democratic voters of said township.

4. The members of the township committees shall elect to any vacancy occurring in said committees.

5. The county executive committee shall call all necessary county conventions by giving at least ten days' notice by public advertisement in three public places in each township, at the court-house door, and in any Democratic newspaper that may be published in said county, requesting all Democrats of the county to meet in convention in their respective townships on a common day therein stated, which said day shall not be less than three days before the meeting of the county convention, for the purpose of electing their delegates to the county conventions.

Thereupon the conventions so held shall elect their delegates to represent the townships in the county conventions from the voters of the respective townships, which delegates, or such of them as shall attend, shall vote the full Democratic strength of their respective townships on all questions that may come before the said county conventions. In case no convention shall be held in any township in pursuance of said call, or no election shall be made, the township executive committee shall appoint such delegates.

6. Each township shall be entitled to cast in the county convention one vote for every twenty Democratic votes, and one vote for fractions of fifteen Democratic votes cast by the township at the last preceding gubernatorial election: *Provided*, That every township shall be entitled to cast at least one vote, and each township may send as many delegates as it may see fit.

7. In cases where townships consist of more than one ward or precinct, each of said wards or precincts shall be entitled to send delegates to county conventions, and shall cast its proportionate part of its township's vote, based upon the last preceding vote for Governor in said township.

8. The chairman of township committees shall preside at all township conventions. In their absence any other member of said committees may preside.

9. In cases where all the townships executive committees are required to meet for the purpose of electing county executive committees, said meetings shall be deemed to have a quorum when a majority of such townships shall be represented in said meeting.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

1. The several conventions shall be entitled to elect to their senatorial, judicial and congressional conventions one delegate and one alternate for every fifty Democratic votes, and one delegate for fractions over twenty-five Democratic votes cast at the last preceding gubernatorial election in their respective counties, and none but delegates or alternates so elected shall be entitled to seats in said conventions: *Provided*, That every county shall have at least one vote in each of said conventions.

[At a meeting of the State Executive Committee held March 26, 1892, the following position was adopted and recommended to the county conventions for their favorable action, not to be binding, however, on any convention unless adopted by it, viz.:

"*Provided*, That in all county conventions in which delegates shall be selected to attend any State, congressional, judicial or other convention, a vote shall be taken in accordance with the plan of organization as to the candidates whose names may be presented to such county convention. The delegates shall be selected from the friends and supporters of each candidate voted for in proportion to the number of votes he shall receive in such county convention, and no other instructions shall be given: *Provided*, That when only one candidate is presented and voted for at such county convention it shall be lawful to instruct for such candidate."]

2. The chairman, or in his absence any member of the county, senatorial, judicial and congressional committee, shall call to order their respective conventions, and hold the chairmanship thereof until the convention shall elect its chairman.

3. The executive committees of the senatorial, congressional and judicial districts, respectively, shall at the call of their respective chairmen, meet at some time and place in their respective districts, designated in said call. And it shall be their duty to appoint the time and place for holding conventions in their respective districts; and the chairmen of said respective committees shall immediately notify the chairmen of the different county executive committees of said appointment, and the said county executive committees shall forthwith call conventions of their respective counties in conformity to said notice, to send delegates to said respective district conventions.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

1. The State convention shall be composed of delegates appointed by the several county conventions. Each county shall be entitled to elect one delegate and one alternate for every one hundred and fifty Democratic votes, and one delegate for fractions over twenty-five Democratic votes cast therein at the last preceding gubernatorial election; and none but delegates or alternates so elected shall be entitled to seats in said convention: *Provided*, That every county shall have at least one vote in said convention.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Such delegates (or alternates of absent delegates) as may be present at any Democratic convention shall be allowed to cast the whole vote to which their township or county may be entitled.

2. In all conventions provided for by this system, after a vote is cast there shall be no change in such vote until the final result of the ballot shall be announced by the chairman of said convention.

3. All Democratic executive committees shall have the power to fill any vacancy occurring in their respective bodies.

4. The chairmen of the different county conventions shall certify the list of delegates to the district and State conventions, and a certified list of said delegates and alternates to the State conventions shall be sent to the Secretary of the State Central Committee.

For the committee,
Ed. Chambers Smith,
Chairman.
R. C. Beckwith,
Secretary.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by John Tull.

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Dull feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, languor, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee. For sale by John Tull, Druggist, Morganton, N. C.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Answer This Question.
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by John Tull.

A Child Killed.
Another child killed by the use of opium given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soothe. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by John Tull, Druggist, Morganton, N. C.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Cankerous mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of those complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by John Tull.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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CURES ALL DISEASES.
Radam's Microbe Killer
Because all diseases are the result of germ life, the Microbe Killer will cure all parts of the human system, no matter what the disease may be, if it is not too far advanced when the medicine is taken, and if the patient is not too old. Nature will do the rest. Nature is the great healer. Nature will cure all diseases if the vital organs are not too far gone when the Microbe Killer is taken. Nature will do the rest