SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The New Tabernacle."

TEXT: "What mean ye by these stones?" —Joshua iv. 6.

The Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on the one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there a willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist deep in December as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May the snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks. Then it is wide, deep, raging and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of forty thousand armed men coming down to cross the river. You say, why do they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friends, it is because it is not safe to go around when the land has been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but always got into safety when I went ahead.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow water just come down from the mountain top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea, of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says: "If we get across the stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash our pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on.

The priests carrying the ark go ahead, the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of the stream; but there is no abatement of the flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if those Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground and put them down into the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jordan flies.

On the right hand, God piles up a great mountain of floods; on the left the water flows off toward the sea. The great river for hours halts and rears. The back waters, not being able to flow over the passing Israelites, pile wave on wave until the masts of a sea bird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priests and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea, and now! that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and see this stupendous pile of waters. Jordan takes His hand from that walls of floods, and like a hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea.

How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpets and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh, no; they are all faded and torn. Joshua cries out, "I will tell you how to celebrate this—build a monument here to commemorate the event," and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder and marches out and drops that stone in the divinely appointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and, in after years, men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out one to another, in fulfilment of the prophecy of the text, "What meant ye by these stones?"

Blessed be God, He did not leave our church in the wilderness! We have been wandering about for a year and a half worshiping in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and the Academy of Music, New York. And some thought we would never reach the promised land. Some said we had better take this route and others that. Some said we had better go back, and some said there were sons of Anak in the way that would eat us up, and before the smoke had cleared away from the sky after our tabernacle had been consumed, people stood on the very site of the place and said: "This church will never again be built." We came down to the bank of Jordan; we looked off upon the waters. Some of the sympathy that was expressed turned out to be snow water melted from the top of Lebanon. Some said: "You had better not go in; you will get your feet wet." But we waded in, pastor and people, farther and farther, and in some way, the Lord only knows how, we got through; and to-night I go all around about this great house, erected by your prayers and sympathies and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text: "What mean ye by these stones?"

It is an outrage to build a house like this, so vast and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text, and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you interrupt me and point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say, "Explain that unusual group of memorials, 'What mean you by those stones?' By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious?"

On the morning of December the 3d we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mount Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain, which is the shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible, "The place of the skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone, with crimson veins running through it—the white typical of purity the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon and song and prayer, shall be the sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the crucifixion. That heard the cry. "It is finished." Was ever any church on earth honored with such a memorial!

Beneath it are two tables of stone which I had brought from Mount Sinai where the law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Mount Sinai, he said, "We can easier bring two rocks than one, for one must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two, because the law was written on two tables of stone. Those stones marked with the words "Mount Sinai" felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the law was given. The lower stone of the wall from Zion Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring "God hath made of one blood all nations."

Since Lord Elgin took the famous sculpture from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek Government makes it impossible to transport to other lands any sculpture, and armed soldiers guard not only the Acropolis, but Mars Hill. That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a supposed relic of Dorcas, the woman we read of as being so full of good works and alms deeds which she did. Dorcas had been old acquaintances, and through Mr. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden, our American Minister Plenipotentiary, and Dr. Hamlin, for American Consul, that suggestive tablet was saved from the plight of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the Law, and the Sacrifice, and the Gospel. This day I present them to the church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

But you cannot divert me from the question of the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us, in the foundations, and rising above us in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries at the call of crowbar and chisel have contributed toward this structure. "What mean ye by these stones?"

You mean more than these things that they shall be an earthly residence for Christ. Christ did not have much of a home when He was here. Who and where is that child Jesus? It is Jesus, born in an outhouse. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus, asleep on a rock... Who is that in the back part of a fishing smack, with a sailor's rough overcoat thrown over Him? It is Jesus, the worn out voyager. O, Jesus! is it not time that Thou hadst a house? We give to this, Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to Thee. It is too good for us, but not half good enough for Thee. Oh! come in and take the best seat here. Walk up and down all these aisles. Speak through these organ pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the flaming of these brackets of fire speak to us, saying, "I am the light of the world." O King! make this thine audience chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen, "O King! live forever!"

Is it not time that He who was born in a stranger's house and buried in a stranger's grave should have an earthly house? Come in, O Jesus! not the corpse of a buried Christ, but a radiant and triumphant Jesus, conqueror of earth and heaven and hell.

He lives, all glory to His name.
He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Blessed be His glorious name forever! Again, I ask the question of the text, "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try by sarcasm to set one sect of Christians against another, and the bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter, and his cheek blanch, and his heart stop! My friends, if there is any church on earth where there is a mingling of all denominations it is our church. I just wish that John Calvin and Arminius, if they were not too busy, would come out on the battlements and see us.

Sometimes in our prayer meetings I have heard brethren use the phrases of a beautiful liturgy, and we know where they come from; and in the same prayer meetings I have heard brethren made audible the ejaculation, "Amen!" "Praise ye the Lord!" and we did not have to guess twice where they came from. When a man knocks at our church door, if he comes from a sect where they will not give him a certificate, we say: "Come in by confession of faith." While Adoniram Judson, the Baptist, and John Wesley, the Methodist, and John Knox, the glorious old Scotch Presbyterian, are shaking hands in heaven, all churches on earth can afford to come into close communication. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Oh, my brethren, we have had enough of Big Bethel fights—the Fourteenth New York regiment fighting the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment. Now, let all those who are for Christ and stand on the same side go shoulder to shoulder, and this church, instead of having a sprinkling of the divine blessing, go clear under the wave in one glorious immersion in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

I saw a little child once, in its dying hour, put one arm around its father's neck and the other arm around its mother's neck and bring them close down to its dying lips and give a last kiss. Oh, I said, those two persons will stand very near to each other always after such an interlocking. The dying Christ puts one arm around this denomination of Christians, and the other arm around that denomination of Christians, and He brings them down to His dying lips while He gives them His parting kiss: "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you.

How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

I heard a Baptist minister once say that he thought in the millennium it would be all one great Baptist church; and I heard a Methodist minister say that he thought in the great millennial day it would be all one great Methodist church; and I have known a Presbyterian minister who thought that in the millennial day it would be all one great Presbyterian church. Now I think they are all mistaken. I think the millennial church will be a composite church; and just as you may take the best parts of five or six tunes, and under the skillful hands of Handel, Mozart or Beethoven entwine them into one grand and overpowering symphony, so, I suppose, in the latter days of the world, God will take the best parts of all denominations of Christians, and weave them into one great ecclesiastical harmony, broad as the earth and high as the heavens, and that will be the church of the future. Or, as mosaic is made of jasper and agate and many precious stones cemented together—mosaic a thousand feet square in St. Mark's, or mosaic hoisted in colossal seraphim in St. Sophia's—so I suppose God will make, after a while, one great blending of all creeds, and all faiths, and all Christian sentiments, the earthest and the jasper, and the chalcedony of all different experiences and belief, cemented side by side in the great mosaic of the ages; and while the nations look upon the columns and architraves of the stupendous church of the future, and cry out, "What mean ye by these stones?" there shall be innumerable voices to respond, "We mean the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Still farther, you mean by these stones the elevation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reforms, or for an educational institution, or as a platform on which to read essays and philosophical discussions, but a place for the tremendous work of soul saving. Oh, I had rather be the means in the church of having one soul prepared for a joyful eternity than the thousand souls from Zion Hill, the worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all communities in two classes, all the race in two classes—believers and unbelievers. To augment the number of the former and subtract from the number of the other we built this church, and toward that supreme and eternal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our baptisms and sacrifices. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ or retreat in confusion from the battlefield. We want to publish Gospel and Redemption. We want to proclaim Christ. We would like to tell the story of His love here until the angels feel that they had rather die than live another hour without His sympathy and love and mercy. We want to rouse up an enthusiasm for Him greater than was felt for Nathaniel Lyon when he rode along the ranks; greater than was exhibited for Wellington when he came back from Waterloo; greater than was expressed for Napoleon when he stepped ashore from Elba. We really believe in this place Christ will enact the same scene that were enacted by Him when He landed in the orient, and there will be such an opening of blind eyes and unstopping of deaf ears and casting out of unclean spirits—such silencing bearded Gennesarets as shall make this house memorable five hundred years after you and I are dead and forgotten. Oh, my friends, we want but one revival in this church, that beginning now and running on to the day when the chisel of time, that brings down even St. Paul's and the Pyramids, shall bring this house into the dust.

Oh, that this day of dedication might be the day of emancipation of all imprisoned souls. My friends, do not make the blunder of the ship carpenters in Noah's time, who helped to build the ark, but did not get into it. God forbid that you who have been so generous in building this church should not get under its influences. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Do you think a man is safe out of Christ? Not one day, not one hour, not one minute, not one second. Three or four years ago, you remember, a rail train broke down a bridge on the way to Albany, and after the catastrophe they were looking around among the timbers of the crushed bridge and the fallen train and found the conductor. He was dying, and had only strength to say one thing, and that was, "Hoist the flag for the next train." So there come to us to-night, from the eternal word, voices of God, voices of angels, voices of departed spirits, crying: "Hoist the warning. Blow the trumpet. Give the alarm. Hoist the flag for the next train."

Oh, that to-night my Lord Jesus would sweep His arm around the great audience and take you all to His holy heart. You will never see no good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stones?" We mean your redemption from sin and death and hell by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

Well, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is erected again. We came here to-night not to celebrate it. That was done this morning. To-night we dedicate ourselves. In the Episcopal and Methodist churches they have a railing around the altar, and the people come and kneel down at that railing and get the sacramental blessing. Well, my friends, it would take more than a night to gather you in circles around the altar. Then just now where you are for the blessing. Aged men, this is the last church that you will ever dedicate. May the God who comforted Jacob the Patriarch, and Paul the aged, make this house to you the gate of heaven; and when, in your old days, you put on your spectacles to read the hymn or the Scripture lesson, may you get preparation for that land where you shall no more see through a glass darkly. May the warm sunshine of heaven melt the snow off your foreheads!

Men in middle life, do you know that this is the place where you are going to get your fatigues rested and your sorrows appeased and your souls saved? Do you know that at this altar your sons and daughters will take upon themselves the vows of the Christian, and from this place you will carry out, some of you, your precious dead? Between this baptismal font and this communion table you will have some of the tenderest of life's experiences. God bless you, old and young and middle aged. The money you have given to this church to-day will be, I hope, the best financial investment you have ever made. Your worldly investments may depend upon the whims of the money market, or the honesty of business associates, but the money you have given to the house of the Lord shall yield you large percentage, and declare eternal dividends long after the noonday sun shall have gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

A Dog's Impressive Funeral.

There was a notable funeral at Bucyrus, O., the other day. Frank, the pet dog of the men employed on the Toledo & Ohio Central railroad, died last week. His body was placed in a handsome casket, and on the day of the funeral an engine and car were drawn in black, the casket was placed in the car, and the train bore Frank's remains to the grave, while all the engine bells in the yard were tolled. "Frank was an ugly dog in appearance, but happy in disposition, and he had barked in a neighborly way and wagged his tail socially among the trainmen for years. He won their hearts. Some men came fifty miles to attend the funeral, and there were tears shed over Frank's grave."

"GIVE US," loudly and emphatically exclaims the New York *Mail and Express*, "more water and less beer!" The Colonel knows what he wants and is not afraid to say so. Some persons would have kept on ordering beer rather than have any fuss about it.

A CALCULATING genius has arrived at the fact that every time a cow moves her tail to switch a fly she exerts a force of three pounds, and that in the course of the summer a single cow wastes 5,000,000 pounds of energy. Hence the conclusion that the cows of America throw away power enough to move every piece of machinery in the world.

"DEAR wife," said Sam Jones, in a dispatch to his wife the other day, "I licked the Mayor of Palestine, Tex., this morning; will preach in Taylor to-night."

THE atmosphere of London is said to be gradually becoming more and more harmful to plant life, and it is attributed in a large measure to the thick fogs.

IT is reported that $40,000,000 of British capital is invested in Paraguay.

FRENCH statesmen have offered $1,000 reward for the best athletic game.

Seed of Small Coin.

The farther West one goes, the more the ideas in a financial way. In the Eastern States 1-cent pieces have been in common use well back in the origin of things; but as the individual took to the West, the use became less as he traveled. Much of the early contempt for the Yankee grew out of his ability to see the pennies. Now the cents have standing, if not free course, even beyond the Mississippi. But where they pay 25 cents for a common drink they are still in disrepute, and will be until the steady old methods are reached. Few are, perhaps, aware that a 1-cent piece was ever issued by the Government. Few were ever stamped, and they are valuable for numismatic collections. It is alleged that in the older sections this coin has become a necessity in trade, and the American News Dealers' Association will petition Congress to revive this issue. The penny papers have but a half-cent return to the publishers, and many times that fraction is lost. Goods are often marked so as to leave the half-cent, and the dealer usually takes it in. Probably it forms quite a total in some establishments. The European countries have long seen the need of small coins, and provided them. Switzerland has the centime, or fifth of a cent; Germany a pfennig, or fourth of a cent, and other countries similar small coins. Probably they are found specially useful to donate to beggars or put in contribution boxes. There have been religious gatherings in some parts of this country—not the West—in which the collections numbered about as many 1-cent pieces as contributors. The early custom was to always contribute something to every passing basket or hat. The 1-cent is hardly needed for this purpose as yet.—*St. Paul Globe.*

The Blissful Neapolitans.

"I have seen happiness," said a traveler, "in Naples there is a long sea wall, with a broad top. On one side is the bay, on the other the mountain. You know the sun generally shines in Italy, and you have read how brightly, how gently, how deliciously it shines. Well, every day thousands of Neapolitans come down to this wall and stretch themselves on it, and lie there in a line several miles long from early in the morning until sunset. They do scarcely anything. They breathe gently. They doze. They look at you with unspeakable content in their eyes if you pass within easy range of them. It takes only a little fruit, a little wine and the fewest rags to make life possible. Their wives do all the work. They enjoy. I envy them."—[Detroit Free Press.

Yale's new gymnasium complete will cost $225,000.

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Remaining Capacity of the Earth For Settlement.

The subject of the lands of the globe still available for European settlement was discussed at a joint meeting of the Geographical and Economical Science Sections of the British Association. Mr. G. E. Ravenstein reviewed the capacity of different parts of the earth, excluding the arctic and antarctic regions as wholly unavailable, to accommodate population. He estimated this total number of persons whom the earth could feed at 5,199,000,000. The kind of population with which it shall be inhabited will depend to a large extent on the capacity of Europeans to thrive in strange climates. He spoke of the tendency of population to move to the southward, but did not think tropical climates adapted to the acclimatization of European races in the sense in which the word acclimatization is generally used. The health of Europeans in tropical countries had improved in consequence of sanitary measures, but that was not all. Population in some countries did not increase, and where they could compare the facts collected in the same country, they found that the superior race increased at a slower rate than the inferior race. That would, in course of time, keep back the growth of population, and, in fact, the whole of mankind was being gradually lifted up to a higher level. If only the superior, not the inferior, people increased, the speaker did not think the progress of civilization would be quite so steady. Mr. E. J. Marend, after his experience in Africa, was of the opinion that the prevalent idea that tropical regions are unsuited to colonization by Anglo-Saxons is mistaken. Englishmen live for years in Matabeleland, bringing up their children and keeping their health. Traders, missionaries and Dutchmen are all able to thrive there, and the country is competent to provide the food supplies for a large population. Sir R. Rawson believed that the proportion of land in the different zones is as follows: About fifty per cent. of the whole is in the temperate zone, about forty per cent. in the torrid zone, and about a tenth in the arctic zone. Before going further in dealing with a future home for the surplus population of Europe, we must ascertain the zones that are suited to a European population. The surplus population of England and the north of Europe could occupy only a temperate zone. It was also essential that we should know how much is available in each of the zones. Mr. John Mackenzie's experience had shown him that South Africa is habitable for both the north and south Europeans. The Rev. Dr. Cunningham pointed out that the intensity of production might be much increased through the direction of native agriculture by European intelligence. Mr. Wells, a traveler in Brazil, called attention to an area in the south of that country which might be called the Transval of South America. To the northwest of it lay a considerable coffee-producing area, with an exceedingly healthy climate, and the productive powers of the country were far indeed from being approximately reached. Several speakers mentioned the necessity of emigrants to the south adapting their mode of life to the changed climate, and insisted on the necessity of temperance. Dr. J. G. Garson said the question of drainage was most important, though it often occurs that the first steps toward sanitation are followed by outbreaks of fever, arising from saturation of the soil by sewage. Elevation above the sea-level exerted much influence on health, though the great thing for emigrants was to choose a climate as nearly as possible like that to which they were used.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Why Some Men Are Hard to Shave.

"Why are some men harder to shave than others?" said an expert barber in response to my query. "Well, I'll tell you, first of all, that there are a number of reasons. Some of my customers have beards that it is almost impossible to shave, rake or scrape off their faces. One man in particular has such a dense and stiff growth of hair on his chin that it takes the edge right off of my razor the instant I touch it, and I frequently have to use several razors before I manage to get him in anything like respectable trim."

"How do you account for that?"

"Simply because his beard is like the bristles on a brush or the quills on a porcupine's back, that's all. That man never should get shaved, for not only is the process painful to him, but it is also a nuisance and an expense to me, to say nothing of the wear and tear of patience. He could raise and should cultivate a luxuriant full beard."

"I suppose other eccentricities come under your hands?"

"Right you are. One fellow comes here who has scarcely any hair on his neck and chin, while it grows as thick as grass on his cheeks. Now, he could produce some superb Dundrearys, but, notwithstanding they would be immensely becoming to him, he insanely persists in having himself shaved, and every day, too."

Among other freaks of nature mentioned by the expert was a man whose beard, as soon as it was two days old, seemed to curl up at the ends and tried to grow in. This, he said, was also very hard on my razor. Young men, he added, were generally more easy to handle than their elders, but still he had to devote as much time to them, for if he neglected them with a few flourishes they would feel slighted and he would lose their custom.—[New York Herald.

A Haine monastery is 16,000 feet above the sea.

Florida peach trees are loaded down.

She Gave the Signal.

In the early days of one of the great Western railroads, according to a story in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, it was so common for cattle to be run over that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and kind of animal. One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident. The manager sent for him, and inquired why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Oh, yes; and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

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The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

The number of entire families lost by the Conemaugh flood was ninety-nine.

When an article has been sold for 24 years, in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins's Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1865. *Ask your grocer for it.* Beef is cheap.

Louisville, Ky., was the first city to adopt the Australian ballot law.

BEECHAM'S Pills cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

There are 101 life prisoners in the Kentucky penitentiaries.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The fifty largest libraries in Germany possess about 12,700,000 volumes.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES SURELY.

SPRAINS.

Chicago & Alton Railway, Office President and General Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio. "My foot suddenly turned and gave me a very severely sprained ankle. The application of St. Jacobs Oil resulted at once in a relief from pain." W. W. W. PEARSONY, Prest. & Gen'l Man'gr.

BRUISES.

745 Dolphin Street, Baltimore, Md., Jan'y 18, 1890. "I was bruised badly in hip and side by a fall and suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." Wm. C. HANDES, Member of State Legislature.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

"August Flower"

Biliousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains.

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but one bottle of it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been subject to so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness." Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Sold everywhere.

BEST BROOM HOLDER. Holds a broom either end up. Is never out of order. Sample 15c., postpaid. Agents double their money. Terms for this and other articles free. ENGLE GUN CO., Hazleton, Pa. Stamps taken.

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BAKER AND ROASTER. Latest improved and most perfect of all. Many GOOD COOKS do not know how to roast or bake. Agents for BREAD AND CAKE BAKING. 35 sizes, made of polished steel. Medium size sent prepaid on receipt of $2.00. Circulars free. Address M. Koenig & Co., Hazleton, Pa. Agents wanted.

Longman & Martinez PAINT. IS THE PURE. REQUIRES ADDITION OF ANY OIL. MAKING COST PER GALL. $1.25. ADVERTISED IN 7348 PAPERS. Where there is no Agent, will arrange with any active Merchant. L. & M., N. Y.

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FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL, sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline, . . 10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade, . 15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream, ... 15 "
One tube of Vaseline Camphor Ice, ... 10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented, . . 25 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented, 50 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline, . . 25 "
$1.00

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation purporting to be Vaseline unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

$5.00, $4.00, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN. $3.00, $2.50, $2.00 FOR LADIES. $2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS. $1.75 FOR MISSES. W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which cannot be equaled.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequaled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe. Best Calf Leather.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for postmen, farmers, etc.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
$3.00 for Boys' School Shoe is the only kind worn by boys, and is the best school shoe made at this popular price.
$2.50 Douglas Shoe for Ladies is a new departure and promises to become popular.
$2.00 Shoe for Ladies, and $1.75 for Misses and Children is excellence for style, etc.
All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price or a postal for order blanks.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
WANTED—Shoe dealer in every city and town not occupied by a shoe exclusive agency. Are agents advertised in local paper. Send for illustrated catalogue.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

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Fashion's favorite fad centers in that famous, fascinating game—lawn tennis.

But there are women who cannot engage in *any* pastime. They are delicate, feeble and easily exhausted. They are sufferers from weaknesses and disorders peculiar to females, which are accompanied by sallow complexions, expressionless eyes and haggard looks.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

In the Spring.

Nature should be assisted, when the system is changing from the full habit of the winter months, to the lighter diet of the warm season. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) stimulates the sluggish blood and rid you of that feeling of heaviness and languor.

S. S. S., beautifies the skin and makes the complexion rosy and healthy.
S. S. S., gives elasticity to the step and buoyant spirits.
S. S. S., makes the feeble and delicate strong and robust.
S. S. S., is a tonic to the whole body and increases vitality.
S. S. S., is a simple vegetable medicine.

If there is poison in the blood, it generally shows itself in the spring, and this is the season to help nature to drive it out and be cured. Nothing does this as well as S. S. S. It is harmless to the most delicate, yet so powerful as to cleanse the system of all impurities.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Proclaim the Victory

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against *Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION—Scott's Emulsion is put up in Salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

"It may be true what some men say.
It maun be true what a' men say."
PUBLIC OPINION endorses Sapolio.
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

Canada intends to erect a jail at Montreal to cost $1,000,000.