TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ourse to Young Men About to Enter City Life.

ers of Two Young Men—Through s and Dissipation to Death Industry to Wealth and nor—An Earnest Appeal.

DeWitt Talmage, in a recent the Brooklyn Tabernacle took t:

he path of thy feet.—[Prov. ix. 26.

ched the following sermon on the young men who came to live in

day, September 20, at a two young men are to e city. Father brought ith two trunks. The the old home was a sad ors had gathered in to d, all the Sunday af- been a strolling that arms, for it was gen- e two boys the next to the city to live, borhood was inter- y would do well and anything, hoping Sitting on the fence atter the neighbors conversation about ast summer, and the gathered, with re- prospects of Edward se were the names of —Edward seventeen, en; but Edward, al- ounger, being a little w as much as Nicho- th brown-faced and through all the cur- muscle morning pot with last mo- at some- ing, and so

ward stands at his new place all day homesick that at any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed every thing. Here and there a tear he carelessly dashed off as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies. The center of a desert, a month's journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary.

But that evening, as the hour for closing has come, there are two or three young men who side up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them, and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements, as he had just arrived, but says that after awhile he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding-house room, walking up and down, looking at the bare wall or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour toying with the match-box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire—and it seems that ten o'clock at night or even nine o'clock will never come—he resolves to accept the chaperoning of his new friends at the store.

The following night they are all out together. Although his salary is not large, he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving by for some time. He can not be mean, and these friends are doing all this for his pleasure, and so he pays the bills. At the door of places of enchantment his companions can not find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will make it all right, and will themselves pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt iniquity Edward would have immediately repulsed, but sin accompanied by bewitching orchestra; sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery; sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.

But after a few nights being very late out, he says:

"I must stop. My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this."

Indeed, one of the business firm one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play, in which attitude and phraseology occurred, which tak or uttered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from his high-priced box sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is led to ask questions as to his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped awhile and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall and counting the matches in the match-box, or goes down into the boarding-house parlor to hear the gossip about the other boarders or a discourse on the insufficiency of the table fare considering the price paid—the criticism severe in proportion as the fault-finder pays little or is resolved to leave unceremoniously and pay nothing at all.

"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I can not stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world."

The same young men and others of a growing acquaintance ever ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants to go the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who know the way. But after awhile Edward's money is all gone. He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now? Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling tables men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he? To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand and wins; is in a frenzy of delight and takes another hand—and looses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now Sunday is a day of carousal. He is so full of intoxicants by eleven o'clock in the day he staggers into one of the licensed rum holes of the city.

Some morning Edward, his breath steamful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless, or silly, or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says:

"The firm desires to see you in their private office."

The gentleman in the private office says:

"Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I can not understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."

"Out of employment?" What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work.

"Out of employment." What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a lightning express train on a down grade on the Grand Trunk to perdition. Al Borak was winged horse, on which Mohammed pretended to have ridden by night from Mecca to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to the seventh heaven with such speed that each step was as far as the eye could reach. A young man out of employment through his dissipations is seated on an Al Borak, riding as fast in the opposite direction.

It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people

th. One Saturday morning the on the best apparel of his ward- e and goes to the city to find out.

Oh, he has not been here for a long ile," say the gentlemen of the firm. our son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes suddenly upon him that night in a place of abandonment. The father says:

"My son, come with me. Your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know as long as we live we can have a home. Come right away," he says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder. In an angry tone Edward replies:

"Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please! Take your hands off me or I will strike you down! You go your way and I will go mine!"

That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—for it is by this time two o'clock in the morning—the father goes to the city house of his son Nicholas, and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but, after awhile, a window is hoisted and a voice cries:

"Who's there?"

"It is me," says the old man.

"Why, father, is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened and the son says: "What in the world brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"Oh! Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I expected."

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you any thing about it. I have tried my best with him and all in vain. But it is after two o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleep comes. Whose house is it? That of his son Nicholas. The fact is that Nicholas, soon after coming to the city, became indispensable to the commercial establishment where he was placed. He knew what few persons know, that in all departments of business, and mechanism and art there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary diligence; there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity, of people who excel. Plenty of people to do things poorly or tolerably well, but very few clerks, or business men or mechanics who can do splendidly well. Appreciating this, Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after every body had gone. As extremely polite to those who decline purchasing as to those who made large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the emporium of multitudes, and when any one asked him to take something, he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening. He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never bet or gambled, even at a church fair! When he was at the boarding-house, after he had got all the artistic development he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men; or went forth to places of innocent amusement, and to Young Men's Christian Associations, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer-meeting. He rose from position to position, and from one salary to another salary.

Only five years in town and yet he has rented his own house or a suite of rooms, not very large, but a home large enough in its happiness to be a type of Heaven. In the morning, as the old father, with handkerchief in hand, comes crying down stairs to the table there are four persons, one for each side; the young man, and opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife, and on another side, the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking glee, that makes the grandfather opposite smile outside while he has a broken heart within.

Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with one of the silver chalices, showing him to be a church official. The fact was that Nicholas from the start in city life honored God, and God had honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest of all armor, that mightiest of all protection, that mightiest of all reinforcements, the multipotent and omipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a thistle down against Gibraltar, expecting to destroy it, as with all the combined temptations of earth and hell try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say: "God is my refuge and strength."

Come, let us measure Nicholas around the head. As many inches of brain as any other intelligent man. Let us measure him around the heart. It is so large that it takes in all the earth and all the heavens. Measure him around the purse. He has more resources than nine-tenths of those who on that Monday, September 20, came in on any of the railroads from north, south, east and west.

But that Sabbath afternoon while in the back room Nicholas and his father are talking over any attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door-bell and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there; and the man with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a round-about way says that in a fight in some low haunt of the city Edward had been hurt. He says to Nicholas:

"I heard that he was some relation of yours, and thought you ought to know it."

"Hurt? Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, very badly hurt!"

"Is the wound mortal?"

"Yes; it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you, he is dead."

"Dead!" cried Nicholas; and by this time the whole family are in the hallway. The father says:

"Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. Oh, my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him."

Oh, what obsequies! The next door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the dissolute brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh things said. On a bank of camelias is spelled out "Brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life and honorable in life and honorable in death he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brothers who left the country for city life five years before, now part forever. The last scene of the fifth act of an awful tragedy of human life is ended.

What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. The one depended upon himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same home, had the same opportunities of education, arrived in the city on the same day, and if there was any difference, Edward had the advantage, for he was brighter and quicker, and all the neighbors prophesied greater success for him than for Nicholas. But behold and wonder at the tremendous secret. Voices come up out of this audience and say:

"Did you know these brothers?"

"Yes; knew them well."

"Did you know their parents?"

"Yes; intimately."

Standing with you at the forks of the road something makes me think that if to-day I set before the people the terminal of the two roads they will all of them take the right one. There are before me in this house and in the invisible audience back of this—for journalism has generously given me every week full opportunity to address the people in all the towns and cities of Christendom—I say, in the visible and invisible audience there are many who have not fully made up their minds which road to take. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of righteousness. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of sin.

Now, the trouble is that many make disgraceful surrender. As we all know, there is honorable and dignified surrender, as when a small host yields to superior numbers. It is no humiliation for a thousand men to yield to ten thousand. It is better than to keep on when there can be no result except that of massacre. But those who surrender to sin make a surrender when on their side they have enough reserve forces to rout all the armies of Perdition, whether led on by what a demonographer calls Belial, or Beelzebub, or Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Ariel. The disgraceful thing about the surrender at Sedan was, the French handed over 419 field-guns and mitrailleuses, 6 000 horses and 83,000 armed men. And it is base for that man, to surrender to sin when all the armaments of almightiness would have wheeled to the front to fight his battle if he had waved one earnest signal. But no! He surrendered body, mind, soul, reputation, home, pedigree, time and eternity, while yet all the prayers of his Christian ancestors were on his side and all the proffered aid—supernal cherubic, seraphic, angelic, deific.

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Why this sermon? I have made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes in every September and October a large influx of those between sixteen and twenty-four years of age, and New York and Brooklyn dam at least a thousand of them every year. They are shoveled on and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What with the wine-cup and the gambler's dice, and the scarlet enchantress no young man, without the grace of God, is safe ten minutes.

There is much discussion about which is the worst city of the continent. Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you can not make much comparison between the infinites, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. No rice mills or cotton-mills. Not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the grog-shops, licensed and unlicensed. Such are all the gambling saloons. Such are all the houses of infamy. And we do all the work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads, and the earth about a cider-mill is not more saturated with the beverage than the ground about all these mind-destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims. We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages:

"Send us more supply."

And to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York:

"Send us more men and women to put under the wheels."

Give us full chance and we would grind up in the municipal mill five hundred a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Gives us more homes to crush; give more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper all the wardrobes and the family Bibles, and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with the earthquakes of an incensed God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August of the year 79 Vesuvius avalanched Herculaneum.

O, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day, when the burnished chalices stand in the presence of the people, start from the foot of the cross for usefulness and Heaven. Plutarch tells us that after Cæsar was slain and his twenty-three wounds had been displayed to the people, arousing an uncontrollable excitement, and the body of the dead conqueror, according to ancient customs, had been put upon the funeral pile, and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches with which they ran through the city, crying the glory of the assassinated ruler, and the shame of his assassinators. On this sacramental day, when the five bleeding wounds of Christ your King, are shown to you, and the fires of his earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start heavenward—a torch with light for yourself and light for others; for the race that starts at the cross ends at the throne. While the twenty-three wounds of Cæsar wrought nothing but the consternation of the people, from the five wounds of our Conqueror there flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who will accept it, forever happy and forever free.

A DEN OF SNAKES.

The Somewhat Unpleasant Experiences of a Sturdy Mountaineer.

[Wolf Creek Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

William Caldwell, a mountaineer, had a narrow escape from a horrible death on Bluff mountain last Saturday. He was turkey hunting, and had climbed upon a very large rock near the top of the mountain. The rock was about fifty feet high and very ragged on the sides, which enabled him to climb on top with little difficulty. He had been there about ten minutes when, hearing a hissing noise behind him, he looked around. A large rattlesnake lay in a coil no more than five feet from him, and commenced to rattle as soon as he moved. Turning around he took good aim and fired, killing it. At the report of the gun an awful rattle began. The noise was frightful, and seemed to be all around him. Looking over the edge of the rock he saw a sight that made his blood run cold. The side of the rock was literally covered with rattlesnakes, coming out of crevices in the rock by hundreds. He ran to the other side to get down before the snakes got on top, but one glance over the edge caused him to step back with a moan, for the side of the rock was one moving mass of rattlesnakes. His retreat was cut off; to stay there was to die a most horrible death. But one thing was left, and that was to jump, and quickly, too, for the snakes were appearing on top. Clutching his rifle tightly, he jumped. The fall stunned him for an instant. He attempted to rise, but could not; he was injured. On examination he found his left leg was broken. After a day and night of the most horrible suffering he reached home, crawling on his hands and knees, having come over four miles in this way. As soon as his wanderful adventure was heard the neighbors began gathering around, and six young mountaineers at once started for the rock. They returned the same evening. They say they went to about twenty yards of the rock and fired, when the rattling commenced and the snakes in a few moments had covered the rock. The boys began firing, and succeeded in killing a great number. The snakes got on the ground and made for them, which caused them to beat a hasty retreat.

A large body of mountaineers, headed by Captain John Miller, will go to the den next Saturday and try to clean it out. There is an old Indian legend about a rock in these mountains called "Death Rock," and said to be the den of thousands of rattlesnakes. This is supposed to be the rock.

It has always been thought strange that cattle would not graze near this spot, where the grass grows so luxuriantly.

A WAR STORY.

How a Doctor Carried a Piece of Overcoat in His Lungs for Many Years.

[Washington (D. C.) Special.]

Dr. Robert St. George Dryanforth, of Washington, relates a curious experience of his own during the war of the rebellion, and, later, while acting as a correspondent in the Franco-German war. While serving in the first great struggle the doctor was shot through the lungs and invalided. He subsequently went to Europe for ill health and remained there some years. When the German war broke out he became correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, and in one of the battles he was shot through the base of the skull. He caught a heavy cold while lying wounded on the battlefield, and his wound in the lungs troubled him so much that his life was despaired of and he was a victim of rapid consumption. One day during a violent fit of coughing the doctor brought up a piece of his overcoat, which had been shot into his lungs ten years before. The ejection of this cause of irritation so relieved him that he at once became better, and finally completely recovered. He returned to Washington and has since held the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was also a member of the Board of Examiners and Assistant Commissioner of Patents. Dryanforth is now a prominent patent lawyer.

Rather Novel "Conscience-Smite."

[Indiana Messenger.]

Conscience money is rarely received by newspapers, but the *Indiana Messenger* takes pleasure in reporting that it has received a letter inclosing the sum of $5.10. The sender did not sign his name, and only stated that the amount was justly due and should have been paid ten years ago; that he had gone West without paying for his paper and without notifying the publisher of the fact. He said his conscience had troubled him off and on ever since, and he now hopes for rest.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1880.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 00	@	5 55
COTTON—Middling	9¾	@	9¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 30	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	85	@	85¾
CORN—No. 2	46½	@	47¼
OATS—Western Mixed	31½	@	33
PORK—New Mess	11 00	@	11 25
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	9¼
BEEVES—Good to Choice	4 30	@	4 50
Fair to Medium	3 75	@	4 25
HOGS—Common to Select	3 25	@	4 35
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 00	@	4 25
FLOUR—Patents	4 00	@	4 35
Medium to Straight	3 00	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	74½	@	74¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	34½	@	34¾
OATS—No. 2	26¼	@	26¾
RYE—No. 2	48½	@	49
TOBACCO—Lugs	2 00	@	6 00
Leaf—Medium	4 75	@	8 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 00	@	12 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	18	@	20
EGGS—Fresh	12½	@	14
PORK—New Mess	....	@	9 87½
BACON—Clear Rib	7⅞	@	7¾
LARD—Prime Steam	5⅞	@	6
WOOL—Fine to Choice	38	@	40
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 50	@	5 15
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 00	@	4 50
SHEEP—Good to Choice	3 00	@	4 20
FLOUR—Winter	4 00	@	4 50
Patents	4 30	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	74½	@	74¾
CORN—No. 2	36½	@	36¾
OATS—No. 2 White	24½	@	25
PORK—New Mess	9 30	@	9 35
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 50	@	4 50
HOGS—Sales at	4 15	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2	64	@	64½
CORN—No. 2	....	@	31
OATS—No. 2	....	@	24
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades	4 00	@	4 90
CORN—White	49	@	50
OATS—Choice Western	34½	@	35
HAY—Choice	15 50	@	16 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	10 12½
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	7¾
COTTON—Middling	....	@	9¾
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red	....	@	73
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	41½	@	42
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	....	@	27
PORK—Mess	....	@	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	7⅞
COTTON—Middling	....	@	9¾

All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable.—You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla, to restore you to health, give you an appetite, and make you active, cheerful and willing to work.

"I felt good results from the first dose of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seemed to go from my head to my toes. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing, and on the strength of my own experience I have sold a great deal of it." G. H. STRATTON, druggist, Westfield, Mass.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia and as a tonic alterative, with the most beneficial results. I have also used it for rheumatism with the good effect. I regard it as one of the very best family medicines, and would not willingly be without it." A. B. CURRY, Providence, R. I.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Aperient—REYER BROS. & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

What a Nurse-Maid Did.

[Detroit Journal.]

Mrs. Isaac Hamburger, of Cincinnati and her two-week's old baby have both been under a doctor's care. For the mother he prescribed morphine and for the baby pepsin, both in powders. The powders were done up in papers much alike, and the nurse carelessly mixed them. The result was that the baby got the morphine and the mother pepsin, and the baby went to sleep and never awoke.

HON. M. A. FORAN, of Ohio, member of House of Representatives, says St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of acute bodily pains.

NOCOLINI has published a new song, entitled "My Proposal." It is probably written in the key of "Be mine, oh!"—*Washington Post.*

For preventing dandruff and falling of the hair, Hall's Hair Renewer is unequaled.

Every family should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cures Colds and Coughs.

AN exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible backaches, and bearing-down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

CHICAGO women never argue. They put their foot down, and that covers the whole ground.—*Prairie Farmer.*

EVERY person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eye of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

THE evil consequences of smoking are illustrated by Mt. Vesuvius, which constantly suffers from eruptions.

All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

AN advertiser in one of the papers says that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A BURGLAR alarm—"Wake up John! I'm afraid there's somebody getting into the house."

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

WHEN a dispute arises at cards, Hoyle will sometimes calm the troubled waters.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

HOOPS are in fashion—on flour barrels.—*New Age.*

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TRADE MARK.

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Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

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It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

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