DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE NECESSITY FOR A MORE EARNEST BELIEF.

This Age of Infidelity Will Pass as Others Have Passed and the Bible in Its Entirety Will Remain—The Inspiring Example of Eleazar.

A Stout Grasp of Faith.

Dr. Talmage's text was II. Samuel xxiii, 10: "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel, and we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

On, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the truth go, so that the Phillistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of those nambypamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade.

The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week, and more than a million copies a year.

I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and Heaven.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, the writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar.'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of Heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing; from which it will come to judge nothing.

I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of the nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and in the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy Catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazer taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazer's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go ever so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treates them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said. "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes during the awful pangs of amputation he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang, and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for worldly antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saysaying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

> Must I be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fought to win the prize
> Or sailed through bloody seas.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly
> While the billows near me roll,
> While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to Heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazer does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal or hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the enemy of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are 100,000 battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Gergashites, and let these poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining it, until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housings, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. They are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were an heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put the old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and Heaven. His hand had so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "Has hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who, in his early life, had been the companion and adviser of the early Presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said, "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for Heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was anybody who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old Gen. Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, 110 years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts, and he says, "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill His promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is 68 years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, 4 o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was 83 years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow. "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet and they succeeded in straightening out the feet, but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand, so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "His hand clave unto the sword."

Decay of Catholic Nations.

I admit that Catholic nations are decaying. The sixteenth century was an age of protest. The seventeenth century was one of doubt. The eighteenth century was one of denial; and in the nineteenth century God is ostracised. Yes, those nations are decaying; and they deserve to decay. I am a Catholic. I would die this moment for my religion, for a religion that is not worth dying for is not worth living up to. But still I say these nations deserve to decay. I have traveled through Europe, and I saw more true religion in Queenstown in six weeks than I saw on the continent in as many months. When Catholic nations fall, they fall far.

It is the favor of man which gives the beauty and comeliness to woman, as the stream glitters no longer when the sun ceaseth to shine.—*Talisman.*

The Population of Africa.

Under the name of the Independent States of Congo, its government was organized after the most approved methods of Belgian administration, and it entered fully equipped into the family of nations, writes Colonel Sanford in the Forum. There is within its area, which is thirty-three times that of Belgium, a population of 450 whites, about one-half state officia's and emp'oyes, and the estimated number of natives within its borders is about 40,000,000, and that in the whole Congo basin is estimated at about 50,000,000.

Africa is about three times the area of Europe, or 12,000,000 square miles, and some writers estimate it to contain about an equal population—32",000,000 souls. The enormous trade deve'oping there comes mainly from the narrow sa'vage wh ch separa'es the mountains from the sea. It is a great basin, composed of plateaus, gradually ascending to 7,000 feet at some of the central lakes. It has four great river syst ms: On the west the Congo, second only to the Amazon in the volume of its waters, and the Niger; on the north the Nile; on the east the Zambesi. These rivers once formed vast in ernal seas, which, finally breaking through the mounta n barriers, have descended by cataracts and canons to the ocean, leav ng great areas of rich deposits of w nderful fert lity

"The Congo basin," says an eminent scientific authority, Prof. Dupont. "is destined to be the granary of the world." Is this the ground to draw the gathering electricity from that black c'oud sp ead ing over the Southern States which thus far has dropped fatness upon and given vast production to them, but which is now growing big with destructive elements? Perhaps here may be found a so'ution of the race problem that pr sses on us, and must be solved. What eminent state man will give himself to this great work, compel public attention, and point the way thither for these disturbing elements?

Packs Tracts with Feed.

A reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat recently interviewed a miller who said: "People call me a crank, but I don't mind it. I have been a miller for years and I have made plenty of money, so I can afford to be eccentric. In ten years I have personally distributed to young men all over this coast and along the railroad routes across the continent 345,000 little books containing the Proverbs of Solomon and a few gospel hymns. That's my way of trying to do good on this wicked earth. Maybe I'm a crank, and maybe I'm a saint in disguise. Besides, I give away penny Testaments by the thousand. I always carry half a dozen in my coat-tail pocket. Now, if you won't tell anything about it, I'll show you another of my schemes for spreading the light in this darkened land. I send out thousands of sacks of wheat and feed. The man who stands at the chute stacking the stuff has a pile of assorted tracts—I buy 'em in London—before him, and as each sack is filled he puts in one of the little booklets right on top of the feed. If I am a crank, I guess I'm harmless."

Help but Don't Coerce.

To help nature in its efforts to throw off the trammels of disease is, of course, the legitimate method of medication. This method is, unfortunately, too often diverged from and help perverted into coercion. Drastic, excessive purging is undoubtedly the most frequent form of coercion of this sort. The bowels are forced, literally wrenched into action. Of course, this is accompanied with much griping pain, and succeeded by exhaustion, which leaves the organs of evacuation in a state incompatible with subsequent regularity and activity. The last state of that man or woman who uses drastic cathartics for constipation is decidedly worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest laxative in existence, since it produces the needful but no abnormal action, is progressive, not abrupt in operation, and strengthens instead of weakening the organs upon which it acts. Use it for malarial, kidney, rheumatic and dyspeptic ailments.

Glass Eyes.

People who through accident are obliged to use a glass eye shou'd have one for night and one for day use. The pupil of the natural eye is smaller by day than by night. A glass eye that looks all right during business hours gives the wearer an uncanny appearance at night.—St. Louis Republic.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

It is said that watch wheels are being made, as an experiment in Germany, from paper pulp.

ONLY IN THE PRIME OF LIFE.—It has been stated that the most extreme age to which a chicken can live is about nine years, but any one who has ever boarded knows better. This may be a joke on boarding houses in general, but the fact still remains that Dr. White's Pulmonaria is the best cough remedy in the universe. It cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough, and consumption.

CAPT HAWLEY SMART, the English sporting novelist, is an old soldier, and fought in the Crimea.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

W. W. ASTOR'S daily income has been estimated at $23,000.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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The latest drop-a-penny-in-the-slot contrivance is attached to the Paris cabs. The passenger puts his ten-centime piece into a slot and receives an insurance policy valuable for the time he remains in the cab. If he is killed in the vehicle his heirs get 5,000 francs. If he is absolutely incapacitated by an accident, he receives 1,500 francs, and if he is injured so as to be incapacitated from work for a month he receives 500 francs.

AN army of locusts that took five days in passing and was ten miles wide recently swept over the Punjab in India. The crops were ready to harvest, however, and were saved before the locusts reached them.

Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

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

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Of cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla has never been surpassed in the history of medicine. And the constant stream of letters from people who were almost in despair but were cured by

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is very gratifying. Because of these we urge all who suffer from Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or any other disease caused by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS—Invigorate the liver, regulate the bowels. Effective, but gentle. Price 25c.

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The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

BLOOD! Send drop on clean piece white blotting paper, with age, sex, occupation. Microscope magnify 80,000 times. I send free particulars your disease. DR. T. N. CROWLEY Terre Haute, Ind.

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QUICKLY CURES
COLD IN HEAD.
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

IF YOU HAVE
Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,
Tutt's Pills
will cure these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

RADWAY'S PILLS,
The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,
For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,
Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.
☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
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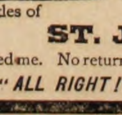
HELPLESS.



Chicago, Ill.
I was confined to bed; could not walk from lame back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of
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cured me. No return in 5 years. FRANCIS MAURER.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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25 CTS — Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. — 25 CTS

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

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TRADE MARK.
ACTUAL SIZE.
DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN.
Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid glands. They arouse vital organs, remove nausea, dizziness. Magical effect on Kidneys and bladder. Conquer bilious nervous disorders. Establish natural DAILY ACTION.
Beautify complexion by purifying blood. PURELY VEGETABLE.
The dose is nicely adjusted to suit case, as one pill can never be too much. Each vial contains 42, carried in vest pocket, like lead pencil. Business man's great convenience. Taken easier than sugar. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent."
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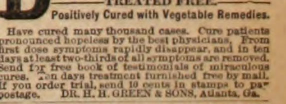

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