TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PEACEFUL DEATH AND BLISSFUL ETERNITY COST NOTHING.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches Another Remarkable Sermon Through the Press—Historical Faith and Faith In the Rock of Ages—The Lamp Above the Grave.

The Great Rescue.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent in the South Pacific, has selected as the subject of this week's sermon through the press "The Rescue," the text chosen being Acts xvi, 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped—very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why they have been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philipp Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

An Earthquake Shock.

But while we were standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mighty mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors are open. The jailor, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and believing in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his uncitement and his life. But Paul cries out: "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm! We are all here!"

Then I see the jailor running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake at Lisbon, in Lima, in Alleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen 50 earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid in the money market was felt in all the large cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment!

Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happiness and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

Trust and Believe.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those mansions of hopes and expects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to this man I appropriate to us. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some discrepancy in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No; you must have the certificate from shipmasters, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it was made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

The Divine Character.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the little children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran in their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring before Me these sores. Do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if I can will only tell me how." And the great question asked by many is: "How, how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Perfect Confidence.

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe: I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with Him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

Saved by Faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope, no hope! We are lost, we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith—in other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start, and you come to it, and you say, and you go a little way, and then you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Forgiven and Safe.

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it, for my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to save me through. He has sworn He will save me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing round about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrills snap and curl in the torture unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

Fearless of Death.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright.

What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battleax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in heaven how great shall be our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not of banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be glad when I awake in his likeness.

Glorified in Heaven.

Oh, broken-hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude, here, saying, "You suffered with me on earth: come up now and be glorified with me in Heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said; "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sign into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of Heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

C N U

A Nail-Driving Tourney.

"A Female Columbian Carpentership Contest" was a novel feature of an entertainment given not long since at Allen Methodist Episcopal Church, South Stockton street. Eight women entered the contest, and each was decked out in a white cap and carpenter's apron. Before each was a pine plank, down which a line had been drawn. Each contestant was armed with a hammer, and a handful of nails. The feat for which the prizes were awarded was the driving of twenty-four nails in a workmanlike manner within a time limit of ten minutes.

When the signal "Go" was given there was a sound of mighty hammering, an occasional howl over a mashed finger, and a tremendous fumbling for nails. Annie McCarmick got her twenty-four in first and, as they were also driven straighter than those of the other lady carpenters, she was awarded first prize.—Baltimore Sun.

WHEN a woman is too stout we have noticed that her intimate friends are sure to refer to her as an awfully nice little woman."

A MAN'S idea of the right time to move is when he becomes too well known in a town to have a good time without his wife hearing of it.

ASIDE from the fact that the cheap baking powders contain alum, which causes indigestion and other serious ailments, their use is extravagant.

It takes three pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of the Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening gas.

There is both health and economy in the use of the Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

TEN MILLIONS' WORTH OF PLATE

What It Takes to Satisfy Her Majesty's Idea of the Fitness of Things.

The recent distinguished foreign visitors to Windsor were greatly struck by the magnificence of the royal plate at the castle. Even the Czar would, accustomed to the almost barbaric splendor of the court functions in his native land, was fain to admit that for solid worth he had never seen the equal of the English plate at the London Sketch.

The royal plate at Windsor is generally reckoned to be worth about £2,000,000, and it is no unusual thing at a state banquet at the castle to have plate to the value of half a million in the room. There are two state dinner services—one of gold and one of silver. The gold service was purchased by George IV., and will dine 120 persons. The plates alone of this service cost over £12,000. On state occasions there are usually placed on the dining table some very beautiful flagons, captured from the Spanish Armada, which are, of course, of priceless value, while the great silver wine cooler, made by Rundell & Bridge for George IV., and weighing 7,000 ounces, always adorns one corner of the apartment. As sideboard ornaments, there are pretty trifles in the way of a peacock of precious stones, valued at £50,000, and a tiger's head from India with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue and diamond teeth.

This wonderful collection of plate is crown property, which practically means that it belongs to the country, and the Queen has separate collections for use at Balmoral and at Osborne, which belong to herself.

Waked Up in Time

To the fact that a want of tone in the system is the herald of approaching disease, hosts of invalids have adopted that certain means of self-rescue from impending danger, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This benignant tonic promotes, in no ordinary degree, digestion and assimilation, through which the blood is fertilized and made strength-yielding. Besides this, inactivity of the liver, bowels and kidneys, which impede a pair of vigor, is overcome. Appetite, as well as the ability to gratify it without discomfort, is stimulated by this thorough medicinal cordial, which also has a tranquilizing effect upon nerves weak and unquiet. Food, it should be remembered, only half invigorates the dyspeptic. By the use of the Bitters it nourishing properties are made available. For malaria, rheumatism and the infirmities of age, use the Bitters.

Cremation in Boston.

Cremation has become an accepted institution in Boston. The records of the Massachusetts Cremation Society, whose crematory is near the Forest Hills Cemetery, show that up to June 1, i. e., five months since the opening of the crematory, there have been forty-five incinerations, the number constantly increasing each month. In May there were sixteen in all. Socially considered, all classes of people have been represented in this new mode of disposing of the dead here, and all ages, from ninety-four to five years, figure in the official entries of cremations. The system is a perfect success, and the average time required for the complete reduction of the body to ashes is about one and one-half hours.—Boston Transcript.

Market Gardeners and Farmers.

Tremendous money is made by getting your vegetables into market 10 days ahead of your neighbors. Salzer's Northern Grown Seeds have this reputation. Send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their wholesale catalogue, inclosing a 2-cent stamp. C N U

About Meat.

It is a mistake to wash meat before roasting it. If it has been roughly handled or if there is a suspicion that it is not all that it should be, it may be wiped all over with a damp cloth; or, if it must be washed, it should be plunged in and out of hot water quickly, and dried immediately. If it is discolored or there is a slight sign of taint, the discolored parts should be cut away and the joint washed quickly in vinegar and water.

Free to Our Readers.

Bloomingdale Bros., Third avenue and Fifty-ninth street, New York, offer a big bankrupt stock of dry goods at half price. They have kindly promised to send 64-page illustrated price list to our readers free of charge. Write for one.

John Chinaman's Favorite Dish.

The business of preparing shrimp for the Chinese market is assuming important proportions in California. The shrimp are taken in huge nets and boiled in great iron vats.

Business Men in a Hurry

eat in restaurants and often food insufficiently cooked. Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia and sour stomach and immediately relieve headache.

THE praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure, for they praise only that which they can surpass, and censure that which surpasses them.

A New Arrangement.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 27.—The new traffic arrangement between the Great Northern and Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. is one of the most important of the year. It gives the Great Northern the most direct entrance of any road into Portland and to Willamette Valley points. It also becomes the short line into the Palouse and Walla Walla districts of Washington, the Coeur d'Alene, Moscow, and Snake River districts of Idaho.

BEETLES have other defenses than their cuirass, such as nauseous or caustic liquids which they expel on provocation, and, strange to say, Mr. Cuenot has found that certain beetles actually exude their blood, charged with noxious products.

Harvest Excursions.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 27.—Harvest excursions at largely reduced rates for the round trip to Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana points are announced by the Great Northern Railway for Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9.

WE can only escape the arbitrariness of the judge by placing ourselves under the despotism of the law.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

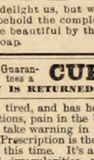
BETTER never to have been born than to live without glory.

BIRDS and flowers delight us, but we are enchanted when we behold the complexion of a young lady made beautiful by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE** OR MONEY IS RETURNED.

The woman who is tired, and has heavy, dragging-down sensations, pain in the back, and headache, should take warning in time. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nervine at this time. It's a positive remedy for all irregularities, weaknesses and derangements of the female system.

The "Prescription" cures Ulceration and Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhœa and Uterine debility.



MISS CROWLEY.

MISS MAGGIE CROWLEY, of *Jamestown, N. Y.*, says: "I feel as if I had a new lease of life since taking the Prescription." I trust that others will find the same benefit from your wonderful medicine as I have."

THE PLAN OF SELLING MEDICINES ON TRIAL IS PECULIAR TO **PIERCE**

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of **PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES** On this Continent, have received **SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS** *on all their Goods at the* **CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.**

Their **BREAKFAST COCOA,** Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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$10 PAYS FOR in 100 high grade papers in Illinois, guaranteed circulation 100,000—or we can insert it 3 times in 1,575 country papers for..... **$100** A 5-LINE Adv. 4 times

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$5 Per 1,000 to distribute Circulars in your town. Send 4c stamp. PIONEER MFG. CO., Chicago.

CONFIDENCES.

Yes, Jennie, I have noticed it.
I would not speak of it at all
Were it not for the fact
That I know a remedy.

I had the same experience.
Every now and then,
And always at a time
Most inopportune,
One of those little pimple-like blotches
Would appear on my face
And annoy me
Beyond expression.

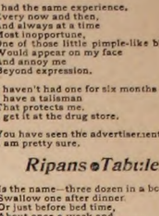
I haven't had one for six months now.
I have a talisman
That protects me.
I get it at the drug store.

You have seen the advertisement—
I am pretty sure.

Ripans Tabules

Is the name—three dozen in a box!
Swallow one after dinner
Or just before bed time,
About once a week and
You will be annoyed no more.
But more beautiful! If you
Would believe that possible,

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & CHANNELED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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PERFECTION WALL CLEANER

will make your paper look like new. Cleans Window Shades, Kalsomining and Fresco Painting equally as well. One package will clean 800 square feet. **Price 50 Cents.**

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 43 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas and Europe.

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and last well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

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We give a Written Guarantee Bond to permanently cure any kind of Rupture without the use of knife, carrying injection, or an operation, and will do no detention from business during treatment.

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Charges reasonable and within the reach of all. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. The Eggleston Home for Ruptured, Bloomington, Ill. HOME OFFICE—N. S. Main St.

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FRENCH SPECIFIC never fails to cure all diseases of the urinary organs, either sex or condition. Cures in from one to five days. Price $1.00. Sold by E. I. STAHL Druggist, 19 Van Buren Street, corner Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Sent by express on receipt of price.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

MY ELECTRIC BELT sent on TRIAL **FREE** Dr. Judd, 8 Detroit, Mich. Wantagents

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THE PEERLESS REMEDY FOR

Brights Disease, Diabetes, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Etc.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere. One Dollar a Bottle.

Manufactured by **THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO.**, St. Louis, Mo.

WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.

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