The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's *Sarsaparilla* **Cures**

Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound CURES

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. Every time it will relieve

Backache, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages, containing important information that every woman should know about herself. We send it free to any reader of this paper.

All druggists sell the Pinkham medicines. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

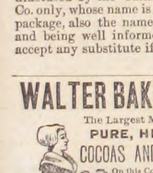
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

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.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

YOU AND I

Want some **BULBS** to bloom in the house this winter—the flowers that take care of themselves, and *bloom anyhow*—& want to sell them to you, because I sell Extra Large, Strong ones, at surprisingly LOW PRICES. **I have some bulbs waiting to be mailed to you FREE.** *Simply your address on a postal brings my richly illustrated catalogue;* **do it NOW.** *It tells how to get all the bulbs you want for nothing.*

BEN HAINS, New Albany, Ind.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES

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PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

CREAM BALM

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

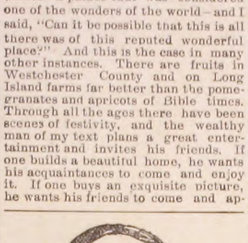
HE SPEAKS OF THE MEN WHO REJECT RELIGION.

He Likens Them to the Men in the Parable Who Were Compelled to Attend the Feast—A Plea for Religious Simplicity and Sincerity.

Frivolous Excuses.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round the world tour, selected as the subject of his sermon through the press for last Sunday, "Holy Compulsion," the text being Luke xiv, 23, "And compel them to come in."

The plainest people in our day have luxuries which the kings and queens of olden times neve imagined. I walked up and down the stairs of Holyrood palace—a palace that was considered one of the wonders of the world—and I said, "Can it be possible that this is all there was of this reputed wonderful place?" And this is the case in many other instances. There are fruits in Westchester County and on Long Island farms far better than the pomegranates and apricots of Bible times. Through all the ages there have been scenes of festivity, and the wealthy man of my text plans a great entertainment and invites his friends. If one builds a beautiful home, he wants his acquaintances to come and enjoy it. If one buys an exquisite picture, he wants his friends to come and appreciate it, and it was a laudable thing when the wealthy man of my text, happy himself, wanted to make other people happy. And so the invitations went out, but something went very much wrong. You can imagine the embarrassment of any one who has provided a grand feast when he finds out that the guests invited do not intend to come. There is nothing that so provokes the master of the feast as that.



REV. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Frivolous Excuses.

Well, these people invited to this great banquet made frivolous excuses. The first was, I suppose, that some of them were offended that this man had succeeded so much better in the world than they had. There are people in all occupations and professions who consider it a wrong to them that anybody else is advanced. I suppose these people invited to the feast said among themselves: "We are not going to administer to that man's vanity. He is proud enough now. We won't go. Besides that we could all give parties if we made our money the way that man makes his."

So, when the messengers went out with the invitations, there was a unanimous refusal. One man said, "Oh, I have bought a farm, and I must go and look at it!" He was a land speculator and had no business to buy land until he knew about it. A frivolous excuse. Another man said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen." The probability is he was a speculator in live stock. He ought to have known about the oxen before he bought them. Besides that if he had been very anxious to get to the feast, he could have hooked them up and driven them on the road there. Another frivolous excuse. Another man said, "Oh, I have married a wife and can't come," when if he had said to his wife: "I have an invitation to a splendid dinner. It is highly complimentary to me. I should very much like to go. Will you go along with me?" she would have said. "To be sure I will go." Another frivolous excuse. The fact was they did not want to go.

"Now," said the great man of the feast, "I will not be defeated in this matter. I have, with an honest purpose, provided a banquet, and there are scores of people who would like to come if they were only invited. Here, my man, here; you go out, and when you find a blind man give him your arm and fetch him in, and when you find a lame man give him a crutch and fetch him in, and when you find a poor man tell him that there is a plate for him in my mansion, and when you find some one who is so ragged and wretched that he has never been invited anywhere then, by the kindest tenderness and the most loving invitation any one ever had, compel him to come in."

Moral of the Parable.

Oh, my friends, it requires no acuteness on my part or on your part to see in all this affair that religion is a banquet. The table was set in Palestine a good many years ago, and the disciples gathered around it, and they thought they would have a good time all by themselves, but while they sat by this table the leaves began to grow and spread, and one leaf went to the east, and another leaf went to the west, until the whole earth was covered up with them, and the clusters from the heavenly vineyards were piled upon the board, and the trumpets and harps of eternity made up the orchestra, and as this wine of God is pressed to the lips of a sinning, bleeding, suffering, dying, groaning world, a voice breaks from the heavens, saying: "Drink, O friends! Yea, drink, O beloved!" O blessed Lord Jesus, thou best friend I ever had, was there ever such a table? Was there ever such a banquet?

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior de gas to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Raven's redeeming work is done.
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

Joys of Religion.

Religion is a joyous thing. I do not want to hear anybody talk about religion as though it were a funeral. I do not want anybody to whine in the prayer meeting about the kingdom of God. I do not want any man so roll up his eyes, giving in that way evidence of his sanctity. The men and women of God whom I happen to know for the most part find religion a great joy. It is exhilaration to the body. It is invigoration to the mind. It is rapture to the soul. It is balm for all wounds. It is light for all darkness. It is harbor from all storms, and though God knows there some of them have trouble enough now they rejoice because they are on the way to the congratulations eternal.

Oh, the Lord God has many fair and beautiful daughters, but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantest and whose paths are peace! Now, my brothers and sisters—for I have a right to call you all so—I know some people look back on their ancestral line, and they see they are descended from the Puritans or Huguenots, and they rejoice in that, but I look back on my ancestral line, and I see therein such a mingling and mixture of the blood of all nationalities that I feel akin to all the world, and by the blood of the Son of God, who died for all people, I address you in the bonds of universal brotherhood. I come out as only a servant, bringing an invitation to a party, and I put into your hands, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready," and I urge it upon you and continue to urge it, and before I get through, I hope, by the blessing of God, to compel you to come in.

We must take care how we give the invitation. My Christian friends, I think sometimes we have just gone opposite to Christ's command, and we have compelled people to stay out. Sometimes our elaborated instructions have been the hindrance. We graduate from our theological seminaries on stilts, and it takes five or six years before we can come down and stand right beside the great masses of the people, learning their joys, sorrows, victories, defeats.

Overmuch Theology.

We get our heads so brimful of theological wisdom that we have to stand very straight lest they spill over. Now, what do the great masses of the people care about the technicalities of religion? What do they care about the hypostatic union or the difference between sublapsarian and supralapsarian? What do they care for your profound explanations, clear as a London fog? When a man is drowning, he does not want you to stand by the dock and describe the nature of the water into which he has fallen, and tell him there are two parts hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas, with a common density of 39 4, turning to steam under a common atmospheric pressure of 212. He does not want a chemical lecture on water. He wants a rope.

Oh, my friends, the curse of God on the church, it seems to me, in this day is metaphysics. We speak in an unknown tongue in our Sabbath schools, and in our religious assemblages, and in our pulpits, and how can people be saved unless they can understand us? We put on our official gowns, and we think the two silk balloons flapping at the elbows of a preacher give him great sanctity. The river of God's truth flows down its channel pure and crystal, but we take out the theological stick and stir it up and stir it up until you cannot see bottom. Oh, for the simplicity of Christ in all our instructions—the simplicity He practiced when, standing among the people, He took a lily and said: "There is a lesson of the manner I will clothe you, and, pointing to a raven, said: "There is a lesson of the way I will feed you. Consider the lilies—behold the fowls."

I think often in our religious instructions we compel the people to stay out by our church architecture. People come in and they find things angular and cold and stiff, and they go away never again to come, when the church ought to be a great home circle, everybody having a hymnbook, giving half of it to the one next him, every one who has a hand to shake hands shaking hands, the church architecture and the church surroundings saying to people: "Come in and be at home." Instead of that, I think all these surroundings often compel the people to stay out.

Loving Compulsion.

Now, let us all repent of our sins and begin on the other track, and by our heartiness of affection and warmth of manner and imploration of the spirit of God compel the people to come in. How shall we lead sinners to accept the Lord's invitation? I think we must certainly be led by a holy life. We must be better men, better women, before we can compel the people to come into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. There are fine essays being written in this day about science and religion. I tell you the best argument in behalf of our holy Christianity is a good man, a good woman, a life all consecrated to Christ. No infidel can answer it. Oh, let us by a holy example compel the people to come in!

I read of a minister of the gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places and thought himself all alone when he heard a voice beneath him say, "Father, look out for the safe path. I am following," and he looked back, and he saw he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. Oh, let us be sure and take the safe path. Our children are following; our partners in business are following; our neighbors are following, a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. Oh, be sure and take the right path! Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in.

I think there is work also in the way of kindly admonition. I do not believe there is a person in this house who, if approached in a kindly and brotherly manner, would refuse to listen. If you are rebuffed, it is because you lack in tact and common sense. But, oh, how much effective work there is in the way of kindly admonition! There are thousands of men all around about you who have never had one personal invitation to the cross. Give that one invitation, and you would be surprised at the alacrity with which they would accept it.

I have a friend, a Christian physician, who one day became very anxious about the salvation of a brother physician, and so he left his office, went down to this man's office and said, "Is the doctor in?" "No," replied the young man waiting; "the doctor is not in." "Well," said this physician, "when he comes in, tell him I called and give him my Christian love." This worldly doctor came home after awhile, and the message was given to him, and he said within himself, "What does he mean by leaving his Christian love for me?" And he became very much awakened and stirred in spirit, and he said after awhile, "Why, that man must mean my soul," and he went into his back office, knelt down and began to pray. Then he took his hat and went out to the office of this Christian physician and said, "What can I do to be saved?" and the two doctors knelt in the office and commended their souls to God. All the means used in that case was only the voice of one good man saying, "Give my Christian love to the doctor." The voice of kindly admonition. Have you uttered it to-day? Will you utter it to-morrow? Will you utter it now? Compel them to come in.

Faith and Prayer.

I think there is a great work also to be done in the way of prayer. If we had faith enough to-day, we could go before God and ask for the salvation of all the people in our churches, and they would all be saved, there and then, without a single exception. There might be professional men there, political men there, worldly men there, men who had not heard the gospel for twenty years, men who are prejudiced against the preachers, men who are prejudiced against the music, men who are prejudiced against the church, men who are prejudiced against God—I do not care—they might be brought in by fervent prayer—you would compel them to come in.

Oh, for one mighty prayer! People of God, lay hold of the horns of the altar now and supplicate the salvation of all those who sit in the same pew with you—yea, the redemption of all who sit in your churches.

I tell you to-day, my friends, of a great salvation. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna playing his violin, and after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble. Give me your violin," and he took the man's violin and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went: "Who is it? Who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd, said: "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm. Yes, that is the great violinist."

Christ Bears Our Burdens.

The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and Heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrows. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.

Oh, will you accept this sacrifice now? I do not single out this and that man and this and that woman. But I say all may come. The sacrifice is so great, all may be saved. Does it not seem to you as if Heaven was very near? I can see it by the clock on my cheek. God is near. Christ is near. Ministering angels are near, your glorified kindred in Heaven near, your Christian father near, your glorified mother near, your departed children near. Your redemption is near.

A Desirable Place to Live In.

We were seated in a fairly filled third-class carriage of an express not timed to made a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers—a very excitable and withal voluble individual—loudly inveighed against things in general, and the place he happened to have visited in particular. All at once a quiet and sedate old gentleman, who had up to then sat silently in one corner remarked—

"How would you like to live in a place where no one drank any intoxicating liquor nor even smoked a cigar?"

"It would be excellent," replied the grumbler.

"And where everone went to church on Sundays?"

"That would be a delightful place."

"And where no one stole, or forged, or cheated?"

"But such a thing is impossible. Tell me where there is such a perfect place?"

"You will find it in any of her Majesty's prisons," was the quiet reply; and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.

To His best Knowledge.

A lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the Justice Courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he ask d the witness what his occupation was.

"I'se er carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain more fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar' I dunno how ter 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes de same diffunce between you an' er fust-class lawyer."

The negro was one of the old-fashioned kind, and did not mean to be insolent or impudent, but had just decided in his own mind that the lawyer asking the question was not a first-class lawyer.

It is needless to say the questions ceas d at once.—Macon Telegraph.

DISCOURAGEMENT is often pride wounded, though it resembles humility.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others.

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

A Gentle Hint.

A man of the world was wont to call, not infrequently, upon a young widow, says the Illustrated American. One day the pretty maid at the door announced that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception-room. While she carried his card up the stairs, he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar, and her cap was as stiff, and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman, when the maid returned and announced, promptly: "Mrs. ——— is not receiving." The man of the world bit his lip—it was the first time he had been denied admittance—and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he passed through it she blurted out: "And she says, if you please, sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."

Black as Ink

Are the prejudices which some people cherish against what is good for them. They reason, as our old friend Artemus Ward says, thusly, "So-and-so has been taking medicine for a long time and isn't any better." They only know of individual cases. Many could be cited, to their astonishment, in which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has brought about a complete change in the physical condition of persons suffering from general ill health. This thorough stomachic, besides having the decided recommendation of the medical profession, is voiced by the general public as the possessor of qualities as an invigorant and restorative of health not found anywhere else. In bodily troubles caused by the liver, stomach and bowels, in instances where rheumatic tendencies are experienced, and when the kidneys are weak, it is the true resort.

Types.

When types were first invented they were made to imitate the letters made by the copyist, and great pains were taken to cause the printed volumes to resemble the work of the monks.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

THE command which sounds most like a request is best obeyed.

For a complexion soft as velvet and rich in color as the tints of a seashell, use that wonderful skin purifier—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

SOME folks are too religious to be good Christians.

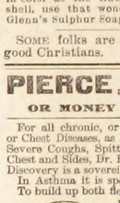
PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE**

OR MONEY RETURNED.

For all chronic, or lingering, Pulmonary or Chest Diseases, as Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Severe Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pains in Chest and Sides, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy.

In Asthma it is specific.

To build up both flesh and strength, when reduced below the standard of health by pneumonia, "la grippe," fever, grip, or exhausting fevers, it is the best restorative tonic. "Golden Medical Discovery."



E. B. NORMAN, Esq., of *Anon, Ga.*, says: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am sound and well, and I owe it all to the 'Discovery.'"

MR. NORMAN.

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PURIFIES AND BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. REMOVES TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, MOTH PATCHES, RASH AND SKIN DISEASES, AND EVERY BLEMISH ON BEAUTY, AND BANISHES THEM FROM THE FACE.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and banishes them from the face. It has stood the test of 42 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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WANTED Man to sell choice Nursery Stock. Commission or salary to right man. Permanent; state age and salary required. W. STUART & CO., Newark, New York

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

Why Put Off

taking medicine until you are sick? You can keep a box of Ripans Tabules in the house, and at the first signs of a headache or bilious attack a single tabule will relieve you.

A GIRL wearing an engagement ring may as well sit on the back porch at home as to go out and expect attention at parties. The boys are very shy of an engaged girl.

SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer, I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is mighty uncomfortable.

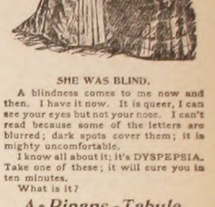
I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?

A Ripans Tabule.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. CAUTION! BEWARE OF SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2 $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3 $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



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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 protect 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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