

THE GOSPEL ARCHIPELAGO

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on the Isle of Patmos.

A Continuation of Observations Confirmatory of the Scriptures—Some Beautiful Thoughts Told in Beautiful Language.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1891.—An overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning attested the interest the religious public is taking in the series of sermons Dr. Talmage is preaching on what he says, confirmatory of the Scriptures, during his tour from the pyramids to the Acropolis. This morning's sermon, the fourth of the series, was on the islands of the Greek Archipelago. The doctor took two texts: Acts 21:3, "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand," and Revelation 1:3, "I, John, . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Good bye, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a most-mortifying examination of cities that died 4,000 years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulae, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about 143 feet long and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Pyramis to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the first-born of Egypt, the angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a day. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchres of her fathers, and saw around her dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self-sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Good-bye, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Palinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel Archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the divine book. My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in the opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers beside our own party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck and oh, what a night was Christmas night of 1889 in that Grecian Archipelago—islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian Archipelago; the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald, and topaz and chrysoberyl and ablaze with a glory that seems let down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up his mind that just here he would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up as is the custom, instead of sitting down as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yes, when at Antioch Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when because of that bitter controversy Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus which was his birthplace. Island wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Bunsford, who under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown. We went out into the excavations from which Diocletian has enriched our American museum with antiquities and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear-bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild.

The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that swept its coast and the clouds of locusts that often blackened its skies, (though \$200,000 were expended by the British empire in one year for the extermination of these noxious insects, yet falling to do the work) and the frequent change of governmental masters, hinders prosperity. But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things. Godliness is profitable not only for individuals but for nations. Questions of tariff, questions of silver bill, questions of republic or monarchy have not so much to do with a nation's temporal welfare as questions of religion. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and he will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of churches. Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing-presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity, or its depression, and ignorance, and pauperism and outlawry.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone, a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack, or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck, in the Gospel Archipelago and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the rattles Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice: "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulse quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives jump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home, and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Mer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his Divine Commedia during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his Les Miserables exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey; and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them. So Patmos; wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen the room in which you sit must be darkened and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven; and as he came from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the faint-humid man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven: "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says: "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus; and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says: "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth as it is today while we sail them in the Minerva and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "as a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up, and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ on a snow-white charger leading forth the cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bridle-bits, and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all heaven in Doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture or fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle. The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and the city is surrounded by walls in which is the polychrome of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled.

My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after a while. You will be through this world, its cares, and its fatigues and its struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood round sorrowfully expecting each breath would be the last, cried, "Open the gates!" Open the gates! Happy! Happy! Happy!" John Owen in his last hour said to his attendant, "Oh, brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last!" Rutherford, in the closing moment of his life cried out, "I shall shine, I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share. I have gotten the victory. Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me. Now I feel! Now I enjoy! Now I rejoice! I feed on manna. I have angels' food. My eyes will see my Redeemer. Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying been time when to come where you will, O child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than he has ever yet done! There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this same world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only heaven breaking in on the departing spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on your forehead, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the swinging open of shining gates, and will hear voices long ago that you have known and I have known there was in the phrasology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernatural fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come and they will say in heaven, "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say, "Yes, you may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing around you may hear no voice, and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be, "Follow me! Break this way! By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!" As on that day in the Grecian archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Frank McBeth, a jealous Deadwood colored man, is under arrest for attempting to murder his mulatto girl consort.

A LITTLE GAME OF BLUFF.

How a Millionaire Purposely Wrecked a Railway Trade.

"See that man over there?" said a prominent Detroit lawyer to me the other night as we were standing in the rotunda of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pointing as he spoke to a tall, smooth-shaven, powerful-faced man who had just entered. "He doesn't look much like a man who would deliberately wreck a train, does he? But he did, all the same, less than ten years ago, so my personal knowledge.

"Who is he? Well, that's Michigan's newest millionaire, James M. Ashley Jr.—'Jim' Ashley, as they call him out there—the grand mogul of the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad system. He started out twelve years ago without a dollar, and in that time has built and equipped 400 miles of railroad, and, without freezing out a stockholder or cheating any one out of a penny, now controls it, and is worth \$2,000,000 if he's worth a nickel. How did he do it? Simply by a combination of brains, grit, and 'gall.' For, while his tongue stutters like sin, I don't believe that his brain has missed a cog since the day he was born.

"Speaking of me not long ago of how he came to go into railroad building, he said: 'W-when I c-c-came out of c-c-college and s-s-saw the power that m-m-money gave to those who had it, I m-m-made up m-m-my mind that I w-w-wanted some of it, and I g-g-guess I've g-g-got it.' And he has.

"But I started to tell you about his wrecking that train. It was about six years ago, and Jim was in a tight spot, financially, and he couldn't get any more town bonds until he had got his road running forty miles ahead of the terminus at that time. You see, he had received upwards of \$150,000 in bonds from towns ahead, which he had already hypothecated, but they all contained a provision that they were to become utterly worthless unless he ran a train into the towns that issued them by a certain prescribed date. If they were thus defaulted, of course those who held them would swoop down upon him and drive him into bankruptcy; and every cent he had made so far he had put into the road, for he was playing for a big stake or none at all. Well one fine morning, while Jim was moving heaven and earth to get through on time, and just as his graders were preparing to put his tracks across that of another road that intersected it, Jim was served with an injunction restraining him from crossing the other road. Of course the whole thing was a bluff, the management of the rival road well knowing that it would be dissolved at the hearing, but they knew how badly Jim was pinched, and they fondly hoped that the loss of that \$150,000 would ruin him, so that they could gobble up his line for a song. Jim read the injunction through, sat down on a stump, scratched his head, and looked at the high embankment of the other road. Suddenly an idea struck him, and as soon as the sheriff disappeared he proceeded to put it into execution. The next day the trainman of the rival road reported to the management that Ashley was tunneling under their track, after shoring it up so that it was perfectly safe for their trains. Down went the sheriff and ordered Jim to desist, only to be coolly informed by him that:

"The injunction only r-restrained from c-crossing the other track, and g-g-going under w-w-wasn't c-crossing by a d-d-damned sight."

"The sheriff didn't dare to interfere with him, with the 400 navvies at his back, and so went back to the county seat and telegraphed to the Governor for troops to uphold the dignity of the law. The governor ordered two companies of troops to the seat of war, and so telegraphed the sheriff, all unconscious that Jim had tapped the telegraph wires and was getting ready to receive them. In order to get to the tunnel, their nearest route was to come by rail and strike Jim's road about twenty miles from it, and then run down his line to the field of battle. When they reached the junction the train stopped, and the Major in command got out to see what was the matter. He found an engine in the ditch and a pile of broken flat cars thirty feet high on the track, while Jim sat on the top rail of an adjacent fence, serenely smoking a corn-cob pipe and calmly surveying the wreck. You see, he had deliberately taken his oldest engine, hitched thirty dilapidated flat cars to it taken up two rails at that spot, and then, after telling the trainmen to get out of the way of splinters, had run the train back up the track a mile, pulled the throttle wide open, jumped off and sauntered leisurely down the track to look at the ruins and witness the discomfiture of his enemies.

"What's the matter here, Mr. Ashley?" asked the Major, as, in company with the conductor of the militia train, he approached the silent Jim on the fence.

"H-h-had a w-w-wreck," said Jim. "When will you get it cleared off?" asked the Major.

"Well," said Jim, "my m-m-men are pretty busy up the track, and I r-r-reckon it'll be about t-t-three days. B-but it's only twenty miles to the end of my t-t-track, and you c-can walk it in a day if you're in a h-h-hurry."

The Modern Journal.
Great Newspaper Proprietor (who has made a fortune in trade and then bought a daily for some reason no fellow can find out)—This is Saturday, isn't it? I want a forty-page paper for tomorrow.
Editor (meekly)—But, sir, the whole force, if furnished with brand-new shears, couldn't get out more than twenty pages on such short notice.
G. N. P. (authoritatively)—Let the other twenty pages be filled with advertisements.
Editor—But, sir, we haven't the advertisements.
G. N. P.—Go out and buy some, then.

Cake and Bread Language.
Little Dot—Oh, I just love cake. It's awful nice.
Mamma (reprovingly)—You should not say you 'love' cake; say 'like.' Do not say 'awful,' say 'very.' Do not say 'nice,' say 'good.' And by the way, the word 'just' should be omitted, also the 'oh.' Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly.
Little Dot—I like cake; it's very good.
Mamma—That's better.
Little Dot (with an air of disgust)—Sounds as if I was talkin' 'bout bread.

Mysteries of Navigation.
Sweet Girl (in a rowboat)—What is this place in the back of the boat for?
Nice Young Man—That is to put an oar in when you want to scull the boat. Rowing requires both oars, one on each side; but in sculling one oar only is used. That is placed at the back and worked with one hand.
Sweet Girl (after meditation)—I wish you would try sculling awhile.

Seeking Information.
Sister's Little Brother—Was you born with a silver spoon in your mouth?
Mr. Poorchappe?—No.
Mr. Poorchappe (sister's caller)—I fear not. Why do you ask?
Little Brother—I thort mebbey you was. Everybody says you're awful spooney.

A few days ago two girls, both handy with a rope or gun, were riding along the highway in Rocky Canyon, when unexpectedly they met a bear, says the Wilbur Register. They did not faint or even offer to run. On the contrary, they drew straws to see which would get the first hug. They had often heard of the hugging qualities of a bear, but had never had an opportunity of testing the truth of the statement. During the controversy, however, the bear "took a tumble" and climbed a friendly tree. Of course the girls could not condescend to climb a tree, so one of them rode several miles after a rifle, and in a few minutes after her return the bear was lying on the ground dead.

Colonel Pug Jones and Colonel Dave Nicholson are the two Dromios of St. Louis. They each weigh about 200 pounds and attend the same theater, eat at the same restaurant, bet on the same horses, get left on the same base ball game and otherwise daily pool their separate fortunes.

General Hayes is expected to visit South Carolina in November. If he goes to Charleston he will be the first ex-president to visit that city since ex-President Polk stopped there in 1845 when on his way home to Tennessee.

Walt Whitman, James Russell Lowell, Julia Ward Howe, Edwin P. Whipple, W. W. Story, Dr. J. G. Holland, Herman Melville and Thomas W. Parsons were all born in the year 1819.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1893.
A. W. GLABSON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

—Mr. Depew tells the latest of his interviewers that he raises himself from the business level to the plane of after-dinner speaking by reading Macaulay's essays.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

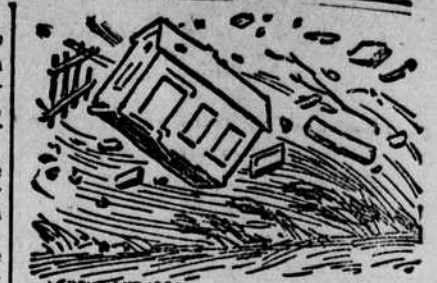
—Mrs. Nevada's little daughter Mignon when asked by a visitor how she managed to pass the time, said: "Sometimes I play with my dolls, but usually I meditate over mamma's career."

—A Black Hills miner recently discovered in a vein of quartz a single pocket from which he is said to have taken out over \$7,000 worth of gold in two days.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Thanks to the Lord. XII
St. Paul, Minn., October, 1890.
I recently had the opportunity of testing the celebrated Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic in a very severe case. A poor widow to whom I have frequently given aid and assistance in my capacity as City Missionary, sent her 12-year-old daughter to me one evening to procure necessary aid; while she was relating her destination and stating that her mother was now nearly totally blind, the poor child suddenly fell into an epileptic fit. I gave her two bottles of your medicine, and the girl is now well and happy, and the support of her aged mother. The Lord be thanked! I think that such a case as this redounds to your honor and to the glory of Him above, who has given you the knowledge to prepare such a blessing for suffering humanity.
E. B. IRMSCHER, Missionary,
606 Chicago Ave.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1858, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOEKING MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5, Large Size, \$1.75, 6 Bottles for \$9.



A building of the entire system follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve—and a certain remedy for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhoea and kindred ailments, it is a positive specific—a guaranteed one. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on these terms. With an ordinary medicine, it can't be done.

That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.
World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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DOES NOT.

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURL
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 be known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free in 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.

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