THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS. fore you get around the park you will meet with one that cost \$7,000. Have on your

DR. TALMAGE'S SEVENTH SERMON TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

"What Can and What Cannot Make a Woman Happy" His Subject-The Chief Aim of Life Should Be Usefulness-Mistakes of Young People.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 19.-This morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the seventh of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The opening hymn begins:

Then let our songs abound,

And every tear be dry: We're marching through humanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high."

Dr. Talmage took for his text the follow-

ing words: "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." He said:

The editor of a Boston newspaper a few days ago wrote, asking me the terse ques-tions: "What is the road to happiness?" and "Ought happiness be the chief aim of life!" My answer was: "The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness, but happiness always follows way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in worldly advantage her chief enjoy-ment will come to disappointment and death. "Bhe that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth

My friends, you all want to be happy. You have had a great many recipes by which it is proposed to give you satisfiction—solid mtisfaction. At times you feel a thorough It is proposed to give you satisfiction—solid matisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well 'as older people what it is to be depressed. As dark shadows cometimes fall upon the geography of the mchool girl as on the page of the spectacided philosopher. I have seen as [cloudy days in May as in November. There are no deeper mighs breathed by the grandmother than by the granddaughter. I correct the popular impression that people are happier in child-hood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older the happier. The happiest woman that I ever knew was a Ohristian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be; the sunlight of heaven, late in the afternoon, gilding the peaks of snow. in the afternoon, gilding the peaks of snow. I have to say to a great many of the young people that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, heart the transformation work that you bonest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistledown and grasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until noth-ing short of the everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

will be able to express it. Horatio Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man ever lives-the life of an American artist-wrote: "I don't want to have this world until I give some sign that, horn by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and mot the dark and bitter thing with which my early prospects were clouded." Albert Barnes, the good Christian, known the world over, stood in his pulpit in Phila-diphia, at 70 or 80 years of age, and said: "This world is so very attractive to me, I am very sorry I shall have to leave it." I know that Solomon said some very dolo-rous things about this world, and three times declared: "Vanity of vanities, all is van-ity." I suppose it was a reference to those times in his carser when his soven hundred wives almost pestered the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another pince: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and the source ways of pleasantness, at the prospect and the soven in the soven is the soven the source ways are ways of pleasantness, and the source ways in another pince: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and the source ways in another pince: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and some ways in another pince: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks and ways are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways of pleasantness, and all here networks are ways o

wall a picture by Copley, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt

All that this world can do for you in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten thou-sandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The English lord, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his chin on his hand and his elbow on the window sill, looking out and saying: "Oh, I wish I could exchange places with that dog!" Mere social position will never give happi-ness to a woman's soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young women that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the brightness of her early life in this unsatisfactory struggle and omits the present opportunity of usefulness in the home circle: what a mistake!

So surely as the years roll around that home in which you now dwell will become extinct. The parents will be gone, the property will go into other possession, you your-self will be in other relationships, and that bome which, only a year ago, was full of congratulation, will be extinguished. When that period comes you will look back to see what you did, or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. It will be too late to correct mistakes. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the tomb; if you did not make their last days bright and happy; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world, unhallowed by Christian and sisterly influences; if you allowed the younger sisters of your family to come up without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part, there will be nothing but bit-terness of lamentation. That bitterness will be increased by all the surroundings of that home; by every chair, by every picture, by the old time mantel ornaments, by every-thing you can think of as connected with that home. All these things will rouse up agonizing memories. Young women, have you anything to do in the way of making your father's home happy! Now is the time to attend to it, or leave it forever undone. Time is flying very quickly away. I suppose you notice the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you; there is frost in the locks; the foot is not as firm in its step as it used to be; and they will soon be gone. The heaviest clod that ever falls on a parent's coffin lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter. Ob, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, seek their prayers, and, after long years have passed, and you go out to see the grave where they sleep, you will find grow-ing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something chaster than the liby-the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindbright and beautiful memories of filial kind-ness performed ere the dying hand dropped on you a benediction, and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the worn out pilgrim. Better that, in the hour of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had been handed over into the cold arms of the world, rather than that you should have been brought up un-der a father's care and a mother's tenderness, at last to soolf at their example and deride at last to seoff at their example and derids their influence; and on the day when you followed them in long procession to the tomb, to find that you are followed by a still larger procession of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. The one procession will leave its burden in the tomb and dis-

them, and the Christian women of my church. and of other churches, went out that night to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman go through the wards of the haspital, her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair dis-heveled in the excitement of the hour, Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put round the splintered limbs and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow and he started in his dream, and said: "Oh, I thought an angel touched me?" There may have been no classic elegance in the features of Mrs. Harris, who came into the hospital after the Seven Days awful fight, as she sat down by a wounded drummer boy and heard him soliloquize: "A ball through my body, and my poor mother will never again see her boy. What a pity it is?" And she leaned over him and said: "Shall I be your mother and comfort you?" And he looked up and said: "Yes, I'll try to think she's here. Please to write a long letter to her and 'all her all about it, and send her a lock of my hair and comfort her. But would like to have you tell her how much f suffered-yes, I would like you to do that, for she would feel so for me. Hold my hand while I die." There may have been no classic elegance in her features, but all the hospitals of Harrison's Landing and Fortress Monroe would have agreed that she was beautiful; and if any rough man in all that ward had insulted her, some wounded soldier would have leaped from his couch, on his best foot, and struck him dead with a crutch.

Again: I advise you not to depend for hap-piness upon the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged in your presence to offer un-meaning compliments. Men capable of ele-gant and elaborate conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. Th-y say things about your dress, and about cour appearance, that you know, and they know. are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. Determined to tell the truth in office and store and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing room three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing room. Oh, let no one trample on your self respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

Again: I charge you not to depend for happiness upon the discipleship of worldliness. have seen men as vain of their old fashioned and their eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud of his dangling fooieries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf; the honeysuckles have their fashion of ear drop, and the snowflakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower the sky weds the earth with ring of rainbow, and I do not think we have a right to despise the legancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body and death to the soul. I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvelous things that the granddaughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back, to the Bible times, and you find that in those times fashion wielded a more terrible times scepter. You have only to turn to the third chapter of Isaiah, a portion of the Scriptures from which I once preached to you a sermon, to read: "Because the daughters of Lion are band; but that longer procession of glastly memories will forever march and forever haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their t: In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains and the brace lets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the head bands, and the tablets, and the carrings, the rings, and the nose jewels, the geable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Only think of a woman having all that on! I am glad that the world is getting better, and that fashion, which has dominated in the world so ruinously in other days, has for a little time, for a little degree at any rate, relaxed its energies. All the splendors and the extravaganza of this world dyed into your robe and flung over your shoulder cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raimen exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young women, today, to say that this world canno make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire worked sunset, and bird stra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the wrathiest wave its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in the final conflagration. You will never be happy until you get your sins forgiven and allow Christ Jesus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. I do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but to bring your all to the feet of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His look is love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is heaven. Oh, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come like the morning light tripping over the mountain. Wreathe all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet, pour all your voices into Christ's song, and let this Sabbath air rustle with the wings of rejoioing angels, and the towers of God ring out the news of souls saved.

matchless heauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outlines of those features, and frozen them into stone, would have made himself immortal. With her large, brown eyes she looked calmly into the great eternity. I sat down by her bedside and said: "Now tell me all your troubles and sorrows, and struggles and doubts." She replied: "I have no doubts or struggles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when you go to your pulpit next Sunday you would tell the young people that religion will make them happy. Oh, death where is thy sting? Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of lying?" I said, "Yes, I think it must be." I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle, She lighted the candle for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed no candle. I rose to go, and she said; "I thank you for coming. Good night. When we meet again it will be in heaven-in heaven! Good night! good night!" For her it was good night to tears, good night to poverty, good night to death; but when the sun rose again it was good morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good morning. Her sun rising. Her palm wav-ing. Her spirit exulting before the throne of God. Good morning! Good morning! The white lily of poor Margaret's cheek had blushed into the rose of health immortal, and the snows through which we carried her to the country graveyard were symbols of that robe which she wears, so white that no fuller on earth could whiten it.

My sister, my daughter, may your last end be like hers!

ODDS AND ENDS.

Two young Massachusetts women have gone to Buffalo with the intention of embarking in the profession of dentistry.

Leavenworth claims to have a house wherein dwell in perfect harmony eighteen intelligent, marriageable young women. Sandwiches of grated turkey, the bread cut in the form of crosses, were served at a New York reception of a semi-religious character few days ago.

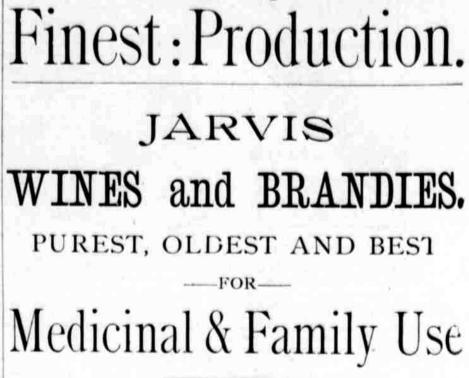
A New York correspondent asserts that here are fifty widows in that city with forunes ranging from \$1,000.000 to \$15,000,000. So many sentries were frozen to death in Russia that they have turned some peasants out of their houses so that the soldiers can be cept alive, while the peasants freeze to death. They are being bothered in Mexico just as we are here. The local papers there complain that the women who go to the bull fights wear such big hets that it obstructs the view of those behind them.

The highest price, £10,935, paid last year for a picture at auction was Boucher's portrait of Mme, de Pompadour. Gainsbor-ough's "Sisters" brought £9,965, and Turner's "Van Gozen" £6,325,

Expert accountants have already discovared a deficiency of \$350,000 in the accounts of the province of Manitoba, and the books are in such shape that it is impossible to tell ust how the finances stand.

A Kaffir vanished, and groans were heard. He was searched for without result, but on he following night groans were still heard. The search continued, and the man was found murdered. His murderer was arrested and executed, but the groans still continued. to the dismay of their auditors. At last they were traced to a mocking bird. That bird, alone of living things, had seen the deed of blood.

At Carlyle, Ills., a young lady conceived the idea of issuing invitations to a unique leigh ride. Before sending out the cards, however, she secured five large pairs of oxen. These were hitched to stylish cutters, which were loaded with the representatives of the



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at World's Fair, New Orleans.

place: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is reason-able to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. You plant one grain of corn and it will send up a stalk with two cars, each having nine hundred and fifty methe as that one or the hundred and fifty two cars, each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted will pro-duce nineteen hundred grains. And ought not the implantation of a grain of Christian principle in a youthful coul develop into a inrge crop of gladness on earth, and to a har-vest of eternal joy in heaven? Hear me, then, while I discourse upon some of the mis-takes which young people make in regard to happiness, and point out to the young women what I consider to be the source of complete nuider to be the source of complet

And, in the first place, I advise you not to And, in the first place, I advise you not se build your happiness upon mere social posi-tion. Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that, if by some strokes of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than that in which God has called you to five, you would be completely happy. In-finite mistakel The palace floor of Ahasuerus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. here have been no more scalding tears wept comphine. If the sob of unhappy womanbe tapestried wall, that sob would come ong your streets today like the simoon of the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the restling of the robes on the city pavement the hiss of the adders that followed in the wake. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up at the great house, and covet a life under those arches, when, perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror and the very agony of hell. I knew such a one. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand eighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On er side it was a father's house, where God no bonored and the Sabbath light flooded rooms with the very mirth of heaven On his side it was gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be enter-tained there; but within it were revelry and godiessness. Hardly had the grange blossoms odlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. Cruelties and unkindnesses changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the head dress of glasming diamonds, were there; but no God, the caskets of pure gold, the head dress of deaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sym-pathy. The festal music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plush was a roptile coll, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bend drops on the pitcher were the sweat of worksting despair. Oh, how many rival-ties and unhappinesses among those who seek in notial life their chief happines. It mat-ties not how fine you have things, there are other people who have it finer. Taking out your watch to tail the hour of the day some will correct your timepiece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jeweled. Bide in a carriage that cost you 2500, and be

memories will forever time for a young wo-man when she is in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare! How watchful those parents of all her interests! Seated at the morning repast, father at one end the table, children on either side and between; but the years will roll on, and great changes will be effected, and one will be missed from one end the table, and another will be missed from the other end the table. God pity that oung woman's soul who, in that dark hour,

has nothing but regretful recollections. I go further, and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere personal attracms. It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselves, to despise, or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it he gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountains to lestroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards, The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she knelt. David, with his army of sworn men, came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hill he cried "Halt!" to his men, and the caves echoed it: "Halt! halt!" That one beautiful woman kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dewdrop dashed back Niagara. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca, and Abishag, Absalom's sister, and Job's daughters, and mys: "They were fair to look upon." By out door exercise, and by skillful arrange-ment of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one missi and that to excite our loathing and disgust But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular feat-ures. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms, They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and trouble, and age, do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When time, with iron shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof marks remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world feed! in all the world is an old fool!

Why, my friends, should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is a sign-it is prima facie evidence that you have behaved tolerably well or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was white as snow." But when the color goes from the check, and the luster from the eye, and the spring from the stop, and the grace-fulness from the gait, alasi for those who fulness from the gait, alasi for those who have built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years can-not take out of one's face benignity, and kind-ness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Josus Christ. In the last war 200 wounded soldiers came to Philadelphis one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for

This world its fancied pearl may crave, "Tis not the pearl for me; "Twill dim its luster in the grave, "Twill perish in the sea. But there's a pearl of price untold, Which never can be bought with gold; Oh, that's the pearl for me.

The snow was very deep, and it was still falling rapidly, when, in the first year of my ministry, I hastened to see a young woman die. It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her own living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures. No tapestry. Not even a cushioned chair. The snow on the window casement was not whiter than the check of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul, and faith in God, had given her a

auty, wealth and culture of the town Throngs of people were attracted to witness the novel procession as it moved through the principal streets.

Corks from the Seine.

Thousands of corks are gathered from the Seine every day, and after these are sorted they are sold. If a cork is intact it is washed in chloride of tin and resold as new; those that have been damaged by corkscrews or otherwise are recut into smaller sizes for the use of perfumers and druggists; those which are too much damaged to be recut are worth forty cents per 100 pounds at the linoleum factories. Undamaged corks are examined before they are sold, and those marked with known brands find their way to certain restaurants, where they are used in order to pass off cheap cider and other bogus productions as fine varieties of sparkling champagne. If the customer complains of the poor quality of this wine the honest publican protests that it is not his fault and gravely points out that the cork is marked with the brand which has been called for. Every thing is utilized in this city.-Paris Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

Sick Child in China.

When a child is taken sick in China the parents believe that one of its souls has wan dered away and is lost. So the mother runs to the open door and cries, "La! la!"-"Soal home! soul come home!"-and the come father hastens out into the street and crosses the nearest bridge, searching for the truaat spirit; he hears the mother's wail, and shouts back the cheering answer, "Coming! coming!" Then a paper horse is burned in the house for the soul to ride home upon, and the mother, still uttering her weird cry, begins to search the corners of her floor-mud, if she is poor; brick or marble, if she be richand the first thing of life she finds is supposed to contain the missing spirit. Often it is a flea or a beetle. When it is secured she gives a great cry of joy, wraps it in paper, and places it under the pillow of the suffering child, and expects an immediate recovery .-Chicago News.

Let Him Whistle.

"Stop that whistling! Don't you know it is Sunday, and the minister is listening to youf" said a young officer to a sailor on board an English vessel on which a Presbyterian minister was a passenger. "Nonsense!" said the minister, "let him whistle; it keeps evil thoughts out of his mind." I always admired that saying and the man that said it, though I do not know his name. That man knew something of human nature and of the workings of the human heart; and he had a just and generous idea of the Creator. Like Lather, he believed that "music drives the devil away."-Home Journal.

Odd Incident in Court.

The result of the attachment for debt of the property of a Webster county, Ark., man brought out an odd incident in court. Among the property attached was a small herd of cattle, and to them the debtor's wife made claim. She swore that when she and her husband were engaged to be married he was not able to give her an engagement ring, and instead gave her a likely yearling heifer. The calf grew and prospered and multiplied,

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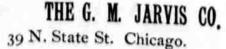
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