

# "PEACE! BE STILL!"

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches at Capernaum.

The Stormy Passage of the Sea of Galilee Likened to the Storms that Arise in Our Lives—Christ Can Still the Wind and Waves.

During his trip in the Holy Land Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following discourse at historic Capernaum, taking for his text:

Entered into a ship and went over the sea to Capernaum.—John vi, 17.

And He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea.—Mark iv, 35.

Here in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of His life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and paths when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I can not say hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McTearne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gullies  
Come down to drink thy tide,  
But that He was pierced to save from hell  
Who wandered by thy side.

Graciously around the mountains meet,  
Thou calm reposest sea,  
But ah! far more the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked over thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gently way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes, and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now is with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, every thing attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a beautiful scene! It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret, but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the Western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor pirate vessels ready to destroy every thing they could seize, but a flotilla bearing messengers of light, and life, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporize a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes with great stride, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tacking and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"

That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward He cries:

"Peace!"

Looking downward He says:

"Be still!"

The waves fell flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-light their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out:

"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every voyage.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of the great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But there is another man who starts out in worldly enterprises, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the lifeboat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it Arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while every thing goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers the soul, when the waves of this life are crowded with piratical craft, oh, what would you do without Christ in the ship? Take God for a portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is the man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was stung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear.

They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our memory illustration of the truth of what I say? Some young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation—great fasting, great pounding—and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and He will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened.

In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are almost frightened to death. They say: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much frightened. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much frightened. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures, look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going down; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are afflicted by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much afflicted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say: "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, and walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come pinning their sophistries and skepticisms about Jesus Christ; He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest

among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say:

"Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck:

"Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say:

"Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?"

"Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard."

Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff; I say let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks, what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance. He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him. He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is God.

I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say:

"Oh, Christ! Weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross."

A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if every thing must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. O, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household—the one who asked the most curious questions and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches of the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand would do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the pocket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church.

Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many Government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why, Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can. O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in Heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the power of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there is no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide; into the harbor of Heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on the bright, silvery tide, We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last.

A Parkersburg (W. Va.) merchant owns a dog of superior intelligence. The dog goes to the store with the mail every morning, and from it takes the mail addressed to the private residence to Mr. Devore's home. Nothing can divert him while attending to his duties as mail carrier, and he never makes a mistake in taking the letters to their proper direction. Every evening he sees to it that the evening papers are taken to the house, and if by chance the papers should be missing, either by being blown away by the wind or carried off by boys, the dog makes a raid into some neighbor's yard and hypothecates a paper, which he carries off home.

# FOUND IN FARM JOURNALS.

If the straw was returned to wheat land it would not become exhausted so soon.

Do not feed one thing right along to any animal. All animals relish a little variety occasionally.

Coal tar should be spread on tarred paper-roofs at least once a year if they are to remain close and tight.

Turkey tops, chopped and mixed with straw, have been used in the silos in Scotland, and good results are claimed therefrom.

A "warm mash" on a cold day, early in the morning, is an excellent invigorator for the animal that does not have an appetite.

Lard softened with kerosene until it will just flow in summer heat makes a good oil for mowers, etc., as that sold by dealers at 100 per cent. profit—much better than some of it.

When a limb is cut from a tree it should be as close to the body as possible. The cut should be a smooth one, without bruising the bark, and the cut surface should be covered with some kind of cheap paint mixed in oil.

# CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient in one or two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free of charge. It is a simple remedy, and is sent by post to A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Necessity is the mother of invention. These patent, self-applying buttons would have never been invented if women had remained content to stay at home and do the sewing.—Terre Haute Express.

# Novelties and Knowledge.

A new book of attractive reading, brimful of good things worth knowing and illustrating, is just issued. It contains a large collection of valuable autographs, excellent receipts for plain dishes, humor in rhyme and prose, monthly calendars, and can be had of all druggists and dealers, or, by sending a two-cent stamp to the publishers. An important feature of the work is its offer of Free Music, which offers its set forth therein, and by procuring the book, anyone can be supplied with a choice selection. The little volume is the St. Jacobs Oil Calendar for 1894, published by The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md. It is fully the equal of any of its predecessors in the interest of the Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, whose virtues never fade, and whose popularity never wanes. The demand for both book and medicine is very great.

DEVIL means "one who lies at the door." It is not proper to call a returned fisherman a devil, for he begins it as soon as he gets on the ferry-boat.—San Francisco Alta.

"Why love it?" we say, and sigh When loving mothers fade and die, And leave the little ones who love them, They hoped to guide in path to heaven. It need not be in many cases. All about us women are dying daily whose lives might have been saved. It seems to be a wide-spread opinion that when a woman is slowly fading away with the diseases which grow out of female weaknesses and irregularities that there is no help for her. She writes and weeps, and whose popularity Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with diseases of this class to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for their ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial, one a dose.

THERE is no use in trying to teach the average spinner tricks in ledgerdom. She can't be expected to do much in the way of slight of hand.—Merchant Traveler.

# Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. STODOL, 121 Pearl Street, New York.

Don't swear you know a thing is true because you believe it. You wouldn't know you were lying if your wife didn't pull your hair sometimes.—Texas Siftings.

In 1890, Henry Goethe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger: "I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah R. Road last summer and autumn in the most risky region, and under the most trying circumstances. Out of one gang of negro operatives, fifty were struck down with chills and fever, and every one recovered by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD."

A MAN who owns a cat has only to earn his bread, he has his butter for nothing.—Rochester Post.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Bronch's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

The cat's purr is the sign of peace. The rooster's spur is the emblem of war.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs, Pike's Toothache Cure in one minute.

Don't say that a woman is a scandal-bearer; be gallant and call her a carrier dove.—Aitchison Globe.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

It is the unmarried lady who can give her sisters points on the art of how to manage a husband.—Boston Courier.

When money talks of course it talks cents.—Baltimore American.

A Chicago druggist retailed over 100,000 "Tansill's Punch" Cigars in four months.

# To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

It is no uncommon thing for a theatrical star to complain of the support, while the company retorts that the star is insupportable.—Boston Transcript.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

One of the most depressing facts that has recently come to light is the possibility of a crank going over Niagara Falls without losing his life.—Norristown Herald.

Is it economy to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and lose dollars in ruined rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbin's Electric Soap, white as snow, and as pure. Ask your grocer for it.

It was presumably a visitor to a great brewery who sang "With all its vices I love thee still."—The Hotel Gazette.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Knowledge is power—horse power in some of the classical colleges.—Puck.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

The man who lives the highest lives the shortest.—Kentucky State Journal.

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I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I can feel any action or pains anywhere. I sell newspapers right in the middle of the street every day in the year, and have been doing so for 3 years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me certainly ought to be good for those people who stay on the cold stone. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and DeKalb streets. WILLIAM W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. B. Be sure to get

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Don't say that a woman is a scandal-bearer; be gallant and call her a carrier dove.—Aitchison Globe.

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