

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

JOY UNBOUNDED, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Great Divine Discourses to a Multitude—His Theme, "New Springs of Joy," Is Graphically Portrayed—"Thou Hast Given Me a South Land."

The city of Debr was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debr were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cried out: "Who is this, Hogarth? Take his trumpet out of my presence!" Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that?

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed every whit. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghostliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden of any more, because they have only a hundred thousand left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any

practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantage given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered to us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs. Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rounds it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps; the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with droplets, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"This religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die. But I have something better to tell you, suggested by my text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land"; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether spring of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled

in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if we once got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Savior divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal vitality. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. Now they must pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things, away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh, Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not make a choice between these two portions—between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here, and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medication; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as a brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say, "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to comfort you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days as there are stars inclosed in the circle.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Ropiness in Milk and Cream.
Prof. A. R. Ward of the Cornell Experiment Station, on the subject of ropy milk and cream, says:

"Ropiness in milk is one of the most serious troubles milk dealers have to contend with. This condition, which is objectionable more on account of its unwholesome appearance than from any known harmful effect which it produces, has received its popular designation from the viscid, slimy consistency which characterizes the affected milk. The cause has been found to be the action of certain bacteria, and a number of apparently different species have been described as having the power of producing the ropy condition. Among those who have written on this subject should be mentioned Adametz, Loeffler, Gullebeau and Marshall. Nevertheless, few definite determinations have been made concerning the natural habitat of these particular species of bacteria and the channels through which they gain entrance to the milk. Further information on these points is especially desired in order to successfully combat the trouble and to prevent its recurrence. This trouble, which is widespread and of considerable economic importance to milk dealers and butter-makers, should not be confused with the abnormal changes in milk which accompany an inflamed condition of the udder frequently called "garget." Milk drawn from udders in this condition is more or less thickened by the presence of pus, or may in addition contain white, tough solid masses of casein, which pass through the duct of the teat with more or less difficulty. Milk in such condition is by some called ropy, and consequently it has been asserted that a diseased condition of the udder is the cause of all ropy milk. The investigations which have heretofore been made do not throw any definite light upon this alleged cause. They do not suggest a necessary dependence upon a diseased condition of the udder, although they do not preclude the possibility of such a combination."

After relating several experiences, the professor gives the following conclusions:

"Ropiness is a fault of milk which does not necessarily depend for its cause upon the health of the cows. It is said to be caused by any one of several different species of bacteria. I have found bacillus lactis viscosus to be the cause of viscid milk in two different creameries. In the two outbreaks investigated the trouble was found to be caused by the use of milk utensils which had not been sufficiently scalded. The bacteria, remaining in the cans which had previously contained viscid milk, were able to survive the washing and remain alive to infect new quantities of milk. Greater care in scalding utensils brought the trouble to an end. All small utensils were immersed in boiling water for three minutes, and the larger cans were filled to the brim with scalding water which was allowed to remain for the same length of time. A thorough investigation of the sources from which the bacteria might have entered the milk at the stables and of sources elsewhere, failed to reveal the presence of bacillus lactis viscosus. Nevertheless, from the work of Adametz, there is reason to suspect that during warm weather these particular bacteria get into the milk from water. The importance of thorough scalding of vessels which have once contained ropy milk is urged upon the consumer as well as the dealer. Bacteria may readily be transferred from running water to milk by the agency of mud, which, drying upon the udder, may be dislodged during milking. Milk utensils which have been used for containing water should be scalded before using again for milk. The apparent purity of water used about a creamery gives no assurance that it is free from bacteria."

Fresh Eggs.

How old must an egg be to be strictly fresh? We would say that that would depend on the weather, says the Epitomist. During cold weather a week old egg will be strictly fresh, but half that time is all that will be allowed during warm weather. We have been asked how to preserve eggs so as to keep them fresh from three to six months. There is no way that it can be done. Unlike wine, eggs do not improve with age. A fresh egg must be fresh laid or it will not be fresh. Packed eggs are sold for such and can be readily told by almost anyone. By far too many people pay too little attention to gathering and selling their eggs. They seem to think that the egg from the "new nest" is as good as any, or eggs kept for two weeks are fresh eggs. This is not so, and when taken to the store or sold, it is purely dishonest. During hot weather eggs ought to reach the consumer when not over three days old to be strictly fresh. As we have stated before, we have had some experience in buying eggs from farmers for our large retail trade in "fancy" goods. While we can always rely on eggs from certain farms, we look closely at eggs from probably the next farm. We were asked the other day if we didn't think that a person could rely on getting really fresh eggs by offering a cent or two more than the market price for eggs. We answered with an emphatic no. To illustrate this point: A certain party near here gets eggs, beside his own, from some dozen neighbors, giving more for them than

the market price. One day he was asked by another neighbor, who keeps a good many hens (he is a progressive farmer of good report) if he would take his eggs also. The party said yes. The following week, after getting eggs from this new place a customer said that several eggs were bad and made quite a time about it. The next time eggs were gotten from this farm they were tested and several were found to be bad, which finished the egg trade in that direction. Now this farmer would have been highly insulted if he had been called dishonest, yet he certainly was. Eggs must be gathered daily and kept in a cool, fresh smelling place until sold. Old eggs or "new nest" eggs should be sold as such. They will find a ready market for culinary purposes, but if taken to the store they will doubtless be sold as "fresh" eggs. Country "store" eggs are very uncertain articles.

Foreign Eggs in Great Britain.
Regarding the countries from which Great Britain imports eggs, an English writer says:

Taking the various countries from which we import eggs, the comparative values for the last three years are very suggestive:

	1896.	1897.	1898.
Russia	630,052	812,297	966,129
Denmark	522,985	596,282	685,447
Germany	782,121	813,022	788,844
Belgium	694,322	768,077	729,876
France	1,273,200	1,022,869	817,336
Canada	178,931	193,998	251,710
Other countries	103,045	150,262	216,781

It will be seen that the remarkable advance of Russian supplies during the last few years is not only maintained, but increased, and now the empire of the Czar sends more eggs to us than any other country. In 1896 it held the fourth place, now it occupies the first. Increases are recorded from Denmark, Canada, and other countries, and decreases from Germany, Belgium, and France. As to the last named, the change which has been mentioned in previous years is still further accentuated. In 1892 the value of eggs sent to us from France was £1,611,945; last year it was little more than half, and it is evident that home and Irish supplies are taking the place once occupied by the French, which formerly commanded a much higher position than is now the case. The greater supplies of English, and the improvement in Irish eggs, will probably make this tendency still more evident in the future. As a result of the reduction of French supplies, which are the best foreign on our markets, and increase of Russian, which are among the cheapest, the average value has naturally been reduced.

Care of Turkey Coops.

A turkey hates to get into her coop at night unless it has been moved during the day, writes Miss E. J. Pine in "Turkeys and How to Grow them." If it is changed every day she soon regards it as a safe place to keep her little family over night. Should it rain in the night, change it that it may be clean for the day. Filth is a deadly foe to a young turkey in confinement. I have always kept my coops on the ground. An experienced raiser who has tried floors prefers the ground, as it is more natural and healthful. I think it is a good plan to keep a box skunk trap set at night near the coops. When the turkeys get large enough to fly over a stone wall, they will wander further away, and there is danger from hawks and foxes. I keep track of their whereabouts as well as I can, which takes me outdoors no more than is necessary for my good health. I have had them so wild that they have caused me considerable trouble, but it was caused by introducing new blood through strange hens instead of the gobber. The latter is the better way.

Choice and Ordinary Butter.—Dairy-men should not forget that the discrimination between choice and ordinary grades of butter is becoming more clearly and sharply defined each year. It is only the best that is always in demand and will sell at good prices when there is a surplus of the inferior grades, that either are not wanted at all or else must be sold at a sacrifice. We can hardly expect that under these circumstances this order of things will be changed or improved upon; it is merit that is going to win, and if the dairyman expects to come out satisfactorily at the end of the year, it is of the greatest importance that he start right. To try and do a little better than ever before should be the watchword of the day.—Progressive Farmer.

Ostrich Eggs.—The ostrich lays an egg every third day. The eggs are large, being five to six inches through the long diameter, and weigh from three to five pounds each. The shell is usually very thick, sometimes one sixteenth of an inch. The contents resemble that of a hen's egg, and amount to forty fluid ounces. The period of incubation is variously given at from thirty-eight to forty-two days and doubtless depends upon the vitality and development of the chick. The average in California is thirty-nine days. The young chick can be heard in its shell days before it appears. It is sometimes necessary to assist the chick in breaking the shell.—Ex.

Raise the Quality of Butter.—The demand in this country is for a higher-grade product, and that demand will grow, and butter-makers must see to it that the demand is supplied. Those who do this will get closely in line for success, while those who fail to do it will have to fall out of the procession and get no chance to hang on even to the tail-end of the band-wagon.—Elgiz Dairy Report.

Save all the small potatoes to use with the mixed feed later on.

Playwright David Belasco was entering the Garrick theater in New York when a diminutive newsboy rushed up, and shouted: "Wuxtry! Terrible accident to President McKinley!" "Dear me!" said Belasco, fumbling in his pocket for change, "what kind of an accident did he meet with?" "Nearly drowned, sir!" replied the urchin, his eyes dancing; "he fell through a mattress into the spring." Belasco gave him a nickel.

A man walking a day and night without resting would take 429 days to journey around the world.

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Some preachers aim to make plain things mysteries instead of making mysteries plain.

Some people are like the clocks; they show by their faces what sort of a time they are having.



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