

THE TALMAGE SERMON

FAULT FINDERS WITH THE WORD OF GOD.

The Alleged Uncleaness of the Bible
Only the Uncleaness of the Hearts
and Minds of the Would-Be Ex-
purgators.

NEW YORK, June 2.—In his sermon to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage deals with a subject that is agitating the entire Christian church at the present moment, viz.: "Expurgation of the Scriptures." The text chosen was, "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Romans 11, 4.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe, and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the Gospel fall into line of criticism of the word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the timbers and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-keels, are built of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns, and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back, and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't believe that the whole swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of atrychine and logwood! "But," they say, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them fifteen hundred years old. This book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant church of England, the Greek church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischenendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hand of the emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine books of the New Testament seven hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives

a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and split on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book today, in three hundred languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Nearly all the other old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old book, much of it, forty centuries old, stands today more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hyper-criticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God, ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that today will put the Book of Maccabees or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, 'We must have books added to the New Testament,' and there were epistles and gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything to the divinely protected book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. To-day take down these family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Beside that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures because the so-called indelicacies and crudities of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A cruel book will produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the elder children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by them.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is purblind in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read Solomon's Song, without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life, a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto you understand it is a lazaretto of sin, and a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festive board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gliding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's-head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it heeds an iron sledge-hammer.

I can easily understand how people, brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass; but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbohc acid!

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this book and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with

its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery or Episcopacy does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Ah! my friends, expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to re-fashion these masterpieces of inspiration, and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Of all the works of Dore, the great artist, there was nothing so impressive as his illustrated Bible. What a scene of Abraham's faith, or Edenic beauty, of dominion Davidic, or Solomon's, of miracle, or parable, of nativity or of crucifixion, or of last judgment but the thought leaped from the great brain to the skillful pencil, and from the skillful pencil to immortal canvas. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Dore's illustrated Bible. But the Bible will come to better illustration than that, my friends, when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become academies, and all the lakes have become Genesares, with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jerusalems with hovering Seraphim; and the two hemispheres will be clapping symbols of divine praise, and the round earth a footlight to Emanuel's throne; that, to all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

BIGGEST BRONZE CASTING.

It is a Memorial to the Founder of the Children's Aid Society.

The largest bronze casting ever made in the United States has just been successfully completed at the foundry of A. T. Lorme, in Forsyth street, says New York World. It was designed by Architect Leopold Eidlitz and was modeled by Eilin, Kitson & Co. It is a memorial to Charles Loring Brace, who was the founder of the Children's Aid society, and is to be erected on the corner pier of the second story of the newsboys' lodging house. It is in the form of a Gothic tablet, with a circular opening in the center, in which will be placed a marble bust of the philanthropist in whose memory it is erected. The height of the casting, which was done in one piece, is 10 feet 6 inches. It is 5 feet 6 inches wide, and the relief is a full 12 inches. Three thousand pounds of standard bronze metal were used in making this handsome memorial. The casting was begun at 6 a. m. day before yesterday and was not completed until the middle of the afternoon. An heroic sitting statue of Peter Cooper, by St. Gaudens, is also finished in bronze in this foundry, but is kept carefully concealed behind a draping of white cloth, the sculptor having given positive orders that "not a soul shall see it" until it is unveiled in public. Mr. Lorme resisted the touching appeal of a World reporter to lift up a corner of the cloth, saying: "Mr. St. Gaudens would throw me in my own furnace if I did so."

This Sounds Good.

An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardine, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a frying dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.

To Appeal for Help.

It will cost 1,000,000 drachmas to put the Parthenon, the temple of Theseus, and the other monuments in Athens damaged by last year's earthquake in a safe condition. An appeal for help will be sent out to all countries.

An Honest Thief.

"It is plain," said the justice, "that you stole the hog and I shall send you up for twelve months."
"Judge, if you kin gimme 'bout one hour 'fo' I goes I doesn't care."
"What for?"
"Well, suh, pork won't keep in dis weather, en' I wants ter go home en' salt dat hog down."

Giving Fair Warning.

A negro passing under a scaffolding, where some repairs were going on, a brick fell from above on his head, and was broken by the fall. Sambo very coolly raised his head and exclaimed: "Halloo, you white man up dar; if you don't want your bricks broke, just keep 'em off my head."—Mercury.

Strange.

First Doctor—Well, doctor, I had a peculiar case to-day.
Second Doctor—What was it, please?
First Doctor—I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever.—Ex.

GRAND OLD PARTY.

LIVING TRUTHS ABOUT PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

The Prosperity Not Due to Silver Agitation, but to the Advent of the New Republican Congress and a High Tariff.

According to the report of the senate committee appointed to inquire into the low prices of cotton, there appears to be such difference of opinion on the part of cotton raisers as to what the cost of producing the staple really is that the committee refrained from making a report upon that part of the subject matter. Some of the experts who were examined placed the cost as low as 3 cents per pound, others declared that cotton could not be produced at less than 8 cents at a safe profit. These opinions cannot affect the conditions surrounding the price of the staple in this country, but there is a factor now operating which is depressing the prices of cotton in the American market, and that is the free entry of Indian and Egyptian cottons.

The introduction here of Egyptian cotton has well nigh destroyed the Sea Island cotton industry on the coast of the South Atlantic states, and now the short staple, or upland, cottons of the United States will have to meet the low-priced short staples of India, not only on the Liverpool markets, but also in our own markets. The importations of these cottons have steadily increased and we have now the report of the department at Washington showing the receipt of 14,882,562 pounds for January and February, against 4,807,885 pounds for the corresponding months in 1894. The attention of the South has been directed to this menace time and again, not only by the protective press but also by certain southern papers, among them the Charleston News and Courier of South Carolina. The evils of the situation cannot now be neutralized in any way that we can see, but the next congress could levy a sufficient duty on raw cottons to give some measure of protection to this depressed and unprofitable industry. There are over ten million of our people directly and indirectly interested in the cultivation of cotton. They must have protection if they need it.—American Economist.

Beef and Reciprocity.

The recent worry and fret over the beef situation could have been settled in the twinkling of an eye if the reciprocity of the McKinley law had been incorporated in our present nondescript tariff act. It was the design of the friends of reciprocity to apply this principle so as to admit free, with compensating benefits from other countries, such articles or things as were not produced by ourselves in sufficient quantities for the domestic consumption. Under the McKinley reciprocity clause in the act of 1890 the president could at any time remove the duty upon any article, and at the same time, by treaty, enlarge our exportation of such commodity as the country with whom the reciprocal relation was established should want. In case of the possible inability of our own cattle raisers to supply the domestic demand the exercise of such powers by the executive, did they exist, would be most effective. Supplies could be drawn from Argentina, Mexico, and Canada, and for the privilege extended to these countries privileges would have been obtained in return.

Spread the Light.

Manufacturers and other people engaged in industrial pursuits, either as wage earners of employees, possess much valuable information concerning protection, which should not be lost. They know the difficulties which beset home manufacturers until, under the tariff of 1891 they became firmly established. They can recall how greatly the country depended on foreign goods, in their respective lines, until the manufacture at home of like products drove the imported articles out of the market and gave free scope to American skill and enterprise.

They can tell from actual experience how even the money price of home made wares and fabrics has been reduced under protection, so that many commodities of large consumption have been sold at less than foreign goods of like quality, because the commodities in question were protected by a proper tariff and were made by well-paid workmen. Our manufacturers can also give interesting information concerning their export trade, showing how American goods can find their way into foreign markets, or whatever obstacles there may be to prevent them. Details such as these should be recorded diligently and sent to the newspapers for publication. They will serve as cogent arguments for protection, will prove that it has fulfilled the promises that were made in its behalf, or will show what is needed to enable this.—American Economist.

Cockerill and the Japs.

In a recent interview in Japan between Colonel Cockerill of the Herald and Count S. Okuma, ex-minister of finance, the statesman said: "For a time our young men who were sent abroad returned to us with an inclination toward the Manchester school—that is to say, those who gave political economy any sort of investigation were inclined to be Free-Traders. To-day we have a very large and intelligent class turning toward protection." Count Okuma, who is a Free-Trade, also said: "Our cotton mills and silk factories, iron and steel works, etc., with our cheap and skillful labor will enable us to enter any market in the world." The candor of the Japanese ex-minister is refreshing. The complacency with which he speaks of "cheap labor" stamps him as a con-

firmed Free-Trade. It also shows the extent of the competition that American labor must be called upon to meet under a Free-Trade policy in the United States.

More Gold Going.

The New York papers have been filled with long lists of passengers who are leaving our shores to travel in Europe during the summer months. It is also said that a very large number of recently arrived immigrants are hurrying back home again, to such an extent that the steamship companies have advanced their passenger rates. Each fare paid by these returning immigrants is so much money for a foreign steamship company and taken out of the country. Every American visiting Europe for pleasure takes hundreds of dollars out of the country. This, of course, they have the right to do. The money is their own to spend where they please. But we respectfully submit to those who contemplate passing the present summer-season in Europe that they should pause and consider how much or how little they know, and have seen of this country, and if there are not some points of interest in the United States which they might visit with considerable advantage to themselves, seeing sights and scenes that exist nowhere else in the world. By doing this they would lose nothing, they would have a good outing, they would be able to talk more intelligently about their own country and they would have the further satisfaction of knowing they had materially assisted in circulating their money among their fellow-citizens at a time when it was needed. Patriotic Americans should travel through the United States.—Ex.

A Few Things.

Sheep slaughtered by millions, because wool has been made free; the price of beef advancing; a Portland (Oregon) syndicate buying three thousand horses with an intention to introduce horse meat to American consumers; Edward Atkinson running about the country giving demonstrations of methods of preparing 15-cent dinners and recommending to poor people the use of shin beef and oleomargarine; women doing men's work in the tin plate mills in western Pennsylvania; foreigners leaving the country as fast as others come in, and the treasury of the United States unable to stand by itself, but propped up by British bankers—these things indicate what we have come to and foreshadow what we are coming to under the domination of American affairs by British ideas.—The Manufacturer, April 27, 1895.

Protection for Sugar.

Thank God, men of greater caliber will henceforth shape the destinies of the Republic—men who believe in Protection as a principle, and who will take care of all our great interests, sugar included! They know how the foreign industry has been built up; they also know that to make this country prosper they must do as our cousins across the sea have done—stimulate home industries. That can and will be done, either by a bounty or an increased duty on sugar (the latter being now rendered most probable by the defeat of the income tax), and when such wise legislation is determined upon we do not believe that even the veto of a Democratic president—the last of his line—can stay the popular demand for home protection against bounty fed, artificially stimulated industries.—The Sugar Planter's Journal, New Orleans, La., April 13, 1895.

The Tallow Trade.

The tallow market of the world appears to be closed, our exports of American tallow in March being 1,300,000 pounds less than in March, 1894. How is this? The same is the case with oleomargarine, the foreigners buying nearly 6,000,000 pounds less from us last March. This, however, has not improved the demand for American butter, our exports of butter having fallen off by 1,300,000 in the month; so the question arises: What are the foreigners eating? No oleomargarine, no tallow, no butter. There was no contract that the markets of the world should be closed against our products.

How Lovers Behave in Fiction.

Some one with nothing else to do has investigated the way in which 100 men in fiction are represented as proposing. Seventy-two hold the lady's hand, seventeen hold it very tightly, fourteen have lumps in their throat, and nine exclaimed aloud: "Thank heaven!" Only seven out of the 100 declare themselves to be deliriously happy, and five are too full for utterance. Three out of 100 stand on their feet when they make a proposal, and two go down on one knee, while nine make a formal prelude—something like the slow music in the play, when the villain appeals to heaven to witness the consuming flame of his affections for the heart he plots to ruin. The behavior of the lady under the circumstances is equally entertaining and instructive. Out of 100 cases 81 sink into the arms of the gentleman, sixty-eight rest their heads on the gentleman's breast, and only one sinks into the arms of a chair; eleven clasp their arms around the gentleman's neck, six weep tears of joy silently, and forty-four weep tears aloud—whatever that means; seventy-two have eyes full of love, and nine out of 100 rush from the room and tell everybody. Only four are greatly surprised and eighty-seven out of 100 knew that something was coming. Five giggle hysterically, and one even sneezes. Only one of 100 struggles not to be kissed, while six kiss gentlemen first.

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