Tasmania exports hops, fruit in great quantities, and iron, tin and galena.

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These very confident people are strangely self-satisfied until danger to life looms up, as when the chronic pains of many years endurance attack the heart, like Rheumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that St. Jacobs Oil will cure, because it has cured all these painful ailments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cured; those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Home Again."

Text: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."—Luke xv., 23.

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along.

Ah, there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good. Nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead, and he is alive again! He was lost, and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who, in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen perhaps a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him and how great was the glee of that rescued man! But it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor cab driver, after having had to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine; its temples are mine; its songs are mine; its God is mine!"

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. If is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water—to the morning, roseate, fire worked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land, and cry "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!"

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said, "Now, this is my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joy of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord; it is enough! Stop, Lord—enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle, Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world, Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God Save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes.

Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier, lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight.

And when we came to the next line there were scores of voices united:

Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded until it was said that there were at least 10,000 wounded men

There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers.
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamoned hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of State should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in an altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a father—kind, loving, forgiving—and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates He cries, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train—its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure.

At night there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When, in our Communion service, such throngs of young and old stood up at the altars and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth."

Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dullness of the sermon, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it—but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of $500 and $600 a year, the average less than that, their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes."

And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable, some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyances, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

We are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest, but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen twenty of them, Thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory, and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home, just hear those Christians sing! It is not a dull tune you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say, and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a normal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles, and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him.

Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but passing along a little way from the prison he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation. He saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it, and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard! One on earth, one in heaven.

Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God.

And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ.
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire.
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero, the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip, the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of the earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven arise, and with a gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

CURIOUS FACTS.

England has Chinese house servants.

In 1375 salt cost, in France, $2.50 a bushel.

A Greek hat in the time of Pericles cost ten cents.

In 1312 English linen was worth sixteen cents a yard.

Ginseng is a valuable export of West Virginia, some going as far as China.

Soap was an unknown article in Korea, until introduced by the missionaries.

Four million pills are consumed in England every week. France uses half as many.

Ancient Britons reverenced the oak and the mistletoe as a feature of religious observance.

Lehman A. Watson, of West Chester, Penn., has just completed a banjo in which there are 500 pieces of wood.

A memorial is to be erected in Stockton, England, to John Walker, who invented the lucifer match in 1827.

A Welsh collier's wife recently gave birth to four sons. All the children died half an hour after they were born.

A bridge over the Melo rapid in Bolivia is 636½ feet above the surface of the water and 10.000 feet above the level of the sea.

James McLaughlin, of Morristown, Penn., tells a queer story of a horse, his own, which committed suicide by lying down deliberately in three feet of water.

British taxpayers paid $51,640 in 1893 for the entertainment of royal personages on the Queen's ships and for the conveyance of members of the royal household by sea.

Josephine Suffeenszka Javoska, who is said to be a grandniece of Pulaski, the Polish patriot, and once a Countess in St. Petersburg, sells papers in front of the Brooklyn Postoffice.

Five acres of land at Charing Cross, London, now owned by the Marquis of Salisbury, was bought 250 years ago by his ancestors for grazing lands, at the rate of $2.50 an acre for 500 years.

The sugar factory of Culmsee, Prussia, is said to be the largest in the world. The daily consumption of beets is 1250 tons, and during 1894-'95 this will be increased to 2000 tons per diem.

Dover, N. H., a town of some 10,000 people, is reported to use more snuff than almost any other city of the United States. In 1893 it consumed more than five tons of snuff. Soldiers introduced the habit of snuff "pipping" there after the war, and it has become immensely popular.

A New York rogue caught a Chinaman asleep in a hallway and stole his outer garments. These he donned and perambulated Mott street, the Chinese quarter. One of the celestials pretended to be deceived and led the sham Chinaman to an opium joint, where he was despoiled of all he possessed and badly beaten.

The coast of Egypt has been guarded by a lighthouse since 300 B. C., when Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Greek King of Egypt, and one of the successors of Alexander the Great, built the so-called Pharos of Alexandria. This was a lofty tower, placed at the entrance of the harbor, with a great fire blazing on its summit every night.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely pure.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength. —U.S. Govt. Food Report.

The official report shows Royal Baking Powder chemically pure, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, which was greatly in excess of all others and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Hence Royal Baking Powder makes the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Valuable Substitute for Glue.

Cellulose has just been obtained by some London chemists in a dense form, having the appearance of ebonite, and capable of taking a high polish. The material contains carbon bisulfid and sodic hydrate, which are gradually given up when it is dissolved in water, cellulose being precipitated. If some of the solution is spread on glass, a transparent film of cellulose can be obtained. Cellulose can also be deposited from the same solution on woven materials or paper, producing a permanent stiffening or sizing. The solution forms a substitute for glue, of great strength, and insoluble in water when set. The material can also be obtained in continuous sheets or films.—Literary Digest.

Utilizing Spiders' Webs.

Cobwebs are still valueless as a raw material for manufacturing purposes, and, like many another article, await the ingenuity of man to turn them to better account in the service of man. No thoughtful observer of the wonderful elastic web of the common garden spider, for example, can resist the temptation to speculate on the possibilities of the spider and its web. Indeed, considering the rate of progress in arts and sciences, we ought not to be quite so far, contends our contemporary, from the day when the cobwebs in the cellar will be carefully collected and converted into silk dresses for the ball room.—Draper's Record.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

It Is Of No Use

to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tabules for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tabule gives relief.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

ACTORS, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Found $20,000 in the Woods.

Last week Ira Wade, Charles Ward and Joe Tyra were working in the woods near Beattyville, where they were cutting props for miners, and they found a half a pair of saddle pockets. In the side was found a roll or bundle of paper. Upon investigation they found it to be a roll or package of greenbacks. The money was entirely rotten, and it crumbled to dust when they tried to separate the sheets. One of the theories to account for the find is this: It will be remembered that some fifteen years ago J. P. Smallwood, Ibzan McGuire, Hiram Patrick, J. C. Lovelace, Steve Jones and others captured a young man, who turned out to be an express agent who had fled from Cincinnati with some $21,000 of the express company's money. Smallwood arrested him in the court house during the Democratic Convention that instructed for Thomas Turner. The agent said he had used $450, and $250 was found on him. It is a probability that the bundle Wade tore up with a stick was worth nearly $20,000. This, of course, is on the theory that Gilmore hid the money in this section. Tradition says he did. It has always been understood that he hid his money somewhere on the Upper Creek or toward Fox Shoal.—Mount Sterling (Ky.) Gazette.

Mutton vs. Tinned Meats.

Of the total 125 pounds of animal food annually consumed by each unit of the population of Great Britain, one-third is imported. The consignments of frozen Australian mutton are steadily increasing. The abundance of cheap mutton has largely displaced the American tinned meats, which were formerly largely used by British work people for their forenoon meal in mills and factories.—New York World.

A Hunting Terrapin.

A Maryland man has a hunting terrapin, the only one of which there is any record. It has been taught to lure its fellows out of the soft mud of the creeks, and last year the "catch" of terrapins through the aid of the "hunter" yielded a sum exceeding $6,000.—Chicago Herald.

The Largest Plow in the World.

The largest plow in the world, perhaps, is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino County, Cal. This immense sod turner stands eighteen feet high and weighs 36,000 pounds. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve twelve-inch plow shares, and is capable of plowing fifty acres of land per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.—Chicago Herald.

Hypochondrical, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, *mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope*, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

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sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

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Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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