Spiritual Health. Text: "Till a dart strike through his liver."

-Proverbs, vii., 23. There is a fashion in sermonies. A comparatively small part of the Bible is called on for texts. Most of the passages of Scripture, when aunounced at the opening of sermons, immediately divide themselves into old discussions that we have heard from boyhood, and the effect on us is soporific. The auditor guesses at the start just what the preacher will say. There are very important chapters and verses that have never been preached from. Much of my lifetime I am devoting to unlocking these gold chests and blasting open these quarries. We talk about the heart, and sing about the heart, but if you refer to the physical organ that we call the heart, it has not half so much to do with spiritual health or disease, moral exaltation or spiritual depression, as the organ to the consideration of which Solomon calls us in the text, when he describes sin progressing

"till a dart strike through his liver." Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He more than 1,000 years before seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1.619 years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers.

When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo and Carpenter, and Dalton, and Flint, and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible thousands of the programment of the silver of the state of the silver o years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age. producing the tremors of hand and head;
"Or if the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had

studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated gated, branching tubes, a divine workman-ship in central, and right, and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful at-tacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the flat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave and the other it sends to judgment—a javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippo-crates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you this morning the gospel of health. In taking diagnosis of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnoses of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discources much of physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hin-drance to hearing the Gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; and records the spare diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extin-guished eyesight of the beggar by the way-side, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include a'so an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete.

First, let Christian people avoid the mis-

take that they are all wrong with God be-cause they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope and heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin deep in the Slough of Despond, and his said: heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books. and read and read and read, and prayel and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and went, and grouned and grouned and grouned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hop of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says that you are not right with Gol, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promise I land he cannoi keep you out of the promise I land of Canaan, has determined that the spics shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crab apple. You are just as good now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done." Edward Payson, semetimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical dis order was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymn beginning "There is a fountain filled with blood," and his hymn beginning: "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and his hymn beginning: "What various hindrances we meet," and his hymn beginning: "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet so was he overcome of melan choly, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver, who took him

can administer to both at once, and if medican administer to both at ones, and it meat-cine is needed he can give that, and if spirit-ual counsel is needed he can give that—on earthly and a divine pre-scription at the same time—and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of haven. Ah, this is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside when I get sick, one that can not only pour out the right mamber of drops, but one who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But. oh, the Christian doctors: What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Dear old Dr. Skillmanf. My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidences of all the families fourteen miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. It's face pronounce i a beati-tude before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they eatered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: "Come in doctor. I was sick and ye visited me." I bles Gol that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges. are here to-day. And I hail you, and I bless you, and I ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven descended work of a Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the Long Island Medical College to look after the perishable tody, be sure also to get a di-ploma from the skies to look after the imper-ishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the Gospel in persuad-

the mistake of the cab driver, who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide. Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state! What a great oppor-tunity this gives the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he

ing good people that it is not because God is against their that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their disassed body.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Mobilera wheat. Let me break the delision. to leave. Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop.

You see aged men about us at 80 erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 50: None, absolute none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O, young man, that while in after life and after A Few Timely Words in Regard to years of dissipation you may perhaps have

your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and stag-gering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and decayed and pre-maturely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipaestate before they were 30. By early dissipa-tion they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mort-gage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about. He had in early life been a profligate, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries. David, bad in early life, but good in later life, cries out with an agony of earnestness: "Remember

not the sins of my youth."

Stephen A. Doug'as gave the name of squatter sovereignty to those who went out West and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your heart before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an informal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note, "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical

being. What? Will a man's boly never completely recover from an early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come: Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity iver thoroughly damaged and it will stay amaged. Physicians call it cancer of the iver, or hardening of the liver, or cirrhosis lamaged. liver. of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these panes into one figure and says: "Till the dart strike through his liver."

That young man smoking digarettes and smoking digars has no idea that he is getting for himself a smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Napoleon lost Waterloo days before it was fought. Had he Waterloo days before it was fought. Had he attacked the English army before it was reenforced, and taken it division by division, he might have won the day, but he waited until he had only 100,000 men against 200,000. And here is a young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations in the strength of God he might drive them back, but he is allowing them to be reinforced by the whole army of mid ife temptations, and when all these combined forces are massed against him and no Grouchy comes to help him, and Bluncher has come to help his foes, what but immortal defeat can

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy and different parts when dis-eased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country showing to our young people on blazing cauvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gam-bler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the same catastrophe, and the dart strike through his own liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel of health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject: and I charge you, in the name of God and Christ, and usefulness and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers," or it will be: hold what chicken salad at midnight will do for a man;" or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence; or it will be: "Sat down in a cold draught and this is the result;" or it will be: "I died of thin shoes last winter;" or it will be: "I died of thin shoes last winter;" or it will be: "Went out without an overcoat and took this last chill;" or it will be: "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here;" or it will be: "Here is the consereound do at 70 what I don't 20, and I am here;" or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be: "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats;" or, instead of words the stone cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures, namelical actions a liver.

ly, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or ountry, or one's own family. I have one's country, or one's own handy. I have seen wounds that were glorious. After the battle of Antietam, in the hospital a soldier in reply to my question: "Where are you hurt," uncovered his boson and showed me a gash that looked like a badge of eternal nobility. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye shot out in buttle that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passel without injury. I haves sen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles who out with the malaria of African jungles who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever with a glory round her pile and wan face that surpassed the anelic. It all depends on how you got your ckness and in what battle your wounds. My Lord and my God! if we must get sick

and worn out let it be in thy service, and in the effort to make the world good and happy. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathethic scenes that I ever witnessel, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixtles or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the serthey faveline payses a children nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong a'tar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sworl is a'l hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When their high metals are written to the control of the cavalry horse, which they spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck ciethe I with thun ler, is worn out, and spav-ined, and ring-bone I and, springhalt, he rides up to the Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing the battle ax through helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of breaking up their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes, for they will get to Heaven. But they will go afoot, when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all tion while they saug it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those Unesare the perora-

> Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion vonng.

The Judge had Business Elsewhere.

In a Georgia justice court a very important case was being tried. Emicomplainant had finished his argument, listening to the lawyer for the defense, who endeavored, of course, to put forth his side of the case in the best possible manner. All of a sudden the judge was seen to write something on a small slip of paper, which he then pro- | tion for one instant from buttered toast, ceeded to fold nicely, and depositing the same in a copy of the code in front | lisped: of him, took his hat, and remarked to the astonished gentlemen:

"You can proceed with your argument, Mr. ----, and when you have finished you will find my decision in

the counsel. The judge would not be persuaded to remain, remarking to his "Thay, do you know watth comin" persuaded to remain, remarking to his

astonished audience: "Don't you all see that cloud over there? That means rain, and I'm go-

Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

BALLAD OF THE COLORS. A gentleman of courtly air, Of old Virginia he;

A damsel from New Jersey State. Of matchless beauty she; They met as fierce antagonists-The reason why, they say, Her eyes were of the Fedral blue, And his, Confederate gray, They entered on a fierce campaign

And when the fight began, It seemel as though the strategy Had no determinate plan. Each watched the other's movements well While standing there at bay-One struggling for the Federal blue.

One for Confederate gray. We all looked on with anxious eyes To see their forces move,

And none could tell which combata At least would victor prove. They marched and countermarched with skill.

Avoiding well the fray; Here, lines were seen of Federal blue, And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass, And sent her summons there That she should straight capitulate U; on cond tions fair. "As you march forth the flags may fly. The drums and bugles play;

But yield those eyes of Federal blue

To the Confederate gray." "You are the foe," she answer sent, "To maidens such as I: I'll face you with a dauntless hear; And conquer you, or die. A token of the sure result The vaulted skies display;

Sharp-shooting on each flank began, And 'mid manœuvres free The ratile of the small-talk with Big guns of repartes, Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes Amid the proud array, There met in arms the Federal blue

And the Confederate grav.

For there above is Federal blue

Below, Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight at length They called a truce to rest; When lo: another force appeared Upon a mountain's crest. And as it came the mountain down Amid the trumpet's bray, Uncertain stood the Federal blue And the Confederate gray,

A corps of stout free lances these Who poured upon the field, Field-Marshal Cupid in command. Who swore they both must yield: That both should conquer; both divide The honors of the day: And prou liy with the Federal blue March the Confederate gray.

worn: What could they but agree That both should be the conquerers, And both should captives be ! So they presented arms, because Dan Cupid held the sway,

His troop; were fresh, and theirs were

And joined in peace the Federal blue With the Confederate gray. Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day The fort they built, and saw A sight to strike a bachelor With spirit-thrilling awe. Deployed a corps of infantry, Ent less for drill than play:

And some had eyes of Federal blue, And some Confederate gray. -Thos. Duan English, in Harper's Bazar.

## POONTHIE'S TURKEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES." Nobody can have everything while in the market man say anything to you?" this world; it was probably in accordance with this well-known law that Frank only thaid 'watth you goin' to do wif and Hester Gracely, who thought that they had the loveliest child in the world. had very little else. Indeed, their all. aside from their little daughter, seemed alarmingly little, except at such times as like ev'ryfin." they had to change their abode, and wanted to keep moving expenses at the parents to be making," said Frank,

But their bare room seemed exquisitely furnished when under the influence of their daughter Poonthie. Of course, the complaint against us for theft. child's name was not as outlandish as here spelled; she had been christened Prudence-partly, her father explained, so there might be prudence of some kind in the family; but the pronunciation of the name had been charged by the child herself whose lisping tongue could not approach any nearer to the original sounds. She certainty was a nodding at Poonthie. delightful little witch; her hair was a mass of sunshine, her cheeks were full of roses, and her eyes were really as much like violets as her mother thought them. Her parents were not much older than she when they played with her, which one or the other did most of the time when she was awake, so she was general- and turkey just as they came down street ly full of smiles, and abounding in quaint together. speeches, such as are made by most child-

ren who have adults for company.

While Poonthie's parents were looking at her, they were the richest couple alive; but when they were obliged to look into their closet or pantry they wondered how any other couple could be poorer. They had married solely on love, and their capital had increased largely by natural accumulation, but 'twas not the sort of in the same coffin." thing with which one would try to buy bread and butter, or pay a milkman's Frank had fallen in love with bill. Annie because she was lovely, and Annie had loved him because he sang charmingly, composed music for his own songs, and played the violin. Their plan had been so as not to have the fun stopped. Why, to live on the proceeds of such songs as Frank might compose and sell, for had to-day than a hundred people will get he not once sold two in a single week, and got fifty dollars for them?

But the music publishers had no soul for really exquisite songs. Annie said, so for several years the little family subsisted on what Frank could earn by playing the violin in the orchestra (so-called) of a little theatre in a little city, where there were performances two or three times a week. There always was enough food for Poonthie, and the parents did by both sides, the evidence had all been submitted, the counsel for the pretended they were not very hungry, pretended they were not very hungry, they could not help thinking how dreadand the judge and those present were ful starvation must be when a mere approach to it was so shockingly discomforting.

Poonthie had no such troubles, however; her nearest approach to them was when, one day, she diverted her attenpoached egg and a mug of milk, and

"When I getth to be big folkth will I like water instead of milk, an' not eat any butter on my bwead?" Her parents, after choking a little, and

wringing each other's hands under the this case on that slip of paper," arose table, told her they hoped not, but to leave. In vain were the remonstrances of two minutes. Then she seemed to recall day by Miss Prudence Gracely, when her

pitty soon ? I do: its Fank givin' Day.' "Yes," sighed Frank with a pitying look at his wife. "Thanksgiving cering home to set out my potato slips .- tainly is coming, but what do you know about it, Poonthie ?"

"Oh, lotth an' lotth. A little gyle down thtairth told me all 'bout it. Itth the day when nobody don't eat nothin' but turkey."

"Turkey !" echoed Frank in tragical "Turkey!" echoed Annie plaintively.
"Yeth," said Poonthie, "you'll bwing a big turkey home an' we'll jus cat, an'

toast and milk again, and her parents

looked at her until something in their

eves made them see double and then

that blessed darling mentioned it."

look at Poonthie while we eat it.

would look up expectantly and shout:

the turkey answered fairly for several

days, but both parents soon became mor-

bid on the subject. Frank tried again

room which could be spared and sold for

the price of a small turkey, and

Annie spent a wretched day in wonder-

ing whether she could muster up

courage enough to sneak into the one

own-for money enough to buy a turkey

for Poonthie's sake. But both were

unsuccessful, and when, the very after-

noon before Thanksgiving, Poonthie

greeted her father with the usual shout,

darling, but Papa couldn't find a turkey

ing gaze, "ith that the way folkth get

turkeys ?- juss find 'em ?"

"It's too bad for anything, little

.. Why," said Poonthie, with a wonder-

"Yes," said Frank, "that's the first

"My," drawled the child, as her father

dropped her so as to put his arm around

his wife, who seemed to need his attention just then. A call for Poonthie to

go play with the "little gyle down

thtairth," gave Frank an opportunity to

use all sorts of severe language regarding

his luck, and his foolishness in dragging

a sweet woman down to poverty,

and his wickelness in bring up

also gave Annie a chance to tell her hus-

band what a manly, brave, uncomplain-

ing fellow he was, and how Heaven would

appreciate him, all in good time, even if

music publishers didn't; in the end they

both felt a great deal happier than if they

had been rich enough to buy a whole

Indeed they were so absorbed in each

other that hours might have passed un-

heeded had not the couple been dis-

turbed by some vigorous kicks at the

door. Frank turned the knob and in

staggered Poonthie, bearing in her arms

a turkey apparently as large acherself.

little rocking chair as if it were a baby.

"You couldn't find a turkey an' I could

an' she thaid down to the mahket at the

cornner! Tho I went there and thure

"No," said Poonthie, scornfully; "he

to take it to my papa. Then I comed

along, only a whole lot of people comed along behine me, an' all of 'em was laffin

"A nice spectacle for a child of honest

snatching his hat in one hand and Poon-

thie with the other. "I must get it back,

with an explanation, before there's a

himself face to face with a man who re-

garded him intently. He was not the

benevolent old gentleman who, in books,

follow poor children to their homes on

holidays, but a sharp-faced fellow with

"Your young one;" asked the man

"Yes," said Frank, hurrying along and

praying that the fellow might not be an

have a photograph taken of that child

Frank hesitated an instant, then he

"You needn't feel insulted," said the

shook his head, frowned and hurried

man still following, "i'd do it if they

were mine; I haven't seen anything so

cunning since-since the time when I

doll as big as herself. We buried them

the turkey first, so the owner won't'

had a little girl who lugged around a

"That's all right," said the man. "I

paid for it when she started out-my

hardware store is next to the market-

man alive, that child's made more fun

The photograph was taken: even then

"I wish I knew how to get that

youngster to come into my store about

herself long enough to murmur:

terton, in Godey's Ludys' Look.

key! Poonthie found one firtht fing."

In a cozy little house there is now a

turkey's wish-bone carefully laid away

in perfumed cotton, to be broken some

writer knows, can knock the conceit out of the mightiest pen, - Somer ille Journal.

the merchant lingered near Frank.

over in a week."

Finally he said:

once a day."

his hands in his pockets.

along.

When he reached the sidewalk he found

enough there wath lotth of "em."

that turkey? an' I thail Ithe only

market full of turkeys.

an angel child like a beggar's brat.

Frank took her in his arms and said:

anywhere."

thing to do."

"Did you bwing the turkey?"

kept them from sceing at all.

of the month."

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture-A Revival of Old-In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts's celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is apeat, an' eat till we can't eat no more.' recisted only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version Then Poonthie attacked her egg and

of the title, used for another purpose-"Old

Time Doctoring."
We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the most enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this "If only we could have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day!" said Annie that night, after Poonthie had fallen asleep. "I'm ashamed of myself for the way my mind has run on the subject ever since "I've a weakness that way myself,

century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grand-fathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevail-Frank admitted, "but even the smallest ing opinion that then existed that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," turkey on Thanksgiving Day would mean a row with the landlord on the first was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain has made these herbs less abundant, "Don't let us think any more about it," said Annie. "We'll feast royally en and has driven them further from civiliza-tion, until they have been discarded as remean Irish stew that won't cost twenty-five dial agents because of the difficulty of ob-

dial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, and founder of the Warner observatory. Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the cents; it'll taste as good as turkey-if we But the thought of Turkey would not disappear, for Poonthie forbade. Whenever her father came into the room she The excuse that it was not time for

"Sarsaparilia," for the blood and liver 25g Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consimption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair, "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for Catarrh, called "Log Cabin Reset Fram". Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Reset Fram". and again, to find something in the Rose Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Plaster," and a "Log Cabin Liver pawn-broker's shop in the city, and pledge a tiny gold pin-Poonthie's

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to draw upon suffering humanity, and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Al-though they come in the form of proprietary medicine, yet they will be none the less wel-come, for suffering humanity has become come, for suffering humanity has become so! Why, man, he's been in the tea busi-tired of moden doctoring and the public has ness for six years, and handled thousands great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore, we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success. the best of success.

Overwork is a waste of capital.

Years Teach More Than Books. Years Teach More Than Books.

Among other valuable lessons imparted by this teacher is the fact that for a very long time Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has been the prince of liver correctives and blood purifiers, being the household, physician of the poor man, and the able consulting physician to the rich patient, and praised by all for its magnificent service and efficacy in all diseases of a chronic nature, as malarial poisoning, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease and in all cases where the use of an alterative remedy is indicated.

The secret of thrift is knowledge. Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo. N. Y. Never be irritable or unkind to any body.

A Total Eclipse

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrotulous discase. "Youthe a thilly old papa," she panted, after carefully seating the turkey in her of the lungs. Damsons originated in Damascus. I juss athked the little gyle down thwairth where her papa found a turkey,

Consumption Surely Cared.

To the Editor:-Please inform your readers hat I have a positive remedy for the above amed disease. By its timely use thousands of named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopciess cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two footles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y. "Gracious!" exclaimed Frank, "didn't

ITCHING PILES.—Symptoms—Moisture: intense itching and stinging; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNES OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Phila. By mail for 50 cents. SWAYNES OINTMENT for sale by druggists.

When Catarrh has taken a strong hold on the system, Taylor's Hespital cure, 244 B'way. New York, reaches, by means of the Nebulizer the very sear of the trouble.

ROYAL GLUE mends anything: Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free vials at Drugs, and Gro.

KIDDER'S

## "Say," continued the man following Frank, "I'll give you a five dollar bill if you'll come across the street and let me

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA. Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used. We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

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IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.

IT WILL STOP VOMITIMS IN PLEASANCY.

FOR Summer Completians and Chronic Diarrinea,
which are the direct results of Imperfect digestion,
DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DYUSTYLIN for all pains and chorders of
the stomach; they all come from Indigs stion. Ask
your druggist for DIGESTYLIN form Indigs ston. Ask
your druggist for DIGESTYLIN price S; per large
bottle. If he does not have it send one dollar to a
and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid,
Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is
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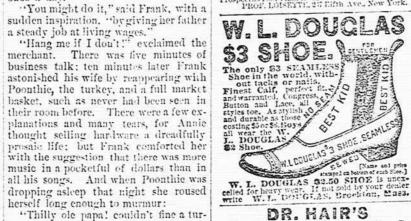
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Frank stopped. "I'll do it," he said, "if you'll advance me enough to pay for

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one randing. Any BOOK ICETHER IN ARTHURS, RICHARD PROCESS, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Asron, Jupan P. Bestamis, Dr. Mison, &c. Class of 190 Columbia Law students; 220 at Merkiden; 250 at Norwich; 250 at Oberlin College; two classes of 200 cach at Yale; 400 at University of Penn, Phila; 400 at Wellsely College, and three large classes at Chatanagua University, &c. pectus POST FREE from PROF, LOISETTE, 25 Eifth Ave., New York.



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mind leans toward wishing .- John Habwill be found in my st page Treatise, sent free. DR. B. W. HAIR, 25 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, 0 GOLD is worth \$500 per lb. I citit's Eye Salve for worth \$1,00, but is sold at 25c a box by dealers. The pen is mightier than the sword and the blue pencil, as every newspaper Property Dr. J. Stephens, Lobagon, Oble. SILHOUETTES.

TEACHER (in geography class)-What is a desert? Young student-Don't know, mum. I always cat at the second table.

How KIND artists are to each other What do you think of the Colin Campbell case?" said some one to a painter The perjury in it is horrible. see that Frank Miles swore that he was an artist?"

EDITH-"Seems to me every one of these ancient sculptures is from the nude." Yes, how wise these artists are:" "Wise! Why, yes; they had sense enough to know dresses of the period would go out of fashion, so they omitted them.

"HAVE I been to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors?" said Sir Wilfrid Lawson the other day to a friend. "No. indeed! Not after I read in the papers that some of the pic-tures were painted with much 'spirit.'"

AMATEUR artist (to friend)-"It's rather an ambitious subject, Charley, I call it 'The Gathering of the Hosts.' Friend -"What does that big flock of engles signify, Fred, or are they vultures?" Amateur artist (faintly)-"Neither, Charley; they are angels."

"MARY. I wish you would be a better girl," said a father we wot of to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry 1 am that mamma has to scold you so much. "Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply; "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says." SIMPSON-"Well, Muggins, how's busi-

ness?" Muegins (our artist)-"Oh, ripping! Got a commission this morning from a clergyman. Wants his children painted very badly." Simpson (with that pleasant way of his)—"Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job." They don't speak now. I'm afraid that son of mine will bring my

gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, if I live long," said a lady to a sympa-tic friend. Don't be afraid, thetic " said her young hopeful, pok-his head in the door. "Sooner than have that happen, I'll take your hair out of the drawer some night and burn it.'

JUPSON—That's a fine painting you've got there, Jepson. "Well, I flatter myself that it is, you know." "Is it one of the old masters, do you think?" "Well, I sin't exactly sure, but I am going to have the opinion of a friend on that point to-day."
"Indeed! a connoisseur?" "I should say of pictures. The Youth's Companion

The Youth's Companion has recently been increased in size, making it by far the cheapest illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 40,00 familica. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year. If \$1.75 is sent now, it will pay for The Companion to Jan. 1889, and you will receive the admirable fouble Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, and other weekly issues to Jan. 1st, free.

Ringing Noises In the ears sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by ca tarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very com-mon disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results

. I have been troubled with that annoying disease, nasal catarrh, and have taken all kinds of blood puriflers, out never found relief till I used Hood's Sarsaparilla."-J. L. Rourr, Marksburg, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Anotheraries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



HAIR BALSAM restores Gray Hair to origi-nal celor. An elegant dress-ing, softens and beautifies

Nogrease nor oil. A Tonic Restorative. Prevents hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses and

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as long as you can, pro-vent tendency to wrin-kles or ageing of the LEAURELLE OIL S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Pres's l'artest larrovan Cesmonn Ean Daums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether the deafness is caused by calds, fevers or injuries to the natural in position. Music, conversation, white pers bound distinctive. We refer to those using thom. Write in F. HISCON, 851. Promiser, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated brok of proofs, Fikke.

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Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box \$1.60; round, 50 cts.

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THE SCIENTIFIC GRINDING MILL





There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the fol-lowing cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheed suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate settine forth the fact that follows: "Four years ago I sent you a vol-untary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three ap-plications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Troll, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881 I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8.15 A.M.; at 8.40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to the control of the control of St. Jacobs. it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: 'Was troubled for years with neu-ralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same. PN U 47

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life

less, and indescribably miserable, both physi-cally and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gonefullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this ilsease, which it cares by purifying the blood. It you suffer from eatarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it. if taken according to direct will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not currd, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and covery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising,

neys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. CURES ALL HUMORS.

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sorea," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Uleers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Plerce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established. CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this reme's, if taken in the carlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's on Consumption. Address, Send ten cents in cook on Consumption.

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"Please send me another hox of your most precious Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers; they are improving my complexion very much; many many thanks, Send right away." By mall, \$i Depot, 146 West 18th Street, New York. Druggista

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