DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

ABSURDITIES OF EVOLUTION.

[Preached at Lakeside, Ohio.]

Text: "The statutes of the Lord are right." -Psalm xix. 8.

Old books go out of date. When they were Old books go out of date. When they were written they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which have long ago ceased, or advocated institu-tions which excite not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked with wild mythologies, which have gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sun-rise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism, neither do we want Sappho, Pythegoras and Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of the people care now for the Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of the people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Men-ander. or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or ander. or the gracefulness, of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes! Even the old books we have left, with a few exceptions, have but very little effect upon our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born, they are fondled, they grow in strength, they have a middle life of usefulness; then comes old age; they totter and they die. Many of the national libraries are merely the cemeteries of the dead books. Some of them lived flagitious lives and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the au-thor's study, others in the publisher's hands. Ever and anon there comes into your pos-session an old book, its author forgotten and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say: "I wish I were dead." Monu-ments have been raised over notes and the seems to say: "I wish I were dead." Monu-ments have been raised over poets and phi-lanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books! The world's authors would make pilgrimage thereto, and poetry and lit-erature and science and religion would con-secrate it with their tears. Not so with one old book. It started in the world's infancy. It graw under theorem

world's infancy. It grew under theorracy and monarchy. It withstood the storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles; in Rome, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Patmos. Tyranny issued edicts against it, and infidelity put out the tongue, and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathe-mas, but the old Bible still lived. It crossed the British Channel and was greeted by Wickliffe and James I. It crossed the At-lantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until like that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. Ohurches and asylums have gathered along its way, ringing their bells and stretching out their hands of blessing: and overy Sabbath there are ten thousand heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free old English Bible. But it will not have ac-complished its mission until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland; until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China; until it has thrown its glow amid the Australian mines; until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil; and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be meltod into one crown, and this Book shall at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires. Not until th.n will this glorious Bible have accom-plished its mission. In carrying out, then, the idea of my text

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text —"The statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is right in au-thentication; that it is right in style: that it is right in doctrine; that it is right in its ef-facta

Can you doubt the authenticity of the 1. Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake;" not so much evidence that Shake-speare wrote "Hamlet;" not so much evidence that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty, we the hands of the promets evengalists and

there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty. by the hands of the prophets, evangelists and apostles, wrote this book. Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things, and was written by bad men or impostors, how long would such a book stand! It would be scouted by every body. And I say if that Bible had been an imposition; or if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it; if it had been a mere collection of false-hoods, do you not suppose that it would have hoods, do you not suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people! If Job, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John were imposters they would have been scouted by generations and

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days' journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absurd," cried out hun-dreds of voices for many years; "no city was ever built that it would take three days" in a count and Basiles it was ever omit that it would take three days' journey to go around. Besides, it could not be destroyed by fire and water; they are antagonistic elements." But Lay-ard. Botta and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by they own experi-ment it is three days' journey around, ac-ording to the discriminant of the discriminant. cording to the old estimate of a day's jour-ney, and that it was literally destroyed by fire and water—two antagonistic elements— a part of the city having been inundated by the River Tigris, the brick material in those times being dried clay instead of burned, while in other parts they find the remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been , and in the calcined slabs of Who was right, the Bible or inexcavated,

gypsum. fidelity? Moses intimated that they had vineyards n Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of in Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of voices; "you can't raise grapes in Egypt: or, If you can, it is a very great exception that you can raise them." But the traveler goes Jown, and in the underground vaults of Eilithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it, and saw it all about them every day: and in those underground vaults there are vases still incrusted with the settlings of the wine. You see the vine did grow in

Ervpt, whether it grows there now or not. Thus, you see, that while God wrote the Bible, at the same time He wrote this commentary, that "the statutes of the Lord are right," on leaves of rock and shell, bound in Lasps of metal, and lying on mountain table and in the jeweled vase of the sea. In authen-ticity and in genuineness the statutes of the Lord are right.

2. Again, the Bible is right in style. I know 2. Again, the Bible is right in style. I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genealogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the book. You take the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence at the four hundredth page to-day, and to-morrow at the three hundredth, and the next day at the first page, how much senso or interest would you get from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven reading the Bible in that way could not understand it. The that way could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door by which to go

which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door by which to go in and Reversions the door to go out. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle are merely letters written, folded up and sent by post-men to the different Churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters! Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first, and then one line of the third page, and an-other of the second, and another of the first? No. You begin with "Dear Sir," and end with "Yours truly." Now, here is a letter world; it is full of magnificent hopes and propositions, and we dip in here and there, and we know nothing about it. Besides that, people read the Bible when they can not do anything else. It is a dark day and they do not feel well, and they do not go to busi-uess, and after lounging about a bit they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to en-joy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days and while your head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine and when your nerves, like harp-strings, thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear, walk in this paradise of truth, and while your mental appetite is good,

pluck these clusters of grace. I am fascinated with the conciseness of this beok. Every word is packed fall of truth. Every sentence is double barreled. Every paragraph is like an old banvaz tree with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch: pull out one stone and it call hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl diver who could gather up one-half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chap-ter of the Book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is marely the Bible

diluted. Goethe, the admired of all skeptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Para-dise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spenser's writings are imi-tations from the Parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what Saint John bad seen before in Apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his more the set of the s crowns his most gigantic sentences with Scripture quotations. Through Addison's "Spectator" there glances in and out the stream that broke from the throne of God Walter Scott's best clear as crystal. characters are Bible men and women under different names, as Meg Merri-lies, the Witch of Endor. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was Jerebel. Hobbes stole from this Castle of Truth the weapons with which he afterward assaulted it. Lord Byron caught the ruggedness and majesty of his style from the prophecies. The writings of Pope are saturated with Isaiah, and he finds his most successful theme in the Messiah The poets Thompson and Johnson dipped their pens in the style of the inspired Oriental. Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid dis-tortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth, I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish, Italian poets, painters, orators and rhetoricians. Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's champing, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder necked war horses! Dryden's, Milton's, Cow-per's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as it to the feet of hese Bible writers the mountains brought all their gens, and the sea all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the barvests all heir wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and ternity all its stupendous realities: and that their since then poets, and orators, and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains, and searching for diamonds in a realm atterly rifled and ransacked. This book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons, It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all m7 iesall other lights. It is the home of all m? ies-ties and splendors. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky hovering around rejoice at the naptials. This book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of balle-lujah; it is the firmament in which suns and moons, and stars and constellations, and universe and eternities wheel and blaze and t.iwith any music in it that is not stirred with with any music in it that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habak-kuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or John's anthem where the el-ders with doxology on their faces respond to the trumpet blast of the Archangel as he stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swearing by Him that live foot on the land, swearing by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no onger I am also amazed at the variety of this Book. Mind yon, not contradiction or col-lision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso, and alto, and soprano, and tenor-they are not in collision with each tenor-they are not in collision with the other, but come in to make up the harmony. So it is in this Book; there are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part and the evangelist another part, and the apostle an-other part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—"the song of Moses and the Lamb." If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this Book, it might have been monotonous; but David, and Isaiab, and Peter, and Job, and Ezekiel, and Paul and John were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write. Dev wrote in their own style. So it is in this Book; there are different parts

God prepared the book for all classes of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that, so he read the Bible, and God knew that, so he allows Mathew and Luke to writs sweet thories about Christ with the doctors of the law, and Christ at the well, and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. Then God knew that the aged people would want to read the book, so He allows Solomon to compact a world of wisdom in that Book of Proverbs. God knew that the bistorian would want to read it, and so he historian would want to read it, and so he allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so he allows Job to picture the Heavens as a curtain, and Isaiah, the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the nollow of the Omnipotent hand; and God couched David until in the latter part of the Psalms he gathered a great choir standing in the galleries above each other-peast and man in the first gallery; above them, hills and mountains: above them, fire and aail and tempest; shove them, sun and moon and stars of light; and on the highest moon and stars of light; and on the highest gallery arrays the hosts of angels; and then standing before the great choir, reach-ing from the depths of earth to the heights of Heaven, like the leader of a great orches-tra, he lifts his hands, crying; "Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord! And all earthly creatures in their songs, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder, and rattling hail, and stars on all their thrones, harps of light, and angels on their thrones, respond in magnificent acclaim: "Praise ye the Lord! Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!"

God knew that the pensive and complaining world would want to read it, and so he inspires Jeremiah to write: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears!" God knew that the lovers of the wild, the romantic and the strangs would want to real it, so He le's Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls and winged creatures and flying wheels of fire. God prepared it for all zones-for the Arctic and Tropic, as well as for the Temperate Zone Cold-blooded for the Temperate Zone. Cold-blooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitants at the Equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of Heavenly truth. boil with the vehemence of Heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his drome-dary, and the Laplander seated on the swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl re-clining amid Aloine crass. O, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactly suited, to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands. I can not help remeating the conclusion land , I can not help repeating the conclusion of my text: "The statutes of the Lord are

3. I remark again: The Bible is right in its doctrines. Man. a sinner; Christ, a savior-the two doctrines. Man must come down-his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldli-ness; Christ, the Anointed, must go uo. If it had not been for the setting forth of the Atonament Moses would never have de-scribed the Creation: prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jeaus and the Bib'e were standing on a platform in a great amphithenter, as if the prophets were behind Him throwing light for-ward on His sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stool before Him like footlights throwing up their light into His blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory, the Bible speaks of Pisgah and I remark again: The Bible is right in its auditory, the Bible speaks of Pisgah and Carmel and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks had over tha Judean hills were emblems of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." and the lion leaping out of its lair, wa an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe. I will in my next breath recite to you the most won erful sentence ever written: "Th's is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bathlehem Heaven sympathized with earth, and a wave of joy dashed clear over the battlements and dripped dashed clear over the battlements and dripped upon the shepherds in the words: "Glory to God in the bighest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton: "God so loved the world that he gave His only bergotten Son. that whosever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine—so high, so deep, so vast! so deep, so vast!

4. Again: the Bible is right in its effects. I 4. Again: the Bible, it just do not care where you put the Bible, it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and that book. It may very well; but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the Com-mandments, and pleads to the indictment, "Guilty." He takes up the Psalms of David, and says: "They just describe my feel-ings." He flies to good works; Paul starts him out of the try the amounts. him out of that by the announcement: He falls man is not justified by works." He falls back in his discouragement; the Bible starts him un with the sentences: "Ren Lot's wife," "Grieve not the Spirit," "Remember him Flee the Wrath to Come." Then the man in despair begins to crv out: "What shall I dod Where shall I go!" and a voice reaches him aying: "Come unto me, all ye who are yeary and heavy laden, and I will give you saving: Take this Bible and place it in the hands of Take this Bible and place it in the hands of men in trouble! Is there anybody here in trouble? Ab, I might better ask are there any here who have never been in trouble? Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest thorns, so some of the weetest consolations of the gospel grow on stinging affliction. You thought that death had grasped your child. Oh, no! It was only the H aven'y Shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap, and putting His arms gently around the little one, said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Put the Bible in the school Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together, and you have the n blest work of God. An elu cated mind without moral principle, is a ship without a helm, a rushing rail train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed. Fut the Bible in the fa nily. There it lies on the Polygamy and table, an unlimited power. unscriptural divorce are prohibited. Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedien. Domestic sorrows lessened by ho-ing divided, joys increased by being multiplied. Oh father, oh mother, take down that and let your children read it! Put the Bible on the rail-train and on shiobard, till all parts of this land and all other lands shall have its illumination. This hour there rises the vell of heathen worship, and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral prye, for no other sac-rifice is needed since the blood of Jesus Christ cleauseth from all sin.

FUN.

A girl may have plenty of bustle and till be very lazy. The rabbit is timid, but no cook can

nake it quail.-Puck. "How's crops?" is now the prevalent

orm of salutation in the poultry yard .--Merchant-Traceler.

If you can't trust a man for the full mount, let him skip. This trying to get an average on honesty has always been a failure.-Josh Billings.

The flatness of Denmark is said to be emarkable, but it is really nothing compared with that of the man who never reads the papers .- Call.

That Chicago dog with hydrophobia, which rushed into a saloon, was in scarch of congenial company. Everybody there was afraid of water. -Buffalo Neus

"Arthur."-Yes, we should like to nave you write for our paper. Address your letter to the business office and it will be sent to you.-New Haven News.

Yale College has established a chair of ournalism. It is an old battered affair with three legs and a broomstick, and illed with exchanges for a cushion .-Burlington Free Press.

"Did you ever try a deal in stocks?" asked one Burlington merchant of mother. "Yes," was the sad reply, "I have tried a deal too much for my good." -Eurlington Free Press.

"Anybody that knows a thing before t happens is called a reporter," was the definition written on the slate of an eightyear old boy in one of our schools yeserday.-Boston Journal.

A dealer auvertises "Lightning Fruit Jars." They may be a new brand, but for lightening fruit jars there is nothing more successful than a small boy and solitude.-Norristonon Herald.

Mrs. Dusenberry-"Now just look at hose flannels! If anythink will shrink

his execution, requested the jailor to close his grated window because he considered night air unhealthy.-Siftings.

The F of the girl of the . are small, tapering and beautifully shaped; [I as beautiful as the * *, and she is without her |; her frown is a +, and her figure excites ! ! ! of surprise, and # bankering ~~ her. - Paper and Press.

Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)-"Am I really so bad, mamma?" Mamma-"Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy." Tommy (reflectively)-"Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain'ttwins !"--Harper's Weekly. | A few months ago a paper was started at Heber, Ark., and named Oh, Pshaw! The salutatory was: "I'll monkey with this thing awhile.-The Editor." Recently it expired, and here is its dying gasp: "Valedictory: The monkey ceases to perform."

The Olive Eaters.

The extent to which the olive is used

Mr. G. E. Reardon, Baltimore, Md., Com-missioner of Deeds for all the States, suffered for a long time with rheumatism, which yielded promptly to St. Jacobs Oil.

Abbe Listz, the celebrated musician, died at Bayreuth, Germany recently.

Diphtheria is frequently the result of a neg-lected sore throat, which can be cured by a single bottle of Red Star Cough Cure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

Engineering in China has certainly achieved a notable triumph in the bridge at Lagang, over an arm of the China Sea. This structune is five miles long built entirely of stone, has 300 arches 70 feet high, the roadway is 70 feet wide, and the pillars are 75 feet apart.

If you have cutting, scalding, or stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine, Swamp-Root will quickly relieve and cure.

An Ohio merchant says he can trace every bad account on his books "directly to beer.

Farmers and others who have a little leis ure time for the next few months will find it to their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement ap pears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.

The fund for the erection of a monument to General Grant in Riverside Park only amounts to a little over \$122,000.

We Appeal to Experience. For a long time we steadily refused to pub-lish testimonials, believing that, in the opinion of the public generelly, the great majority were manufactured to order by unprincipled parties as a means of disposing of their worth-less preparations. T. at this view of the case is to a certain

extent true, there can be no doubt. At last, several years ago, we came to the conclusion that every intelligent person can readily discriminate between spurious and bona fide testimonials, and determined to use as advertisements a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates in our possession.

In doing this, we published them as nearly as possible in the exact language used by our correspondents, only changing the phraseology, in some cases, so as to compress them into a smaller space than they would other-wise occupy, but without in the least exag-gerating or destroying the meaning of the writers.

Writers. We are glad to say that our final conclusion was a correct one,—that a letter recommend-ing an article having true merit finds favor with the people. The original of every testimonial published

more from washing I'd like to know what by us is on file in our office, an inspection of which will prove to the most skeptical that

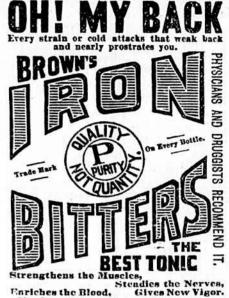
which will prove to the most skeptical that it is." Mr. Dusenberry—"A boy will, my dear."—*Philadelphia Call.* It was a grim joke on the part of a condemned man, who, the night before there be such to correspond with any of the correspond to correspond with any of the solution of the s parties whose names are signed to our testi monials, and ask them if we have made any mistatements, so far as their knowledge extends, in this article. In other words, if we have not published their letters as nearly ver-

Very respectfully, E. T. HAZELTINE, Proprietor Piso's Cure for Consumption and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

us entirely unsolicited, with permission to publish it:

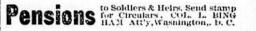
DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1886. You may add my testimony as to the merits of Fiso's Cure for Consumption. I took a severe cold last February, which settled on my lungs. They became ulcerated and were so painful that I had no rest for two days and nights. I got a bottle of Fiso's Cure for Consumption, and was relieved by the time I had taken half of it. Since that time I have kept Piso's Care in the house, and use it as a preventive, both for lung troubles and croup, for which I can recommend it as the best medicine I ever used; and that is saying a great deal, for I have used at least twenty others, besides about as many physicians' prescriptions. Piso's Cure for Consumption has never failed to give relief in my family. A. J. GRUBB, 37 springfield St. DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1886.

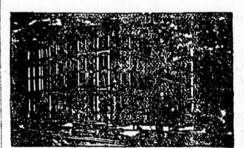
The coinage of silver dollars during the last year was \$29,838,605.



Enriches the Blood, MR. JOINE EDWARD TAYLOR, Fort Washington, Md., says: "I have suffered with pains in the small of my back for about two years. Brown's Iron Bit-ters has done me a great deal of good." Mites, NANNIE E. ROBERTS, Milton, N. C., says: "I suffered with severe pains in my back and limbs and could hardly go about. One bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me and three buttles cured me. I gratefully recommend it."

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batism as possible.

We append a recent letter, which came to

37 Springfield St.

nations. If that book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar it is because there is nothing in it destructible. How near have they come to destroying the Bible? When they began their opposition there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far Now there are two bundred millions, as far as I can calculate. These Bible truths, not-withstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the philosophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the grace-ful German, the passionate French, the picture-que Indian, and the exhaustless Angle-Saxon. Un ier the painter's pencil the birth and the crucifixion and the resur-rection glow on the walls of paleage. Or we rection glow on the walls of palaces; or, u der the engraver's kn fe, speak from the mantel of the mountain cabin; while stones, touched by the sculptor's chisel, start up into preaching apostles and ascending martyrs. Now, do you not suppose, if that Book had been an imposition and a falsehood, it would not have gone down under these ceaselese fires of opposition ?

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, and hundred of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find a medicine that cured ten thousand people, would not every body acknowledge that that must be a good medicine ? Why, some one would say: "Do you deny it? There have been ten thousand people cured by it." I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that book and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth, namely: the leprosy of sin. And if I can point you to multitude: who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to ac-knowledge the fact that there must be some power in the medicine? Will you take the evidence of millions of patients who have been cured, or will you take the evidence of the skeptic who stands aloof and confesses that he never took the melicine? That Bible intimates that there was a city

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called Petra, built-out of solid rock. Infidel-ity scoffed at it: "Where is your city of Petra?" Buckbardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where onco flashed imperial pomp, and which echoed with the laughter of light-hearted mirth on its way to the theatre. On temples fashioned out of col into the crimson of the rose, and some of the which have paled into the whiteness of the ored stones. hily-aye, on column, and pediment, and en-tablature, and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible.

The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah

were destroyed by fire and brimstone: "Ab-surd." Infidels year after year said: "It is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is notking in the elements to cause such a shower of death as that." Lieutenant Lynch—I think he was the first man who want out on the discovery the first man who went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others-Lieutenant Lynch went out in exploration and came to the Dead Sea, which by a convuland came to the Dead Sea, which by a convul-sion of nature, has overflown the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line, and brought up from the bottom of the Dead Sea great masses of sul-phur, remnants of that vory tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin. Who was right, the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities, or the skeptics who for ages scoffed at it!

1 am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book and obsolete. It is fresher and more intensy than any book that yesterday came out of the great nublish-ing houses. Make it your guide in life and

your pillow in death. After the battle of Richmond, a dead soldier was found with his hand lying on the open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, but the sheleton fin rer lay on the words: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this book will become in your last days, when you turn away from all other books, a solace for your soul. Perhaps it will be your mother's Bible; perhaps the one given you on your wedding day, its cover now worn out and its leaf faded with age; but its bright promises will fiash upon the opening gates of Heaven.

- "How precious is the Book divine,
- By inspiration given; Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an sternal day."

aries greatly in different countries. In northern countries it is used chiefly as a relish eaten by itself, or as a sauce, seawhat the French call a hors d'œuvrethat is, a side dish or table superfluity. But it is far otherwise with the poor in the south of Europe, to whom it is an

important article of diet. In ancient times the poor made an entire meal of bread and olives. It is still the same in some 000,000 bushels for export.

parts of Europe, where a peasant thinks himself prepared for a journey with a piece of bread under his arm and a handful of olives in his pocket. In Southern Italy no meal is made without olives. The olive merchants pars regularly at The olive merchants pass regularly at supper time through the poorer quarters of the city. It is the Spanish habit to Family Cyclopedia. eat olives at the end of a meal, but not Farm Cyclopedia. too many. Three or four are usually Farmers and Stock thought enough, or if they are very good one may eat a dozen. An Italian author recommends the perserving of Spanish olives-that is, of those grown on Italian soll-but prefers those called Saint Francis, which is common at Ascoli, where it attains the size of a walnut. It ester, forl1 years past. Sample papers 2c. is, however, generally agreed among RURAL HOME CO., LTD., Rochester N.Y. where it attains the size of a walnut. It gourmets that the smaller olives are best for cating. The manner of treatment has, nevertheless. perhaps, something to do and most improved pattern. with the coarse quality of the Spanish olive when found in the peninsula. Olives are preserved in Italy, as elsowhere, in weak lye or brine. They are also bruised, stuffed in the Bordeaux manner or dried. In eastern countries, whence the olive came, the fruit forms still an important article of diet.-San

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