JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Discourses on the Holy Land.

The Journey From Joppa to Jerusalem—Many Points in Sacred History Fully Detailed—Scenes of Samson's Exploits—Entry Into Jerusalem.

In continuation of his sermons at Brooklyn on the Holy Land Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took his text from Galatians i. 18: "I went up to Jerusalem." He said:

My second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be Jerusalem, and that city is forty-one miles away. We may take camel or horse or carriage. As to-day will be our last opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel we choose that. The horses with harness tasseled and jingling, are hitched and with a dragoman in coat with many colors seated in front, we start on a road which unveils in twelve hours enough to think of for all time and all eternity.

We start out of the city amid barricades of cactus on either side. Not cacti in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more swords for defense, considering the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than any thing created. We passed out amid about four hundred gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons are plucked oranges, lemons, figs, olives, citron and pomegranates, and which hold up their censers of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of camels loaded with kegs of oil and with fruits, and some wealthy Mohammedan with four wives—three too many.

Here we meet people with faces and arms and hands tattooed, as in all lands sailors tattoo their arms with some favorite ship or admired face. It was to this habit of tattooing among the Orientals that God refers in a figure when He says of His church: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands."

Many of these regions are naturally sandy, but by irrigation they are made fruitful and as in this irrigation the brooks and rivers are turned this way and that to water the gardens and farms, so the Bible says: "The King's heart is in the hands of the Lord and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned whithersoever He will."

As we pass out and on we find about 800 acres belonging to the Universal Israelitish Alliance. Montefiore, the Israelitish centenarian and philanthropist, and Rothschild, the banker, and others of the large-hearted have paid the passage to Palestine for many of the Israelites and set apart lands for their culture, and it is only a beginning of the fulfillment of Divine prophecy when those people take possession of the Holy Land. The road from Joppa to Jerusalem and all the roads leading to Nazareth and Galilee we saw lined with processions of Jews, going to the sacred places, either on holy pilgrimage or as settlers. All the fingers of Providence now-a-days are pointing toward that resumption of Palestine by the Israelites. I do not take it that the prospered Israelites of other lands are to go there. They would be foolish to leave their prosperities in our American cities, where they are among our best citizens, and cross two seas to begin life over again in a strange land. But the outrages heaped upon them in Russia, and the insults offered them in Germany, will soon quadruple and centuple the procession of Israelites from Russia to Palestine. Facilities for getting there will be multiplied, not only in the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, to which I referred last Sabbath as being built, but permission for a road from Damascus to the Bay of Acre has been obtained, and that of course will soon connect with Joppa and make one great ocean shore railroad. So the railroad from Jerusalem to Joppa, and from Joppa to Damascus will soon bring all the Holy Land within a few hours of connection. Jewish colonization societies in England and Russia are gathering money for the transportation of the Israelites to Palestine and for the purchase for them of lands and farming implements, and so many desire to go that it is decided by lot as to which families shall go first. They were God's chosen people at first, and He has promised to bring them back to their home, and there is no power in 1,000 or 5,000 years to make God forget His promises.

Those who are prospered in other lands will do well to stay where they are. But let the Israelites who are depreciated and attacked and persecuted turn their faces toward the rising sun of their deliverance. God will gather in that distant land those of that race who have been maltreated, and He will blast with the lightnings of His omnipotence those lands on either side of the Atlantic which have been the instruments of annoyance and harm to that Jewish race, to which belonged Abraham and David and Joshua and Baron Hirsch and Montefiore and Paul the Apostle, and Mary the Virgin, and Jesus Christ the Lord.

On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many valled women. It is not respectable for them to go unveiled, and it is a veil that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes and the unhappy homes, for God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty is usually demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for firewood on their heads. They started at three o'clock in the morning to get the fuel. They stagger under the burdens. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorcement is for a man to say to his wife: "Be off, I don't want you any more." Woman is a slave in all lands except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there are women reeing as skeptics, and men with family deriding the only religion that makes sacred and honorable the names of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

What is that? Town of Ramleh, birthplace, residence and tomb of Samuel, the glorious prophet. Near by, Tower of Forty Martyrs, called so because that number of disciples perished there for Christ's sake; but if towers had been built for all those who in the time of war as in time of peace, have fallen on this road during the ages past, you might almost walk on turrets from Joppa to Jerusalem.

Now we pass guard houses which are castles of chopped straw and mud, where at night and partly through the day armed men dwell and keep the bandits off travelers. In the caves of these mountains dwell men to whom massacre would be high play, and a purse with a few pennies would be compensation enough for the struggle that the savage might have with the wayfarer. There is only one other defense that amounts to much in these lands, and that is the law of hospitality. If you can get an Arab to eat with you, if only one mouthful, you are sure of his protection, and that has been so from age to age. The Lord's Supper was built on that custom.

The only lands where it is safe to travel unarmed are Christian lands. Human life is more highly valued and personal rights are better respected, and I am glad to believe that in our country, from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ocean, there is not a place to-day where a man is not safer without a pistol than with one. But all through our journeys to Palestine we required firearms. While the only weapon I had on my person was a New Testament, we went through the region where I said to the dragoman: "David, are you armed?" and he said: "Yes," and I said: "Are those fifteen or twenty muleteers and baggagemen and attendants armed?" and he said: "Yes," and I felt safer.

On we roll through the plain of Sharon. Here grew the rose after which Christ was named, Rose of Sharon, celebrated in all Christendom and throughout all ages.

Yonder, a little to the north as we move on is the plain of Ono. The Bible mentions it again and again. The village standing on this plain of Ono is a mud village. Two great basins of rock catch the rains for the people. Of more importance in olden time than in modern time was this plain of Ono. But as the dragoman announced it and in the Bible I read of it, I was reminded of the vast multitude of people who now dwell in the plain of Ono. They are, by their nervous constitution or by their lack of faith in God, always in the negative. Will you help to build a church? O, no! Will you start out in some new Christian enterprise? O, no! Do you think the world is getting any better? O, no! They lie down in the path of all good movements, sanitary, social, political and religious. They harness their horses with no traces to pull ahead but only breeching straps to hold back. For all Christian work I would not give a thousand of them the price of a clipped ten cent piece. These are in the plain of O, no! May the Lord multiply the numbers of those who, when any thing good is undertaken, are found to live in the plain of O, Yes!

Here now we come where stood the fields into which Samson fired the foxes. The foxes are no rarity in this land. I counted at one time twenty or thirty of them in one group and the cry all along the line was "Foxes! Look at the foxes!" and at night they sometimes bark until all attempts to sleep are an absurdity. Those I saw and heard in Palestine might have been descendants of the very foxes that Samson employed for an appalling incendiarism. The wealth of that land was in the harvests and it was harvest time and the straw was dry. Three hundred foxes are caught and tied in couples by some one hundred points reasoned, crying: "Jerusalem!" It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay, the prize of nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of Roman and crusading wars, and for it Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought; the place which the Queen of Sheba visited and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon. Home of Ezekiel. Home of Jeremiah. Home of Isaiah. Home of Saladin. Mount Zion of David's heartbreak and Mount Moriah where the sacrifices smoked, Mount of Olives where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane where He agonized, and Golgotha where He died, and the Holy Sepulcher where He was buried. O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Greatest city on earth and type of the city celestial.

An Arab on a horse that was like a whirlwind, bitted and saddled and spurred, its mane and flanks jet as the night—and there are no horsemen as Arab horsemen—had come far out to meet us and invite us to his hotel inside the gates. But arrangements had been made for us to stay at a hotel outside the gates. In the dusk of evening we halted in front of the place and entered, but I said: "No, thank you for your courteous reception, but I must sleep to-night inside the gates of Jerusalem. I would rather have the poorest place inside the gates than the best place outside." So we remounted our coach and moved on amid a clamor of voices, and between camels grunting with great beams and timbers on their back, brought in for building purposes—for it is amazing how much a camel can carry—until we came to what is called the Joppa gate of Jerusalem.

It is about forty feet wide, twenty feet deep and about twenty feet high. There is a sharp turn just after you have entered, so planned as to make the entrance of armed enemies the more difficult. On the structure of these gates the safety of Jerusalem depended and all the Bible writers used them for illustrations. Within five minutes' walk of the gate we entered David wrote: "Enter into thy gates with thanksgiving." "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates!" "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion," "Open to me the gates of righteousness." And Isaiah wrote: "Go through, go through the gates." And the Captain of the Patinos wrote: "The city had twelve gates." Having passed the gate we went on through the narrow streets, dimly lighted, and passed to our halting place and sat down by the window from which we could see Mount Zion, and said: "Here we are at last, in the capital of the whole earth." And thoughts of the past and the future rushed through my soul in quick success on, and I thought of that old hymn, sung by so many ascending spirits;

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

And so with our hearts full of gratitude to God for journeying mercies all the way from Joppa to Jerusalem, and with bright anticipation of our entrance into the shining gate of the Heavenly City when earthly journeys are over, my second day in Palestine is ended.

How a Painter Won a Wager.

Often have sculptors and painters discussed the relative merits of sculpture and painting. A funny story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor, and laid a wager that he could, within a given time, paint a picture which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could do. The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions. It represented a warrior, his back to the spectator, bending over a sheet of water in the limpid surface of which was reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung and threw back a full-length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, handed over the money staked, and the painter doubtless laid it out to great profit and advantage to himself and his friends, in the approved "cakes and ale" of the period, after the generous manner of his kind.—N. Y. Star.

—In the Office of the "Boom City Howler."—Office Boy—"Please, sir, there's a man outside who says he'd like to have a job on the paper." Editor-in Liquor—"Well, we ain't got no (hic) job for him. Tell him (hic) our staff is full (hic) just now."—Munsey's Weekly.

—"For pity's sake what is that elocutionist trying to do?" "Why, he is trying to illustrate the meaning of that beautiful poem, 'Behind the Spreading Palms,' by stretching out his hands in front of him."—Burlington Free Press.

AWFUL EXPLOSION.

The Dupont Powder Works at Wilmington, Del., Gone.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE REPORTED.

Two Villages Blown to Atoms—The Powder Houses Follow One After Another—Several Victims Supposed to Be Annihilated—Loss, $500,000.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 8.—Several startling explosions in quick succession—some counted five, others seven—at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon announced to Wilmington a disaster at the Dupont powder works on the Brandywine. A rush was made for telephones, but nothing could be learned beyond vague reports of damage.

As soon as horsemen from here could reach the works it was found that the whole section of the works known as "upper yard" was a complete wreck, and at least twelve persons were killed and twenty wounded, while Rockland was a complete wreck, none of its houses being left standing.

Rockland is a village on the Brandywine fully a mile above the scene of the explosion. It has a large paper mill owned by the Jessup & Moore Company, about fifty dwellings, in which chiefly reside the mill employes. Its population is about 200.

There were several reports resembling the booming of cannon and about a second apart. The first thought was that there had been an explosion at the powder works, but the reports seeming so near and not being characterized by the usual rumbling and there being no smoke visible in the direction of the mills, it was imagined that the explosion had occurred in the city. The hazy atmosphere hid the smoke and caused the reports to sound differently from those of preceding explosions.

Physicians summoned by telephone and hurrying toward the powder manufactory was the first indication the public had of the exact location of the catastrophe. Immediately thereafter thousands of people went to the scene of the disaster.

The office of the Dupont Company is a complete wreck and six mills are in ruins. Several members of the Dupont firm were injured by falling walls and broken glass, but none of them seriously. Among the slightly injured are: Eugene Dupont, the head of the firm; Francis G. Dupont and Charles I. Dupont. They and several clerks in the office were cut by fragments of broken glass but none of them seriously.

The dead were all employes of the company and were in and about the mills that exploded.

Several workmen are missing and are believed to have been blown into fragments. The wounded received their injuries among the walls of their falling houses and by broken glass and flying debris.

The first explosion occurred in one of the packing mills, where a workman named Grau was soldering a can of hexagonal powder to be shipped for the use of the United States Government. In some way a spark communicated to the can and blew it up. Instantly the packing mill exploded, and the other mills in the upper yards, seven or eight in number, followed at intervals of less than one second. All these, except one, were "rolling mills," in which the ingredients of gunpowder are pulverized by the action of vertical rollers of stone turning slowly around a central post. The whole machinery is driven by water power.

Immediately after the explosion a large building known as the "refinery," located near the center of the village, took fire. It was a matter of life and death to the whole population that this fire should be extinguished before it communicated with the powder the building contained. The Dupont fire brigade valiantly fought the flames, which had caught the roof and succeeded in extinguishing them. Had the roof fallen in it is doubtful if any man, woman or child in the vicinity would have escaped death or serious injury. About fifty families are rendered homeless by the disaster.

At Mount Salem Methodist Church more than one-half of the window sashes of the large building were blown out and of those that remained the glass was broken.

At the scene of the disaster women and children, wives and sons and daughters of men employed in the powder manufactory, were madly rushing here and there seeking information about the safety of their loved ones. The yard in which the mills stood was littered with debris of fallen buildings and at some places where buildings had been the only trace left was empty cellars and a few foundation stones.

The little village of Dupont's Banks, immediately outside the powder yard, presented a most pitiable appearance. A hundred dwellings were either demolished or badly damaged. Buildings were unroofed and fronts of house were blown out and wrecked. Inside the dwellings the devastation was complete. The rooms on the ground floor were strewn with broken crockery, crushed stoves and remnants of tables, etc.

It is estimated that the loss can not be less than $500,000.

Fifty families are rendered homeless by the disaster and many were so dazed by the terrible events of those few seconds as to seem hardly conscious of where they were or what they were doing. The injured are being gathered into the hospital building appertaining to the works and are receiving such aid as they need.

Thieves Busy.

WICHITA, Kan., Oct. 7.—During the progress of the ball closing the observance of German day some evil-disposed persons took the opportunity to stock up with horses and carriages, and no less than four valuable outfits were driven off from the vicinity of the scene of festivities. No trace has yet been found of the thieves or missing property.

Clippings.

Frank Dean, a white farmer, lives on Steep creek, Lowndes County, Ala. He is now sixty years of age. He has been married four times and three of his wives were sisters. He is the father of thirty-seven children. Twins have been born to him three times and triplets have gladdened his heart on two different occasions.

Miss Sallie Hellen, a Virginian, is establishing small schools in that State for the purpose of teaching negro girls how to sew, darn and cook and giving them an opportunity to learn to read, write and make correct change.

There is a limit beyond which the seeker of free advertising cannot decently go. Lillian Lewis transgressed when she lately had herself photographed in a coffin in Washington.

When a man and woman have been made one the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one.

Miss Mary Tillinghast, of North Stonington, Conn., is an inveterate snake killer. Since July 4 she has settled the fate of ninety snakes of all kinds, black, copperheads, adders and rattlesnakes.

The poor we have with us always, but the rich go to the watering places.

A HOME MARKET FAILURE.

The Failure of the Tariff to Satisfy Growers and Manufacturers of Wool—How the High Duties on Wool Have Failed to Encourage Wool Growing and Wool Manufacturing at the Same Time—The Interests of the Grower and the Manufacturer Irreconcilable—Let the People Have Their Inning.

The protectionists fancy that they can make a kind of protection on wool and on woolen goods which will reconcile the conflicting interests of the wool grower and the manufacturer. In order to do this they put high duties on wool to stimulate its protection; and when they come to protect the woolen manufacturer they not only impose a high ad valorem duty on woolen goods, but they give him also a so-called "compensatory duty" of so much per pound or per yard on the competing foreign products in order to compensate him for the high duties he paid on his foreign wool, or for the tariff-increased price he paid for his home-grown wool.

In this way, by piling up tariffs, the protectionists vainly hope to make both the grower of wool and the manufacturer of cloth prosperous, and to hear them both calling down blessings upon our beneficent system of protection. The protectionists make for themselves very pretty pictures of the excellent workings of their system. They take especial delight in showing how it brings the woolen mills near to the wool growers. And then just see what an enormous saving of freight both ways. A factory just at hand with many operatives to be fed with garden truck! Truly protection is a good thing—"it blesses him that gives and him that takes!"

A beautiful dream! Let us see how it is fulfilled. Ohio is the State which, more than all others, has moved heaven and earth to get high duties on wool. It is there that the so-called "political shepherds" live and have their being—viz., Delano, Harpster and Lawrence.

In a State like this the protectionist dream ought to be realized. Any woolen mill there ought to have a smooth road to prosperity.

What are the facts? The Dry Goods Economist prints the following piece of news: "The woolen mill at Findlay, O., has ceased to do business, and the building is now used as a glass factory."

The mill at Findlay was doubtless among that large number (James Dolan, the great protectionist wool manufacturer, of Philadelphia, said in his letter to Senator Quay one-half of all the mills in the country) which were shut down during the summer.

But why did this mill select the glass industry? The reason is plain. Foreign window glass last year paid an average duty of 105 per cent., and McKinley has been trying to make the duties still higher. Does not this confirm the statement quoted approvingly by Senator Plumb from a friend of his that "the American manufacturer does not manufacture any thing he can not make a certain and great profit on, and that he stands out of the way of the foreign manufacturer as to other articles on which he can not make satisfactory profits?" Did the enormous protection on window glass tempt the Findlay woolen mill to change itself into a glass factory? And on the soil of Ohio, too, where it could buy its wool right at its doors and prove the truth of the "home market" theory!

But the "home market" theory has worked no better for the Ohio wool grower than it has for the manufacturer. Pennsylvania affords a still more striking illustration of the working of the home market theory when applied to wool. Philadelphia is the greatest manufacturing center in America in the consumption of wool. Surely Pennsylvania ought to be the State above all others where wool growing should thrive; for there the mills are brought in large numbers very close to the growers of wool—a very paradise in which to gather the fruits of protection and show how wise, and beautiful, and good the home market idea is. But how does the matter stand in Pennsylvania? In 1868 the State had 3,422,000 sheep; in 1888 it had lost 79 in every 100 and had only 984,000 left. "That's a pretty howdy-do!" The result of all this high protection on wool is that sheep raising has increased only in the remote West and Northwest where vast tracts of uncultivated land can still be rented or bought at very low rates. A further fact: Notwithstanding the high duties on wool in prospect when the National Wool Growers' Association met in Galveston, Tex., several months ago, that body found it necessary to pass a resolution condemning the sheep-raisers for killing their ewes for mutton instead of keeping them for more production.

The high wool tariff, then, has not satisfied the grower—has it worked any better with the manufacturer? Before the Senate took up the Tariff bill a Philadelphia letter to the Dry Goods Economist made this statement as to the feeling prevailing among woolen manufacturers in that city: "Manufacturers are as much displeased with the McKinley bill as are importers, and their hope for relief is that the Senate amendments will insist upon free wool or much reduced duties."

This same paper, which is the leading authority in the dry goods trade in this country, said in a leading editorial about the middle of August: "The wool manufacturing interest in this country is in a very unsatisfactory condition. * * * At no time since June has the demand displayed any activity. For low grades of woolens made chiefly from woolen substitutes, the demand has been fairly satisfactory. * * * There has been a larger request for low grades of goods than in some years."

In other words, under our high wool tariff we are getting down to a shoddy basis. Hence the shoddy men backed up the McKinley bill strongly. The editorial goes on: "Mr. Dolan's free trade views reflects the opinions and preferences of the large majority of the manufacturers of wool, and is heartily opposed only by those who use wool substitutes." This Mr. Dolan, whom the Dry Goods Economist refers to as "High Priest Dolan, of the inner temple of protection, had just been quoted as saying: "Give us the McKinley bill or give us free wool." That is what the manufacturers want above every thing, as shown by their petition presented to McKinley's committee with 530 signatures.

It is clear that the "home market" idea has failed to work well in the wool industry. Neither grower nor manufacturer is satisfied, and both can not be at the same time. When Congress tries to content them both it simply attempts the impossible. That does not discourage the average protectionist Congressman. He continues to fancy that there is balm somewhere in his Gilead of protection, and if grower and manufacturer of wool have not prospered under twenty years of high protection he will give still higher protection.

Meanwhile what of millions who wear woolen clothing? Have they no rights? Are they never to be considered? As Senator Plumb says: "The people of the United States ought to have their inning some time, and I think that time has come now."

—Mr. Carnegie, our tariff millionaire, has had his four-in-hand coaching tour in Scotland again. He can afford it; the tariff has made him rich. The profits on steel rails at his mills for the first six months of the year were more than $4,000,000.

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE BEST.

Rheumatism.
N. Ogden, Mich., May 17, 1890.
"A half bottle of your invaluable medicine, St. Jacobs Oil, cured me of rheumatism and rheumatic swelling of the knee. It is the best in the universe."
J. M. L. PORTER.

Neuralgia.
Hagerstown, Md., April 27, 1890.
"I, and others of my family, have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and found it a speedy, effective cure."
MRS. AGNES KELLER.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. The BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance is necessary will be found in
Prickly Ash Bitters!
It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.
PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SALVATION OIL
TRADE MARK
KILLS ALL PAIN. 25¢ A BOTTLE
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your cough for 25 c.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
The Best Cough Medicine
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

"PUNCH" says
"Ought to be done?—Ought stands for nothing."
The house ought to be cleaned with Sapolio. Try a cake in your next house-cleaning and be convinced.

"IGNORANCE" of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use SAPOLIO on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of SAPOLIO is to be behind the age.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.
CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY.
PATENTED Aug. 16, 1887, Improved July 30, 1889.
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY are all Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Weakness, Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of Body, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pain in Back, Loss of Sleep, Dyspepsia, Youth, Age, Kidney or Bladder Troubles, caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age, Excess or Exposure.
IT IS A FALSE STATEMENT that we do not guarantee our Belt. We will forfeit $5000 to any person who can prove this statement false. Our Belt is the only one with Electrical Suspensory attached. Electricity can be felt at the weakest point of the body