REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Before They Adjourn."

TEXT: "And teach his senators wisdom."—Psalms cv., 22.

Senators in this text stand for law-makers. Joseph was the lord treasurer of the Egyptian government, and among other great things which he did, according to my text, was to teach his senators wisdom. And if any men on earth ought to be endowed with wisdom it is senators, whether they stand in congresses, parliaments or reichstags or assemblies or legislatures. By their decisions nations go up or down. Law-makers are sometimes so tempted by prejudices, by sectional preference, by opportunity of personal advancement, and sometimes what is best to do is so doubtful that they ought to be prayed for and encouraged in every possible way instead of severely criticised and blamed and excoriated, as is much of the time the case. Our public men are so often the target to be shot at, merely because they obtain eminence which other men wanted but could not reach, that more injustices are hurled at our national legislature than the people of the United States can possibly imagine. The wholesale belying of our public men is simply damnable.

By residence in Washington I have come to find out that many of our public men are persistently misrepresented, and some of the best of them, the purest in their lives and most faithful in the discharge of their duties, are the worst defamed. Some day I want to preach a sermon from the text in II Peter: "They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not." So constant and malignant is this work of depreciation and scandalization in regard to our public men that all over the land there are those who suppose that the city of Washington is the center of all corruption, while what with its parks, and its equestrian statuary, and its wide streets, and its architectural symmetries, and its lovely homes, it is not only the most beautiful city under the sun, but has the highest style of citizenship. I have seen but one intoxicated man in the more than six months of my residence, and I do not think any man can give similar testimony of any other city on the American continent.

The gavels of our two houses of national legislature will soon fall, and adjournment of two bodies of men as talented, as upright and as patriotic as ever graced the capital will take place. The two or three unfortunate outbreaks which you have noticed only make more conspicuous the dignity, the fraternity, the eloquence, the fidelity which have characterized those two bodies during all the long months of important and anxious deliberation. We put a halo around great men of the past because they were so rare in their time. Our senate and house of representatives have five such men where once they had one. But it will not be until after they are dead that they will get appreciated. The world finds it safer to praise the dead than the living, because the departed, having a heavy pile of marble above them, may not rise to become rivals.

But, before the gavels of adjournment drop and the doors of Capitol Hill shut, there are one or two things that ought to be done, and let us pray God that they may be accomplished. More forcibly than ever before, congress has been implored to acknowledge God in our constitution. The Methodist Church, a church that is always doing glorious things, has in its recent Wilmington conference requested our congress to amend the immortal document which has been the foundation and wall and dome of our United States government by inserting the words, "Trusting in Almighty God." If that amendment is made, it will not only please all the good people of the country, but will please the heavens. It was only an oversight or a mental accident that the fathers who made the constitution did not insert a divinely worshipful sentence. They all, so far as they amounted to anything, believed in "God the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son." The constitution would have been a failure had it not been for the divine interference. The members of the convention could agree on nothing until, in response to Benjamin Franklin's request that the meetings be opened by prayer, the Lord God was called on to interfere and help, and then the way was cleared, and all the states signed the document, a historical fact that all the rat terriers of modern infidelity cannot bark out of existence. I know that there was an exception to the fact that the prominent men in those times were good men.

Tom Paine, a libertine and a sot, did not believe in anything good until he was dying, and then he shrieked out for God's mercy. And Ethan Allen, from one of whose descendants I have received within a few days a confirmation of the incident I mentioned in a recent sermon, as saying to his dying daughter that she had better take her mother's Christian religion than his own infidelity. The article sent me says: "The story has been denied by some of the Allen family, but the Bronson family, some of whom were with the dying girl, affirm that it is substantially true. In such a matter one confirmation is worth more than many denials." So says the article sent me. There is no doubt that Ethan Allen was the vulgarest sort of an infidel, for, sitting in a Presbyterian Church, his admirers say he struck the pew in front of him and swore out loud so as to disturb the meeting, and no gentleman would do that. I do not wonder that some of his descendants are ashamed of him, but of course they could not help it and are not to blame. But all the decent men of the Revolution believed in God, and our American congress, now assembled, will only echo the sentiments of the fathers when they enthrone the name of God in the constitution. We have now more reason for inserting that acknowledgement of divinity than our fathers had. Since then the continent has been peopled and great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific built, and all in peace, showing that there must have been supernal supervisal. Since then the war of 1812, and ours the victory! Since then great financial prostrations, out of which we came to greater prosperity than anything that preceded. Since then sanguinary 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, and notwithstanding the fact that all the foreign despotisms were planning for our demolition, we are a united people, and to-morrow you will find in both houses of congress the men who fought for the north and south, now sitting side by side, armed with no weapon except the pen, with which they write home to their constituents who want to be appointed postmasters. The man who cannot see God in our American history is as blind of soul as he would be blind of body if he could not at 12 o'clock of an unclouded noon see the sun in the heavens.

As a matter of gratitude to Almighty God, gentlemen of the American congress, be pleased to insert the four words suggested by the Methodist conference. Not only because of the kindness of God to this nation in the past should such reverential insertion be made, but because of the fact that we are going to want divine interposition still further in our national history. This gold and silver question will never be settled until God settles it. This question of tariff and free trade will never be settled until God settles it. This question between the east and the west, which is getting hotter and hotter and looks toward a republic of the Pacific, will not be settled until God settles it. We needed God in the 120 years of our past national life, and we will need Him still more in the next 120 years. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates of our glorious constitution, and let the King of Glory come in! Make one line of that immortal document radiant with omnipotence! Spell at least one word with thrones! At the beginning, or at the close, or in the centre, recognize Him from whom as a nation we have received all the blessings of the past and upon whom we are dependent for the future. Print that word "God" or "Lord" or "Eternal Father" or "Ruler of Nations" somewhere between the first word and the last. The great expounder of the constitution sleeps at Marshfield, Mass., the Atlantic ocean still humming near his pillow of dust its prolonged lullaby. But is there not some one now living who in the white marble palace of the nation on yonder hill not ten minutes away will become the irradiator of the constitution by causing to be added the most tremendous word in our English vocabulary, the name of that being before whom all nations must bow or go into defeat and annihilation—"God?"

Again, before the approaching adjournment of our American congress, it ought to be decidedly and forever settled that no appropriations be made to sectarian schools, and that the courtship between church and state in this country be forever broken up. That question already seems temporarily settled. I wish it might be completely and forever settled. All schools and all institutions, as well as all denominations, should stand on the same level before American law. Emperor Alexander of Russia, at his Peterhof palace, asked me how many denominations of religion there were in America, and I recited their names as well as I could. Then he asked me the difference between them, and their I broke down. But when I told him that no religious denomination in America had any privileges above the others, he could hardly understand it. The Greek Church first in Russia, the Lutheran Church first in Germany, the Episcopal Church first in England, the Catholic Church first in Rome, Mohammedanism first in Constantinople—the emperor wondered how it was possible that all the denominations in America could stand on the same platform. But so it is, and so let it ever be. Let there be no preference, no partiality, no attempt to help one sect an inch higher than another. Washington and Jefferson, and all the early presidents, and all the great statesmen of the past, have lifted their voices against any such tendency. If a school or an institution cannot stand without the prop of national appropriation, then let that school or institution go down. On the other side of the sea the world has had plenty of illustration of church and state united. Let us have none of the hypocrisy and demoralization born of that relation on this side of the Atlantic. Let that denomination come out ahead that does the most for the cause of God and humanity, man, institutions and religions getting what they achieve by their own right arm of usefulness and not by the favoritism of government. As you regard the welfare and perpetuity of our institutions, keep politics out of religion.

But now that I am speaking of national affairs from a religious standpoint I bethink myself of the fact that two other gavels will soon lift and fall, the one at St. Louis and the other at Chicago, and before these national conventions adjourn I ask that they acknowledge God in the platforms. The men who construct those platforms are here this morning or will read these words. Let no political party think it can do its duty unless it acknowledges that God who built this continent and revealed it at the right time to the discoverer, and who has reared here a prosperity which has been given to no other people. "Oh," says some one, "there are people in this country who do not believe in a God, and it would be an insult to them." Well, there are people in this country who do not believe in common decency, or common honesty, or any kind of government, preferring anarchy. Your very platform is an insult to them. You ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocketbook is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist. God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so and let the chairman of the committee on resolutions in your national conventions take a pen full of ink and with bold hand head the document with one significant "whereas," acknowledging the goodness of God in the past and begging His kindness and protection for the future. Why, my friends, this country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way to acknowledge it. From the moment that, on an October morning in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country, and saw also a thorn and a cluster of berries (type of our history ever since, the piercing sorrows and cluster of national joys), until this hour our country has been bounded on the north, south, east and west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas in the name of God. William Penn settled Philadelphia in the name of God. The Hollanders took possession of New York in the name of God. The pilgrim fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered.

In the war of 1812 an officer came to General Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp. It ought to be stopped." General Jackson said: "What is the noise?" The officer said: "It is the voice of prayer and praise." Then the general said: "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment. You had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge. Prayer at Monmouth. Prayer at Atlanta. Prayer at South Mountain. Prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh," says some infidel "the northern people prayed on one side, the southern people prayed on the other side, and so it did not amount to anything!" And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand. Yes, the northern people prayed in one way, and the southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in His own way, giving to the north the re-establishment of the government and giving to the south larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated—the harnessing of her rivers in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile and the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee are southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of the great southern mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent. more of affluence than she ever possessed, and, instead of the black hands of American slaves, there are the more industrious black hands of the coal and iron mines of the south, which are achieving for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.

And there are domes oft white blossoms where spread the white tents,
And there are plows in the track where the war wagons went,
And there are songs where they lifted up Rachel's lament.

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered Abraham Lincoln's prayer in the White House, and Stonewall Jackson's prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line! God's country all the way past, God's country now! Put His name in your pronunciamentos. Put His name on your ensigns! Put His name on your city and state and national enterprises! Put His name in your hearts. We cannot sleep well the last sleep until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers that empty into Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands, when all the great mines of gold and silver and iron and coal shall be laid bare for the nation; when the last swamp shall be reclaimed, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than 1,200,000,000 souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from north and south and east and west, four doxologies rolling toward each other and meeting midcontinent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the throne

And heaven's high arch resound again
With peace on earth, good will to men.

I take a step farther and say that before the gavels of our senate and house of representatives and our political conventions pound adjournment there ought to be passed a law or adopted a plank of intelligent helpfulness for the great foreign populations which are coming among us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here. They are coming this moment through the Narrows. They are this moment taking the first full inhalation of the free air of America. And they will continue to come as long as this country is the best place to live in.

You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat; you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountains from coming down to the deer lick, as to prohibit the hunger bitten nations of Europe from coming to this land of bread—as to prohibit the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Germany working themselves to death on small wages on the other side the sea—from coming to this land where there are the largest compensations under the sun. Why did God spread out the prairies of the Dakotas and roll the precious ore into Colorado? It was that all the earth might come and plow, and come and dig. Just as long as the centrifugal force of foreign despotisms throws them off just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here. And that is what is going to make this the mightiest nation on the earth. Intermarriage of nationalities, not circle intermarrying circle and nation intermarrying nation. But it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American.

The American of 100 years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyality, Italian æsthetics packed into one man, and he an American! It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American nation the greatest nation of the ages. But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the 500,000 foreigners who came in one year, and the 600,000 who came in another year, and the 800,000 who came in another year, and the 1,000,000 who are coming into our various American ports? What are we doing for them? Well, we are doing a great deal for them. We steal their baggage as soon as they get here. We send them up to a boarding house, where the least they lose is their money. We swindle them within ten minutes after they get ashore. We are doing a great deal for them. But what are we doing to introduce them into the duties of good citizenship? Many of them never saw a ballot box. Many of them never heard of the constitution of the United States. Many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the government of the United States, so commanded by one political party or both political parties, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume, in good type and well bound for long usage—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the constitution of the United States and a chapter on the spirit of our government. Let there be such a book on the shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the government of the United States, commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot box is not a footstool, but a throne—not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before.

But whether members of the national legislature, or delegates to one of the national conventions, or private citizens, let us cultivate Christian patriotism. Oh, how good God has been to us as a nation! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactories and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the top and sides and metalled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal! One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron! The iron to pry out the coal. The coal to forge and smelt the iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits. All minerals. All harvests. Scenery displaying autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No English fogs. No Egyptian plagues. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor more sympathy! For the industrious more opportunity! Oh, how good God was to our fathers and how good God has been to us and our children! To Him—blessed be His glorious name! To Him of cross and triumph be consecrated the United States of America!

There are three great reasons why you and I should do our best for this country—three great reasons: Our fathers' graves, our cradle, our children's birthright. When I say your fathers' graves, your pulses run quickly. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or country graveyard their dust is very precious to you. I think they lived well and that they died right. Never submit to have any government over their tombs other than that government under which they lived and died. And then this country is our cradle. It may have rocked us very roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh, how much we owe to it! Our boyhood and girlhood, it was spent in this blessed country. I never have any patience with a man who talks against this country. Glorious place to be born in and a glorious place to live in. It has been our cradle. Aye! It is to be our children's birthright. You and I will soon be through. We will perhaps see a few more spring blossoms, and we will perhaps see a few more summer harvests, and we will perhaps gather a few more autumnal fruits, but we are to hand this government to our children as it was handed to us—a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. They are not to be trampled by despotism. They are not to be frightened by anarchists. We must hand this government to them over the ballot box, over the school desk, over the church altar, as we have received it and charge them solemnly to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And Thou, Lord God Almighty, we put, with a thousand armed prayer, into Thy protection this nation! Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusko. Remember the cold, and the hunger, and the long march, and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge at Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington, and Yorktown, and King's Mountain, and Gettysburg. Remember Perry's battle on the lake, and Hampton Roads, where the Cumberland went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the camp-fire. Remember Plymouth Rock and the landing amid the savages. Remember Independence Hall and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the blood and tears of three wars—1776, 1812, 1862. And more than all, remember the groan that was mightier than all other groans, and the thirst that stung worse than all other thirsts, and the death that was ghastlier than all other deaths—the mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. For the sake of all this human and divine sacrifice, O God, protect this nation! And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would strike it down, and whosoever would turn his back, let him be accursed!

Go home to-day in high hopes of the future. The eternal God is on the side of this nation. Our brightest days are yet to come.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat,
He is sitting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, **my feet! Our God is marching on!**

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Abyssinians are Good Fighters.

The Italians, of course, explain their defeat by the presence of French and Russian officers with Menelek, but it may be questioned if any Anglo-Indian General accustomed to mountain warfare would agree with them. Drill does not improve Oriental soldiers like the Abyssinians. They are Semites in blood, of exceptional courage, men who do not hesitate to charge into the centre of Italian regiments; they have been accustomed to defend their hills for a thousand years; and they have Generals accustomed to utilize masses of men who recently destroyed an army from Khartoum at Kassala.

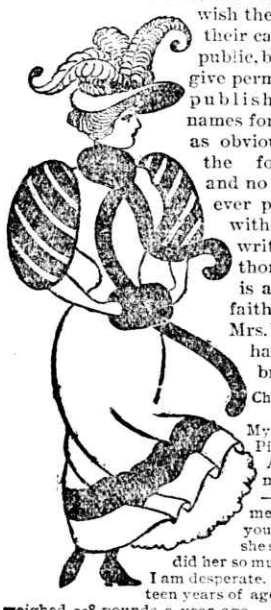
They had good rifles, they were on the higher ridges when they started, and their king, Menelek, is obviously a soldier of the Hyder Ali type—that is, a man who can induce his soldiery to die. To beat such men they must either be decoyed out of the hills or attacked from above, and the Italians were still mounting when a kind of avalanche of riflemen swept down on them. The number of the dead suggests that the Italians fought well, but the frightful proportion of officers killed, two-thirds of the whole number, tells a different tale. The officers, we fear, exposed themselves to arrest a panic, which may, however, have broken out at first only among the native troops.

HER HAPPY DAY.

A CHARMING STORY OF MEDICINE AND MARRIAGE.

Two Open Letters From a Chicago Girl —How Happiness Came to Her.

Among the tens of thousands of women who apply to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and are cured, are many who wish the facts in their cases made public, but do not give permission to publish their names for reasons as obvious as in the following, and no name is ever published without the writer's authority; this is a bond of faith which Mrs. Pinkham has never broken.



Chicago, Jan. 8th, '95.

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

A friend of mine, Mrs. ——, wants me to write you, because she says: "you did her so much good." I am desperate. Am nineteen years of age, tall, and weighed 138 pounds a year ago. I am now a mere skeleton. From your little book I think my trouble is profuse menstruation. My symptoms are * * * * etc.

Our doctor (my uncle) tells father that I am in consumption, and wants to take me to Florida. Please help me! Tell me what to do, and tell me quickly. I am engaged to be married in September. Shall I live to see the day? * * * * LUCY E. W.

Chicago, June 16th, '95.

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

This is a happy day. I am well and gaining weight daily, but shall continue the treatment and Vegetable Compound during the summer, as you suggest. Uncle knows nothing about what you have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family. I would like to give you a testimonial to publish, but father would not allow it. * * * * I shall be married in September, and as we go to Boston, will call upon you. How can I prove my gratitude? * * * * LUCY E. W.

Just such cases as the above leak out in women's circles, and that is why the confidence of the women of America is bestowed upon Mrs. Pinkham.

Why are not physicians more candid with women when suffering from such ailments?

Women want the truth, and if they cannot get it from their doctor, will **seek it elsewhere.**

How the Last Juror was Won.

Dr. Robert D. Sheppard, business agent of the Northwestern University, relates a story of how he once won a law-suit which illustrates the manner in which lawyers sometimes adapt themselves to their juries.

"There was no question," said Dr. Sheppard, "but that I was in the right of the case. The evidence was conclusive, the law was on my side, and when my attorney arose to make his opening address he thought he had the case won. He briefly reviewed the evidence, stated the law in the case, and was about to close his argument when he noticed that one of his jurors, a stolid old farmer, did not seem to be with him. The other eleven men had already decided the case in their own minds, but the farmer had a sluggish, set expression on his countenance which boded no good for me or my case. Again my lawyer reviewed the evidence, addressing his remarks entirely to this one man, but no impression was made. The same stolid expression still occupied the man's face, and he seemed as little likely to be moved as the courthouse in which the trial was taking place. The attorney tried all kinds of arguments, and finally, when he was about giving up in despair, a happy thought struck him. He repeated again the bare facts, and when he came to a place where the person opposing me had made an egregious error in judgment he leaned over to the old farmer and said:

"'And I want to tell you, my friend, that there's where he dropped his water-melon.'

"The old farmer's face lighted up, and from that moment the case was won. The jury was out less than five minutes, and brought back a verdict for all that I had asked."

Rock of Gibraltar

Is not steadier than a system liberated from the shackles of chills and fever, bilious remittent or dumb ague by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a perfect antidote to malarial poison in air or water. It is also an unexampled remedy for bilious, rheumatic or kidney complaints, dyspepsia and nervousness. It improves appetite and sleep and hastens convalescence.

The sum of $60,000 is annually paid by the gambling institution at Monte Carlo for the support of the clergy of Monaco.

Gold Dollar Monument.

"It is due you and a pleasure for me to recommend your TETTERINE. Truly, it is an infallible remedy and cure for tetter. My wife had been annoyed by same for about twelve years, and after using the TETTERINE for five days it disappeared entirely, to her great relief. She is ready to sing your praise, and I am prepared to contribute my gold dollar in erecting a monument to your name."

Yours, etc., A. M. HAYWOOD, Evelyn, Ga.

To J. T. SHUPTRINE, Savannah, Ga.

1 box by mail for 50c. in stamps.

Transplanting Teeth.

Among the wonders of modern surgery there is nothing more remarkable, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, than the transplanting of teeth. Some years ago a dentist created a sensation by extracting a tooth from the jaw of one person and inserted it in the jaw of another. Since that time the operation has been repeatedly tried, but with not altogether satisfactory results. At least 25 per cent. of these cases have failed of success. Considering that the experiment is in its infancy, this is encouraging. The method is to select the tooth required for the purpose, pains being taken that it is of just the size and shape to fit the space of the one removed. The crown is severed from the root, which is then deprived of its pericementum and shaped to suit the operator. A thorough cleansing of the nerve canal is next in order, then the apex of the root is filled and hermetically sealed with a tiny platina tube carefully fitted into the nerve canal. After the most careful course of antiseptic treatment the socket is prepared to receive the new root, which is secured in place and so covered that it is safe from shocks and pressure. After about six weeks, or when the union has taken place, provided the operation is successful, a porcelain crown is attached to the root, and the patient has a fine, strong and natural-looking tooth.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

According to a musical journal there are in London 244,000 women and girls who are learning music.

Floating-Borax is now the only pure floating soap made. Be sure Dobbins' Soap Mf'g Co., Phila., is on every wrapper and cake. Ask your grocer for it. Red wrappers. No chapped hands with Dobbins' Floating Borax.

Silk thread fabrics were brought from southern Persia and India to Greece, as early as 325 B. C.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

When buying sarsaparilla....

ASK FOR THE BEST AND YOU'LL

GET AYER'S:

ASK FOR AYER'S AND YOU'LL GET

THE BEST.

The remedy with a record: ....50 years of cures.

Corn

is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

Potash.

A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

WHAT IS ALABASTINE?

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